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# SCOTT'S POEMS

# THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

*WITH INTRODUCTION, SKETCH OF LIFE, NOTES, AND GLOSSARIAL INDEX,*

BY

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TO WHICH IS ADDED

## AN INTRODUCTION TO SCOTT'S POEMS

(FROM LAY OF LAST MINSTREL),

BY

J. SURTEES PHILLPOTTS, M.A.

CANTOS I. TO VI.

*FOURTH EDITION.*

W. J. GAGE AND COMPANY,

TORONTO AND WINNIPEG.

1884.

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada in the year 1880 by W. J. GAGE & COMPANY, in the office of the Minister of Agriculture.

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# *EDITOR'S PREFACE*

THE desire of the publishers to meet the wishes of several teachers, by issuing this edition of the *Lady of the Lake* in three parts, has led me very considerably to modify its plan. All which would naturally come under the head of a glossary has been incorporated with the notes. A glossarial index to the complete work will enable the reader easily to find every word that is explained. The notes have been made much more numerous than they would otherwise have been. The simplicity of the language and of the story of the *Lady of the Lake* make it, as a text-book, especially suited to junior classes ; and where two cantos form a term's work, it will be possible to enter into details of etymology, which would be impossible if all six cantos were read, and are less desirable with older pupils who can be taught to appreciate a literary work as a whole. One of the greatest difficulties which a teacher has to encounter is the vagueness of the ideas which boys attach even to simple words, and anything which may help to do away with this vagueness is a gain. With this object in view, I have gone into the derivation and growth of many not uncommon words in a way which I hope may impart some interest to lessons which are too short to derive much interest from the story.

With regard to other notes, my object has been to render the pupil independent of any help save that of a

pocket dictionary. At the same time, I have not thought it wise to explain every variation from the ordinary constructions which a little thought will solve.

As the interest of the tale depends on the secret of Fitz-James's identity being kept, it will be well, when the whole poem is used, to let it be read through before the notes are touched. The explanations of historical allusions necessarily divulge the secret

The notes have been gathered from various sources, which I have in most cases indicated. I have not thought this necessary in the etymological notes, except where the derivation given has appeared open to question. Besides the standard dictionaries, I have found most valuable help in M. Littré's *Dictionnaire de la Langue Française.* For names of places I have consulted Taylor's *Words and Places* and Colonel Robertson's *Gaelic Topography*, a work which may be very useful to those who, like myself, think that his conclusions often rest on insufficient grounds. I have given where I can illustrations from Scott's own poems and novels.

I am indebted to my friend and colleague, Mr. J. S. Phillpotts, who has kindly looked over some of the proof sheets, for many valuable suggestions.

RUGBY, *February*, 1875.

## *INTRODUCTION.*

THE *Lady of the Lake* was published in 1810. It had been preceded by the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* in 1805, and by *Marmion* in 1808. Scott himself remarks on these three—"The force in the *Lay* is thrown on style, in *Marmion* on description, and in the *Lady of the Lake* on incident." This is true of the fifth canto especially; but the peculiar charm of the poem, as compared with the others, consists in its quiet beauty, and the wonderful delicacy and variety of its descriptions. The metre of the poem is less varied than that of its predecessors, and was the subject of unfavorable criticism from more than one of Scott's friends. Its requirements have led him into liberties, which are noticed in the notes; but on the whole a vigorous rhythm is well sustained from beginning to end, while the greater simplicity and naturalness of the language atone for the want of metrical variety, and prevent the poem from ever becoming wearisome.

For further remarks on Scott's style, the reader is referred to the introduction to the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* in the present series.

## SKETCH OF LIFE.

**Sir Walter Scott** was born in the old city of Edinburgh, on the 15th of August, 1771. He was the ninth in a family of twelve children, seven of whom died in early childhood, and none of whom with the exception of Sir Walter attained to the nearest limits of old age. His father was a writer to the *Signet;* a legal clerk in connection with the City Solicitor. His mother was the daughter of Dr. Rutherford, Professor of Medicine in the University of Edinburgh.

**Early years**—It may be said of Scott, as it can be said of few others, that he was never a child in some respects. "In him the man and child refused to be separated." When about eighteen months old he lost the use of one of his legs, and as the result of this was sent to live with his grandfather to get the benefit of the country air. For a considerable time it was doubtful whether the tenderest care of his fond grandparents would be rewarded by the restoration of strength to the paralyzed limb, but he was at length able to use it, although he remained a cripple for life. He early showed remarkable mental powers. Before he was six years of age he had read a great deal. His rapidity of development appears to have been accompanied with the expenditure of an unusual amount of vital force. He was too ardent and seemed to have too clear a realization of the exciting in what he read. His mental organism while it should have been simply growing, was urged by his enthusiasm to do the work of an adult mind, and to this far more than business perplexities or overwork in later years, should be attributed the terrible calamity which hastened and darkened his declining days. When strong enough his father brought him home and sent him to school; first for a short time to private schools, afterwards to the High School. He was not

remarkable for his proficiency in his studies, and usually occupied a position "near the middle of his class with a tendency downward rather than upwards."

Manhood.—His father intended him for a lawyer, and after an apprenticeship and a training in the law classes of the University, he practised for about fourteen years. When he had been nearly eight years at the bar he was appointed Sheriff of Selkirkshire. He married a Miss Carpenter or Charpentier, daughter of a French royalist, in 1797. He had previously been a devoted but unsuccessful suitor for the hand of Miss Margaret Stuart, daughter of Sir John Stuart Belches, of Invermay. His legal practice after his appointment as Sheriff was merely nominal. He devoted himself mainly to literary work, and unfortunately soon entered into business relations with the Ballantynes in the formation of a publishing house in Edinburgh. On the failure of the firm in 1826, Sir Walter's liabilities were found to be nearly £120,000. He had made immense sums of money by his writings, and in other ways, but had been most extravagant in his expenditure upon his estate, Abbotsford, the first portion of which he purchased in 1811. He paid enormous prices for adjoining lands, and spent almost fabulous sums in erecting a castle, and in beautifying his extensive property. Great as was his indebtedness, however, he declined to accept any composition with his creditors, and set to work with a resolute will to earn the money to pay all whom he owed. In about five years he had nearly succeeded in accomplishing the desired result. He received £18,000 for the life of Napoleon alone. But the strain and the anxiety were too great for him to bear. He was threatened with paralysis and his friends prevailed upon him to travel on the Continent in the vain hope that his health might thereby be restored. He returned with his great intellect clouded, and died at Abbotsford, September 21st, 1832.

INTRODUCTION.

# SCOTT'S POEMS,

—BY—

J. SURTEES PHILLPOTTS. M.A.

*(From Lay of Last Minstrel).*

IN studying Scott's poems we have the advantage of having notes by the Author. The value of these notes is not so much that they support his statements and prove his pictures to be drawn from the life ; it is rather that they shew how Scott composed, and how large an element memory supplied in his imagination. The popular view of imagination, as a faculty that invents out of nothing, is contradicted at once by the practice of inventors as well as by the philosophy of the mind. Imagination draws its food from the storehouse of memory. It may in fact be defined as "productive association," that is, a power of linking together old impressions so as to produce new combinations. Shakespeare did not build out of nothing : he took his plots from the chroniclers or from former playwrights, a course which Goethe most strongly recommends—"it is only when facts and characters are provided that the poet's task begins of animating them into a whole." And in this respect Ruskin happily compares Scott to Turner :—

"How far I could shew that it held with all great inventors, I know not, but with all those whom I have carefully studied (Dante, Scott, Turner, and Tintoret) it seems to me to hold absolutely : that their imagination consists, not in a voluntary production of new

images, but an involuntary remembrance, exactly at the right moment, of something they had actually seen.

"Imagine all that any of these men had seen or heard in the whole course of their lives, laid up accurately in their memories as in vast storehouses, extending, with the poets, even to the slightest intonations of syllables heard in the beginning of their lives, and, with the painters, down to minute folds of drapery, and shapes of leaves or stones; and over all this unindexed and immeasurable mass of treasure, the imagination brooding and wandering, but dream-gifted, so as to summon at any moment exactly such groups of ideas as shall justly fit each other: this I conceive to be the real nature of the imaginative mind, and this, I believe, it would be oftener explained to us as being by the men themselves who possess it, but that they have no idea what the state of other persons' minds is in comparison; they suppose everyone remembers all that he has seen in the same way, and do not understand how it happens that they alone can produce good drawings or great thoughts."[1]

It was this memory with "his infinite diligence in the preparatory studies" which was the parent of Scott's truth of detail in execution and of the rapidity or "spontaneous impulse" of his compositions. But Scott's memory and diligence would have been nothing unless animated by the intensity of his enthusiasm. A lady has given us a picture of Scott at six years old. "He was reading to his mother a description of a shipwreck. His passion rose with the storm, he lifted his eyes and hands; there's the mast gone, says he; crash it goes!—they will all perish!" And when a little older, we read, "He used to interest us by telling us the *visions*, as he called them, which he had had when lying alone. . . .

[1] RUSKIN *Modern Painters* Part v. ii. 17.

Child as he was, I could not help being highly delighted with the description of the glories he had seen. . . . The marvellous seemed to have such power over him that the expression of his face shewed a deep intensity of feeling, as if he were awed even by his own recital." He says of himself, "The love of natural beauty, more especially when combined with ancient ruins, became with me an insatiable passion."[1] In later years he was often "subject to fits of abstraction, becoming so completely absorbed in thick-coming fancies as to be unconscious of where he was and of what he was writing."

Scott describes the powers of his own imagination in the Introduction of Marmion :—

"Stay yet, illusion, stay a while,
My wilder'd fancy still beguile?
From this high theme how can I part,
Ere half unloaded is my heart!
For all the tears e'er sorrow drew,
And all the raptures fancy knew,
And all the keener rush of blood,
That throbs through bard in bard-like mood,
Were here a tribute mean and low,
Though all their mingled streams could flow—
Woe, wonder, and sensation high,
In one spring-tide of ecstacy!—
It will not be—it may not last—
The vision of enchantment's past:
Like frostwork in the morning ray
The fancied fabric melts away;
Each Gothic arch, memorial stone,
And long, dim, lofty aisle, are gone;
And lingering last, deception dear,

1 These proofs of Scott's "poetic temperament" are taken from Mr. Palgrave's interesting Introduction to the Globe Edition of Scott, p. xiii sq. xxxiv.

2 *Fraser's Magazine, apud* Palgrave.

The choir's high sounds die on my ear.
Now slow return the lonely down,
The silent pastures bleak and brown,
The farm begirt with copsewood wild,
The gambols of each frolic child,
Mixing their shrill cries with the tone
Of Tweed's dark waters rushing on."

This imaginative power is the key to his greatness as a romance writer.[1] To it he owes his wonderful power of realizing the actions of his characters, and of depicting the scenes they move in. His greatness appears more in his novels than in his poems, though in these two great narrative power is shown. A good specimen of this is the meeting of Fitz-James and Rhoderick Dhu in the *Lady of the Lake*, with its climax in the Combat. The descriptions of nature in his poems, such as the stanzas on the Trosachs, are at least equal to any of the same kind in the novels.

It is instructive to watch the growth of a poem. The germ of the Lay was a suggestion that Scott should write on the legend of Gilpin Horner. This was a mischievous dwarf, perhaps invented to account for the unaccountable blunders men make through their own clumsiness. It is a natural instinct to "cry over spilt milk," and we like to vent our spleen on some creature other than ourselves. Now, we should abuse our friends for putting something in our way; in earlier times, we should have abused some imp as the cause of our misfortune. Such an imp was Gilpin Horner. His fiendish origin was proved by his crying "Tint, tint, tint" (*i.e.* lost, lost, lost), to which the hearer answered, "What de'il has tint you?" The imp replying "Be-te-ram," the "de'il" in question received

1 Scott defines a *Romance* as "a fictitious narrative in prose or verse, the interest of which turns upon *marvellous* and uncommon incidents," thus distinguishing it from the *Novel*, in which "the events are accommodated to the *ordinary* train of human events and the modern state of society."

the name of Peter Bertram, and when he called, the dwarf said, "That is me : I must away"—the spiriting away -happily accounting for the imp's disappearance when his mischief was done.

There are two obvious difficulties in founding a romance on such a story.

In the first place, it is not very credible. This is met by the plot being laid in barbarous times before "the schoolmaster was abroad" in the land. If the poet has art enough to make us identify ourselves with the actors, we shall sympathise with their beliefs, and our imagination will make these our own for the time ;[1] especially if the supernatural incidents do not take the shape of isolated interferences with the general order of the world, but win a poetic probability or fitness from having magical surroundings. Thus the weird powers of the Ladye of Branksome, the Spirits of the Fell and of the Flood, the Sealed Book, and Michael Scott, all relieve and are relieved by the pranks of the elfish dwarf, while there is a fitness in making the great traditionary magician of the Scott family still interested in the fortunes of his house. (It will be noticed that the poet wisely omits the Peter Bertram of the tale, and hints it was Michael Scott who called the dwarf away, vi. 26). In proper setting, these superstitions themselves help to remove the scene from the present day, since they form one of the 'notes' of the time of chivalry.

The second difficulty is that a poem must evoke our interests, and even if we manage to realize a being who is but half-human, we cannot feel even fear or hate, nor anything but contempt for a creature who had the inglorious province of deluding children. But the blunders of deluded children may be intensely tragical, and may have

[1] Cp. Note on i. 14.

consequences so far beyond the results which mere mistakes seem adequate to produce, that they provoke the idea of an interference from the spiritual world. Thus the companionship of the dwarf causes the capture of the young Buccleuch. This capture occasions the single combat, in which Cranstoun, in the guise of Deloraine, recovers the captured son, and thus arises the reconciliation, which makes "pride be quelled and love be free."

But if we notice the prodigality with which the poet uses the magical thread on which he weaves his poem, we must also notice the economy in its use. One of the great tests of a fiction is the naturalness of the actions; the motives must be clear and adequate. The supernatural therefore must not unduly rule the action. It is perhaps most happily used when it gives an outward form to an inward motive; thus enabling us, as it were, to see with the eye what is really an invisible process of the mind. Thus in Macbeth the witches are thoroughly real and tangible, but at the same time they make us see Macbeth's ambitious thoughts, as he saw them, seemingly outside himself and constraining his will. So in Homer the gods are perfectly real, or in other words perfectly human, feeling as we do even such motives as pride, jealousy and fear; but their appearances also make us see as it were in the flesh alike the influences which move men to deeds of bravery beyond themselves, and hidden laws of "fate" which baffle the most heroic efforts. So here the magical powers do not crush or obscure the natural motives of the human actors, but rather illustrate them and bring them into relief. We see this in the dwarf's main action, when it

> "Seemed to the boy, some comrade gay
> Led him forth to the woods to play"—

while the bewilderment which followed the revelation of

the dwarf at the running stream is a natural picture of the terror of a child who has lost his way. So again the impish counterfeiting of the child helps by contrast to bring out the spirit of the true young Buccleuch, and illustrates the nature of the dwarf without interfering with the action of the piece.

So again the Ladye's magic is restrained from excessive disturbance of the action. Though she has a secret prescience[1] of the coming help, she dares not own her magic, and therefore fails to prevent the proposed single combat, which is to loose the main complication of the plot, the rejection of Cranstoun's suit. Her foreknowledge seems only one of those vivid presentiments which are themselves unaccountable. Lastly, her spell only acts so tardily that, while it blinds her to Cranstoun's deception,[2] the re-appearance of Deloraine, which leads to the discovery, might after all have been natural.[3]

Thus was the germ of the poem developed into the leaves and blossoms which belied so mean an origin ;[4] but the plant looked like an exotic, unhoused and unsheltered in the open air of our century. The poem seemed so much "out of the common road," that the friends who heard the first stanzas could give no opinion on them, but suggested a "prologue to place the mind of the hearers in a situation to understand and enjoy the poem." Scott writes, "I entirely agreed with my friendly critic on the necessity of having some pitch-pipe which might make readers aware of the object, or rather the tone, of the publication. I therefore introduced the old minstrel as an appropriate prolocutor. by whom the Lay might be sung or spoken, and the introduction of whom between

1 iv. 33. 2 v. 15. 3 v. 24.

4 So that the critic Jeffrey called the Goblin Page the "capital deformity of the poem," and entreated Scott to "purge the Lay of this ungraceful intruder."

the cantos might remind the reader at intervals of the time, place, and circumstances of the recitation. This species of *cadre*, or frame, afterwards afforded the poem its name of the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel.'"

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## *DATES OF S[illegible]'S LIFE.*

| | |
|---|---|
| Born the year before Coleridge, [illegible]ear af[illegible]r Wordsworth. | 1771 |
| At 18 in his father's office, the y[illegible] of French Revolution . | 1789 |
| At 34 published *Lay*, the year of Trafalgar . . . | 1805 |
| At 43 published *Waverley*, the year before Waterloo . | 1814 |
| At 61 died, the year of Reform Bill . . . . . | 1832 |

J. H. DONNELLEY AS FITZ-JAMES.

# *THE LADY OF THE LAKE.*

## CANTO FIRST.

### The Chase.

HARP of the North! that mouldering long hast hung
On the witch-elm that shades Saint Fillan's spring,
And down the fitful breeze thy numbers flung,
Till envious ivy did around thee cling,
Muffling with verdant ringlet every string,—
O Minstrel Harp, still must thine accents sleep?
Mid rustling leaves and fountains murmuring,
Still must thy sweeter sounds their silence keep,
Nor bid a warrior smile, nor teach a maid to weep?

Not thus, in ancient days of Caledon,
Was thy voice mute amid the festal crowd,
When lay of hopeless love, or glory won,
Aroused the fearful, or subdued the proud.
At each according pause, was heard aloud
Thine ardent symphony sublime and high!
Fair dames and crested chiefs attention bowed;
For still the burden of thy minstrelsy [less eye.
Was Knighthood's dauntless deed, and Beauty's match-

O wake once more! how rude soe'er the hand
That ventures o'er thy magic maze to stray;
O wake once more! though scarce my skill command
Some feeble echoing of thine earlier lay:
Though harsh and faint, and soon to die away,
And all unworthy of thy nobler strain,
If one heart throb higher at its sway,
The wizard note has not been touched in vain.
Then silent be no more! Enchantress, wake again.

I.

The stag at eve had drunk his fill,
Where danced the moon on Monan's rill,
And deep his midnight lair had made
In lone Glenartney's hazel shade;
But, when the sun his beacon red
Had kindled on Benvoirlich's head,
The deep-mouthed bloodhound's heavy bay
Resounded up the rocky way,
And faint, from farther distance borne,
Were heard the clanging hoof and horn.

II.

As Chief, who hears his warder call,
'To arms! the foemen storm the wall,'
The antlered monarch of the waste
Sprung from his heathery couch in haste.
But, ere his fleet career he took,
The dew-drops from his flanks he shook;
Like crested leader proud and high,
Tossed his beamed frontlet to the sky;
A moment gazed adown the dale,
A moment snuffed the tainted gale,
A moment listened to the cry,
That thickened as the chase drew nigh;
Then, as the headmost foes appeared,
With one brave bound the copse he cleared,
And, stretching forward free and far,
Sought the wild heaths of Uam-Var.

III.

Yelled on the view the opening pack;
Rock, glen, and cavern paid them back:
To many a mingled sound at once
The awakened mountain gave response.
A hundred dogs bayed deep and strong,
Clattered a hundred steeds along,
Their peal the merry horns rung out,
A hundred voices joined the shout;
With hark and whoop and wild halloo,
No rest Benvoirlich's echoes knew.

Far from the tumult fled the roe,
Close in her covert cowered the doe,
The falcon, from her cairn on high,
Cast on the rout a wondering eye,
Till far beyond her piercing ken
The hurricane had swept the glen.
Faint, and more faint, its failing din
Returned from cavern, cliff, and linn,
And silence settled, wide and still,
On the lone wood and mighty hill.

IV.

Less loud the sounds of silvan war
Disturbed the heights of Uam-Var,
And roused the cavern, where, 'tis told,
A giant made his den of old;
For ere that steep ascent was won,
High in his pathway hung the sun,
And many a gallant, staid perforce,
Was fain to breathe his faltering horse,
And of the trackers of the deer,
Scarce half the lessening pack was near;
So shrewdly on the mountain side,
Had the bold burst their mettle tried.

V.

The noble stag was pausing now,
Upon the mountain's southern brow,
Where broad extended, far beneath,
The varied realms of fair Menteith.
With anxious eye he wandered o'er
Mountain and meadow, moss and moor,
And pondered refuge from his toil,
By far Lochard or Aberfoyle.
But nearer was the copsewood gray,
That waved and wept on Loch Achray,
And mingled with the pine-trees blue
On the bold cliffs of Benvenue.
Fresh vigour with the hope returned,
With flying foot the heath he spurned,
Held westward with unwearied race,
And left behind the panting chase.

VI.

'Twere long to tell what steeds gave o'er,
As swept the hunt through Cambus-more;
What reins were tightened in despair,
When rose Benledi's ridge in air.
Who flagged upon Bochastle's heath,
Who shunned to stem the flooded Teith—
For twice that day, from shore to shore,
The gallant stag swam stoutly o'er.
Few were the stragglers, following far,
That reached the lake of Vennachar;
And when the Brigg of Turk was won,
The headmost horseman rode alone.

VII.

Alone, but with unbated zeal,
That horseman plied the scourge and steel;
For jaded now, and spent with toil,
Embossed with foam, and dark with soil,
While every gasp with sobs he drew,
The labouring stag strained full in view.
Two dogs of black Saint Hubert's breed,
Unmatched for courage, breath, and speed,
Fast on his flying traces came,
And all but won that desperate game;
For, scarce a spear's length from his haunch,
Vindictive toiled the bloodhounds stanch;
Nor nearer might the dogs attain,
Nor farther might the quarry strain.
Thus up the margin of the lake,
Between the precipice and brake,
O'er stock and rock their race they take.

VIII.

The Hunter marked that mountain high,
The lone lake's western boundary,
And deemed the stag must turn to bay,
Where that huge rampart barred the way;
Already glorying in the prize,
Measured his antlers with his eyes;
For the death-wound and death-halloo,
Mustered his breath, his whinyard drew.

But thundering as he came prepared,
With ready arm and weapon bared,
The wily quarry shunned the shock,
And turned him from the opposing rock;
Then, dashing down a darksome glen,
Soon lost to hound and hunter's ken,
In the deep Trosachs' wildest nook
His solitary refuge took.
There, while close couched, the thicket shed
Cold dews and wild flowers on his head,
He heard the baffled dogs in vain
Rave through the hollow pass amain,
Chiding the rocks that yelled again.

IX.

Close on the hounds the Hunter came,
To cheer them on the vanished game;
But, stumbling in the rugged dell,
The gallant horse exhausted fell.
The impatient rider strove in vain
To rouse him with the spur and rein.
For the good steed, his labours o'er,
Stretched his stiff limbs, to rise no more;
Then, touched with pity and remorse,
He sorrowed o'er the expiring horse:
'I little thought, when first thy rein
I slacked upon the banks of Seine,
That Highland eagle e'er should feed
On thy fleet limbs, my matchless steed!
Woe worth the chase, woe worth the day,
That costs thy life, my gallant gray!'

X.

Then through the dell his horn resounds,
From vain pursuit to call the hounds.
Back limped, with slow and crippled pace,
The sulky leaders of the chase;
Close to their master's side they pressed,
With drooping tail and humbled crest;
But still the dingle's hollow throat
Prolonged the swelling bugle-note.
The owlets started from their dream,
The eagles answered with their scream,

Round and around the sounds were cast,
Till echo seemed an answering blast;
And on the hunter hied his way,
To join some comrades of the day;
Yet often paused, so strange the road,
So wondrous were the scenes it shewed.

XI.

The western waves of ebbing day
Rolled o'er the glen their level way;
Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
Was bathed in floods of living fire,
But not a setting beam could glow
Within the dark ravines below,
Where twined the path in shadow hid,
Round many a rocky pyramid,
Shooting abruptly from the dell
Its thunder-splintered pinnacle;
Round many an insulated mass,
The native bulwarks of the pass,
Huge as the tower which builders vain
Presumptuous piled on Shinar's plain.
The rocky summits, split and rent,
Formed turret, dome, or battlement,
Or seemed fantastically set
With cupola or minaret,
Wild crests as pagod ever decked,
Or mosque of Eastern architect.
Nor were these earth-born castles bare,
Nor lacked they many a banner fair;
For, from their shivered brows displayed,
Far o'er the unfathomable glade,
All twinkling with the dew-drops sheen,
The brier-rose fell in streamers green,
And creeping shrubs, of thousand dyes,
Waved in the west-wind's summer sighs.

XII.

Boon nature scattered, free and wild,
Each plant or flower, the mountain's child.
Here eglantine embalmed the air,
Hawthorn and hazel mingled there;

The primrose pale and violet flower,
Found in each cliff a narrow bower;
Foxglove and nightshade, side by side,
Emblems of punishment and pride,
Grouped their dark hues with every stain
The weather-beaten crags retain.
With boughs that quaked at every breath,
Gray birch and aspen wept beneath;
Aloft, the ash and warrior oak
Cast anchor in the rifted rock;
And, higher yet, the pine-tree hung
His shattered trunk, and frequent flung,
Where seemed the cliffs to meet on high,
His boughs athwart the narrowed sky.
Highest of all, where white peaks glanced,
Where glistening streamers waved and danced
The wanderer's eye could barely view
The summer heaven's delicious blue;
So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream.

XIII.

Onward, amid the copse 'gan peep
A narrow inlet, still and deep,
Affording scarce such breadth of brim,
As served the wild duck's brood to swim.
Lost for a space, through thickets veering,
But broader when again appearing
Tall rocks and tufted knolls their face.
Could on the dark-blue mirror trace.
And farther as the hunter strayed,
Still broader sweep its channels made
The shaggy mounds no longer stood,
Emerging from entangled wood,
But, wave-encircled, seemed to float,
Like castle girdled with its moat;
Yet broader floods extending still
Divide them from their parent hill,
Till each, retiring, claims to be
An islet in an inland sea.

XIV.

And now, to issue from the glen,
No pathway meets the wanderer's ken,

Unless he climb, with footing nice,
A far projecting precipice.
The broom's tough roots his ladder made,
The hazel saplings lent their aid;
And thus an airy point he won,
Where, gleaming with the setting sun,
One burnished sheet of living gold,
Loch Katrine lay beneath him rolled,
In all her length far winding lay,
With promontory, creek, and bay.
And islands that, empurpled bright,
Floated amid the livelier light,
And mountains, that like giants stand,
To sentinel enchanted land.
High on the south, huge Benvenue
Down on the lake in masses threw
Crags, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurled,
The fragments of an earlier world;
A wildering forest feathered o'er
His ruined sides and summit hoar,
While on the north, through middle air,
Ben-an heaved high his forehead bare.

XV.

From the steep promontory gazed
The Stranger, raptured and amazed.
And, 'What a scene were here,' he cried,
'For princely pomp, or churchman's pride!
On this bold brow, a lordly tower;
In that soft vale, a lady's bower;
On yonder meadow, far away,
The turrets of a cloister gray.
How blithely might the bugle-horn
Chide, on the lake, the lingering morn!
How sweet, at eve, the lover's lute
Chime, when the groves were still and mute!
And, when the midnight moon should lave
Her forehead in the silver wave,
How solemn on the ear would come
The holy matins' distant hum,
While the deep peal's commanding tone
Should wake in yonder islet lone,
A sainted hermit from his cell,

To drop a bead with every knell—
And bugle, lute, and bell, and all,
Should each bewildered stranger call
To friendly feast, and lighted hall.

XVI.

'Blithe were it then to wander here!
But now,—beshrew yon nimble deer,—
Like that same hermit's, thin and spare,
The copse must give my evening fare;
Some mossy bank my couch must be,
Some rustling oak my canopy.
Yet pass we that; the war and chase
Give little choice of resting-place;—
A summer night, in greenwood spent,
Were but to-morrow's merriment:
But hosts may in these wilds abound,
Such as are better missed than found;
To meet with Highland plunderers here
Were worse than loss of steed or deer.—
I am alone;—my bugle-strain
May call some straggler of the train;
Or, fall the worst that may betide,
Ere now this falchion has been tried.'

XVII.

But scarce again his horn he wound,
When lo! forth starting at the sound,
From underneath an aged oak,
That slanted from the islet rock,
A damsel guider of its way,
A little skiff shot to the bay,
That round the promontory steep
Led its deep line in graceful sweep,
Eddying, in almost viewless wave,
The weeping willow twig to lave,
And kiss, with whispering sound and slow,
The beach of pebbles bright as snow.
The boat had touched the silver strand,
Just as the Hunter left his stand,
And stood concealed amid the brake,
To view this Lady of the Lake.

The maiden paused, as if again
She thought to catch the distant strain.
With head up-raised, and look intent,
And eye and ear attentive bent,
And locks flung back, and lips apart,
Like monument of Grecian art,
In listening mood, she seemed to stand,
The guardian Naiad of the strand.

## XVIII.

And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,
Of finer form, or lovelier face!
What though the sun, with ardent frown,
Had slightly tinged her cheek with brown,—
The sportive toil, which, short and light,
Had dyed her glowing hue so bright,
Served too in hastier swell to shew
Short glimpses of a breast of snow:
What though no rule of courtly grace
To measured mood had trained her pace,—
A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew;
E'en the slight harebell raised its head,
Elastic from her airy tread:
What though upon her speech there hung
The accents of the mountain tongue,
Those silver sounds, so soft, so dear,
The list'ner held his breath to hear!

## XIX.

A Chieftain's daughter seemed the maid;
Her satin snood, her silken plaid,
Her golden brooch such birth betrayed.
And seldom was a snood amid
Such wild luxuriant ringlets hid,
Whose glossy black to shame might bring
The plumage of the raven's wing;
And seldom o'er a breast so fair,
Mantled a plaid with modest care,
And never brooch the folds combined
Above a heart more good and kind.

Her kindness and her worth to spy,
You need but gaze on Ellen's eye;
Not Katrine, in her mirror blue,
Gives back the shaggy banks more true,
Than every free-born glance confessed
The guileless movements of her breast;
Whether joy danced in her dark eye,
Or woe or pity claimed a sigh,
Or filial love was glowing there,
Or meek devotion poured a prayer,
Or tale of injury called forth
The indignant spirit of the North.
One only passion unrevealed,
With maiden pride the maid concealed,
Yet not less purely felt the flame;—
O need I tell that passion's name!

## XX.

Impatient of the silent horn,
Now on the gale her voice was borne:—
'Father!' she cried; the rocks around
Loved to prolong the gentle sound.
A while she paused, no answer came,—
'Malcolm, was thine the blast?' the name
Less resolutely uttered fell,
The echoes could not catch the swell.
'A stranger I,' the Huntsman said,
Advancing from the hazel shade.
The maid, alarmed, with hasty oar,
Pushed her light shallop from the shore,
And when a space was gained between,
Closer she drew her bosom's screen;
(So forth the startled swan would swing,
So turn to prune his ruffled wing.)
Then safe, though fluttered and amazed,
She paused, and on the Stranger gazed.
Not his the form, nor his the eye,
That youthful maidens wont to fly.

## XXI.

On his bold visage middle age
Had slightly pressed its signet sage,

Yet had not quenched the open truth
And fiery vehemence of youth;
Forward and frolic glee was there,
The will to do, the soul to dare,
The sparkling glance, soon blown to fire,
Of hasty love, or headlong ire.
His limbs were cast in manly mould,
For hardy sports or contest bold;
And though in peaceful garb arrayed,
And weaponless, except his blade,
His stately mien as well implied
A high-born heart, a martial pride,
As if a Baron's crest he wore,
And sheathed in armour trod the shore.
Slighting the petty need he shewed,
He told of his benighted road;
His ready speech flowed fair and free,
In phrase of gentlest courtesy;
Yet seemed that tone, and gesture bland,
Less used to sue than to command.

## XXII.

A while the maid the Stranger eyed,
And, reassured, at length replied,
That Highland halls were open still
To wildered wanderers of the hill.
'Nor think you unexpected come
To yon lone isle, our desert home;
Before the heath had lost the dew,
This morn, a couch was pulled for you;
On yonder mountain's purple head
Have ptarmigan and heath-cock bled,
And our broad nets have swept the mere,
To furnish forth your evening cheer.'—
'Now, by the rood, my lovely maid,
Your courtesy has erred,' he said;
'No right have I to claim, misplaced,
The welcome of expected guest.
A wanderer, here by fortune tost,
My way, my friends, my courser lost,
I ne'er before, believe me, fair,
Have ever drawn your mountain air,

Till on this lake's romantic strand,
I found a fay in fairy land!'—

XXIII.

'I well believe,' the maid replied,
As her light skiff approached the side,—
'I well believe, that ne'er before
Your foot has trod Loch Katrine's shore;
But yet, as far as yesternight,
Old Allan-bane foretold your plight,—
A gray-haired sire, whose eye intent
Was on the visioned future bent.
He saw your steed, a dappled gray,
Lie dead beneath the birchen way;
Painted exact your form and mien,
Your hunting suit of Lincoln green,
That tasselled horn so gaily gilt,
That falchion's crooked blade and hilt,
That cap with heron plumage trim,
And yon two hounds so dark and grim.
He bade that all should ready be,
To grace a guest of fair degree;
But light I held his prophecy,
And deemed it was my father's horn,
Whose echoes o'er the lake were borne.'—

XXIV.

The Stranger smiled: 'Since to your home
A destined errant-knight I come,
Announced by prophet sooth and old,
Doomed, doubtless, for achievement bold,
I 'll lightly front each high emprise,
For one kind glance of those bright eyes.
Permit me, first, the task to guide
Your fairy frigate o'er the tide.'
The maid, with smile suppressed and sly,
The toil unwonted saw him try;
For seldom sure, if e'er before,
His noble hand had grasped an oar:
Yet with main strength his strokes he drew,
And o'er the lake the shallop flew;
With heads erect, and whimpering cry,
The hounds behind their passage ply.

Nor frequent does the bright oar break
The darkening mirror of the lake,
Until the rocky isle they reach,
And moor their shallop on the beach.

XXV.

The Stranger viewed the shore around;
'Twas all so close with copsewood bound,
Nor track nor pathway might declare
That human foot frequented there,
Until the mountain-maiden shewed
A clambering unsuspected road,
That winded through the tangled screen,
And opened on a narrow green,
Where weeping birch and willow round
With their long fibres swept the ground.
Here, for retreat in dangerous hour,
Some chief had framed a rustic bower.

XXVI.

It was a lodge of ample size,
But strange of structure and device;
Of such materials as around
The workman's hand had readiest found.
Lopped of their boughs, their hoar trunks bared,
And by the hatchet rudely squared,
To give the walls their destined height,
The sturdy oak and ash unite;
While moss and clay and leaves combined
To fence each crevice from the wind.
The lighter pine-trees, overhead,
Their slender length for rafters spread,
And withered heath and rushes dry
Supplied a russet canopy.
Due westward, fronting to the green,
A rural portico was seen,
Aloft on native pillars borne,
Of mountain fir with bark unshorn,
Where Ellen's hand had taught to twine
The ivy and Idæan vine,
The clematis, the favoured flower
Which boasts the name of virgin-bower,

And every hardy plant could bear
Loch Katrine's keen and searching air,
An instant in this porch she staid,
And gaily to the Stranger said,
'On heaven and on thy lady call,
And enter the enchanted hall!'—

## XXVII.

'My hope, my heaven, my trust must be,
My gentle guide, in following thee'—
He crossed the threshold—and a clang
Of angry steel that instant rang.
To his bold brow his spirit rushed,
But soon for vain alarm he blushed,
When on the floor he saw displayed,
Cause of the din, a naked blade
Dropped from the sheath, that careless flung,
Upon a stag's huge antlers swung;
For all around, the walls to grace,
Hung trophies of the fight or chase:
A target there, a bugle here,
A battle-axe, a hunting spear,
And broadswords, bows, and arrows store,
With the tusked trophies of the boar.
Here grins the wolf as when he died,
And there the wild-cat's brindled hide
The frontlet of the elk adorns,
Or mantles o'er the bison's horns;
Pennons and flags defaced and stained,
That blackening streaks of blood retained,
And deer-skins, dappled, dun, and white,
With otter's fur and seal's unite,
In rude and uncouth tapestry all,
To garnish forth the silvan hall,

## XXVIII.

The wondering Stranger round him gazed,
And next the falling weapon raised:—
Few were the arms whose sinewy strength
Sufficed to stretch it forth at length.
And as the brand he poised and swayed,
'I never knew but one,' he said,

'Whose stalwart arm might brook to wield
A blade like this in battle-field.'
She sighed, then smiled and took the word:
'You see the guardian champion's sword:
As light it trembles in his hand,
As in my grasp a hazel wand;
My sire's tall form might grace the part
Of Ferragus, or Ascabart;
But in the absent giant's hold
Are women now, and menials old.'

## XXIX.

The mistress of the mansion came,
Mature of age, a graceful dame;
Whose easy step and stately port
Had well become a princely court,
To whom, though more than kindred knew,
Young Ellen gave a mother's due.
Meet welcome to her guest she made,
And every courteous rite was paid,
That hospitality could claim,
Though all unasked his birth and name.
Such then the reverence to a guest,
That fellest foe might join the feast,
And from his deadliest foeman's door
Unquestioned turn, the banquet o'er.
At length his rank the Stranger names,
'The Knight of Snowdoun, James Fitz-James;
Lord of a barren heritage,
Which his brave sires, from age to age,
By their good swords had held with toil;
His sire had fall'n in such turmoil,
And he, God wot, was forced to stand
Oft for his right with blade in hand.
This morning with Lord Moray's train
He chased a stalwart stag in vain,
Outstripped his comrades, missed the deer,
Lost his good steed, and wandered here.'

## XXX.

Fain would the Knight in turn require
The name and state of Ellen's sire.

Well shewed the elder lady's mien,
That courts and cities she had seen;
Ellen, though more her looks displayed
The simple grace of sylvan maid,
In speech and gesture, form and face,
Shewed she was come of gentle race;
'Twere strange in ruder rank to find
Such looks, such manners, and such mind.
Each hint the Knight of Snowdoun gave,
Dame Margaret heard with silence grave;
Or Ellen, innocently gay,
Turned all inquiry light away:—
'Weird women we! by dale and down
We dwell, afar from tower and town.
We stem the flood, we ride the blast,
On wandering knights our spells we cast;
While viewless minstrels touch the string,
'Tis thus our charmed rhymes we sing.'
She sung, and still a harp unseen
Filled up the symphony between.

## XXXI.

SONG.

'Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking:
Dream of battled fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.
In our isle's enchanted hall,
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dewing.
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er:
Dream of fighting fields no more:
Sleep the sleep that knows n t breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

'No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
Armour's clang, or war-steed champing,
Trump nor pibroch summon here
Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.
Yet the lark's shrill fife may come
At the day-break from the fallow,

And the bittern sound his drum,
Booming from the sedgy shallow.
Ruder sounds shall none be near,
Guards nor warders challenge here,
Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
Shouting clans or squadrons stamping.'

XXXII.

She paused—then, blushing, led the lay
To grace the stranger of the day.
Her mellow notes a while prolong
The cadence of the flowing song,
Till to her lips in measured frame
The minstrel verse spontaneous came.

SONG CONTINUED.

'Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,
While our slumbrous spells assail ye,
Dream not, with the rising sun,
Bugles here shall sound reveillé.
Sleep! the deer is in his den;
Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying;
Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen,
How thy gallant steed lay dying.
Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,
Think not of the rising sun,
For at dawning to assail ye,
Here no bugles sound reveillé.'

XXXIII.

The hall was cleared—the Stranger's bed
Was there of mountain heather spread,
Where oft a hundred guests had lain,
And dreamed their forest sports again.
But vainly did the heath-flower shed
Its moorland fragrance round his head;
Not Ellen's spell had lulled to rest
The fever of his troubled breast.
In broken dreams the image rose
Of varied perils, pains, and woes;
His steed now flounders in the brake,
Now sinks his barge upon the lake;

Now leader of a broken host,
His standard falls, his honour's lost
Then,—from my couch may heavenly might
Chase that worst phantom of the night!—
Again returned the scenes of youth,
Of confident undoubting truth;
Again his soul he interchanged
With friends whose hearts were long estranged
They come, in dim procession led,
The cold, the faithless, and the dead;
As warm each hand, each brow as gay,
As if they parted yesterday.
And doubt distracts him at the view,
O were his senses false or true!
Dreamed he of death, or broken vow,
Or is it all a vision now!

## XXXIV.

At length, with Ellen in a grove
He seemed to walk, and speak of love;
She listened with a blush and sigh,
His suit was warm, his hopes were high.
He sought her yielded hand to clasp,
And a cold gauntlet met his grasp:
The phantom's sex was changed and gone,
Upon its head a helmet shone;
Slowly enlarged to giant size,
With darkened cheek and threatening eyes,
The grisly visage, stern and hoar,
To Ellen still a likeness bore.—
He woke, and, panting with affright,
Recalled the vision of the night.
The hearth's decaying brands were red,
And deep and dusky lustre shed,
Half shewing, half concealing, all
The uncouth trophies of the hall.
Mid those the Stranger fixed his eye,
Where that huge falchion hung on high,
And thoughts on thoughts, a countless throng,
Rushed, chasing countless thoughts along,
Until, the giddy whirl to cure,
He rose, and sought the moonshine pure.

XXXV.

The wild-rose, eglantine, and broom,
Wasted around their rich perfume:
The birch-trees wept in fragrant balm,
The aspens slept beneath the calm;
The silver light, with quivering glance,
Played on the water's still expanse,—
Wild were the heart whose passions' sway
Could rage beneath the sober ray!
He felt its calm, that warrior guest.
While thus he communed with his breast:
'Why is it, at each turn I trace
Some memory of that exiled race?
Can I not mountain-maiden spy,
But she must bear the Douglas eye?
Can I not view a Highland brand,
But it must match the Douglas hand?
Can I not frame a fevered dream,
But still the Douglas is the theme?—
I'll dream no more—by manly mind
Not even in sleep is will resigned.
My midnight orisons said o'er,
I'll turn to rest, and dream no more.'
His midnight orisons he told,
A prayer with every bead of gold,
Consigned to heaven his cares and woes,
And sunk in undisturbed repose;
Until the heath-cock shrilly crew,
And morning dawned on Benvenue.

# NOTES

## CANTO I.

THIS canto opens with a vigorous description of a stag-hunt. The chase is long and wearying, and one by one the huntsmen drop off, till at last one knight alone is left. He follows the game along the banks of Loch Achray, but just as he thinks the prize is his, he finds himself foiled, and his quarry lost. To add to his distress, his horse, worn out by the long chase, lies down to die, and he is left, parted from all his companions, in the dark loneliness of the Trosachs. He pushes forward towards the light, and reaches the end of the defile where it overlooks Loch Katrine. It is now near sunset, and not relishing the prospect of spending the night alone in the possible neighbourhood of "Highland plunderers," he sounds his bugle, in the hope that it may recall some straggler of the chase. But instead of this a light skiff shoots forth in answer to the summons from the islet opposite to him, and comes to land close at his feet. Its occupant, a maiden "fair as ever Grecian chisel traced," startled at the sight of a stranger, pushes off a little space from the shore, but after short parley invites him to share their Highland hospitality, assuring him that he is not an unexpected guest; his bed is prepared, his evening cheer provided; for the seer of the house, old Allan-bane, has foretold his coming. The stranger crosses with her to the island, where, hidden among the trees, is the maiden's rustic home. As he enters, he is startled by the fall of a huge sword, which recalls to him one, the only one he ever knew that could wield such a blade in battle. This discovery calls back old scenes long past. Vain is the maiden's spell; it cannot lull "the fever of his breast." He dreams over again the perils of the day, and then the scenes of his youth, ere his trusting heart had been shaken by the falsehood of friends and the dark policy of the world. He rises and goes out into the still night, whose quiet calm soothes his spirit, and then sleeps on till dawn.

Note in this canto the picture of the stag-hunt, the description

of the Trosachs (stanza xi.), the portrait of Ellen (xviii. xix.), and the account of the knight's dream (xxxiii. xxxiv.).

The characters are very artistically introduced. The hunt, as we shall find in canto 2, is supposed by Roderick to be only a feint, in order to cover a wholesale attack on the Highland tribes, and so leads to their rising; and the identity of Snowdoun's knight is the key to the main situations of the poem. The seer seems to have some dim suspicion who he is, but the secret is well kept; and it is not till the end of the action that the other characters, or even the reader, see him in his true place. The air of mystery that hangs about the little island at once interests the reader in its inmates; and their connexion with the knight, shadowed forth in his feverish dream, prepares us somewhat for the part which he is to play in their restoration.

INTRODUCTION.

Each canto is introduced by one or more stanzas in the Spenserian metre, bearing more or less on the subject of the canto The lines which head the first canto serve as an introduction to the whole poem, which is inspired by the spirit of the old Scottish minstrelsy

(The Spenserian stanza, which is an extension of the eight-lined rhymed verse of the Italians—*ottava rima*—consists of eight lines of ten syllables and five accents each, followed by a line of twelve syllables and six accents. The first and third lines rhyme together; the second, fourth, fifth, and seventh; and the sixth, eighth, and ninth. It is the metre of Spenser's *Faery Queen*, whence its name, and in more recent times of Byron's *Childe Harold*, and Scott's *Vision of Don Roderick*.)

2 *Witch-elm.* The broad-leaved elm. More commonly spelt 'wich,' and so perhaps connected with German 'weich' and our 'wick' (=quick, alive), and 'wicker,' with the idea of flexibility and vitality. The mountain-ash is called 'witchen,' 'witch-wood,' and 'wicken-tree.' (HALLIWELL.) [Popular superstition connects the name with 'witch,' as if the tree were the especial haunt of witches. To this Scott appears to allude in the concluding stanza, where he calls it the wizard-elm.]

*Saint Fillan's spring.* A sacred pool about two miles from Tyndrum, on the road from Loch Lomond Head to Glencoe. It was said to be efficacious for the cure of insanity. See *Marmion*, i. 29, 12—

> "Thence to St. Fillan's blessed well,
> Whose spring can frenzied dreams dispel,
> And the crazed brain restore."

The patient was dipped in the pool after sundown on the first day of the quarter, then bound with ropes tied in a peculiar

knot, and laid mid the ruins of St. Fillan's chapel, in a corner called St. Fillan's bed. If in the morning the knot was found untied, the patient might expect to recover his sanity. The pool is reported as still visited in 1843. (Chambers's *Book of Days*, i. 79.) Saint Fillan, after whom the valley (Strath Fillan) is named, was the favourite saint of Robert Bruce. He was a Scotch abbot in the seventh century. There is another spring called by his name at the eastern end of Loch Earn.

4 *Envious.* As grudging the world its music.

10 *Caledon.* For Caledonia, the name by which Scotland was known to the Romans. The first syllable of the word possibly is the same as the 'Gal' in *Gal*lus, *Gal*atia. If so, the word means "the Gael of the downs." (TAYLOR, *Words and Places*, p. 44.) Others interpret 'coil-dooine,' "men of the woods."

12, 13 The connexion is not very clear. The fearful would be aroused, *i.e.* inspirited, by the songs of glory won; and probably the plaintive music which tells the tale of hopeless love is that which subdues the proud.

14 *According.* Cp. *Marmion*, ii. 11—

> "Then, answering from the sandy shore,
> Half-drowned amid the breakers' roar,
> *According* chorus rose,"

where, as here, the word is used of music that takes up and fills the intervals of another. It is used in its commoner sense in the *Lay*, Introduction—

> "Till every string's *according* glee
> Was blended into harmony."

23 *i.e. though* [it be] *harsh.* This construction, which is common when the adjective closely precedes or follows that to which it is in attribution, is not usual when the noun ('wizard note') is so far off.

*Stanza* I.—*Glenartney.* A valley in Perthshire, about six miles N.N.E. of Callender. It runs from S.W. to N.E., having *Benvoirlich* at its head on the north, and *Uam-Var* on the south, separating it from the valley of the Teith. On the north of the valley there was formerly a royal forest, adjacent to the chief haunts of the Macgregors. (*Legend of Montrose*, Introduction.) According to Col. Robertson, the name = the high valley of the *deer*.

*Ben*voirlich. 'Ben' is the Gaelic form for the Welsh 'pen,' a head, and so a mountain (*Pen*maenmawr, *Pen*rhyn). The form 'pen' is used in the southern parts of Scotland, so that we are able by this prefix to trace roughly the line that separated the two branches of the Celtic race, the Gaelic and the Cymric. "*Ben* is confined to the west and north; *pen* to the east and south. So in the north and west we find *inver* used for a confluence of waters (*Inver*ness, *Inver*ary); to the south and east

we find *aber* (*Aber*deen, *Aber*feldy; cp. We'sh *Aber*, *Aber*ystwith)."—TAYLOR, *Words and Places*, pp. 146-7, 163.

Note the effect of the whisper-letters (*f* and *h*) in the last couplet. They are frequently used to express the attitude of fear.

2.—*Antlered.* French, 'andouiller,' properly the first branch of a stag's horn, or the brow-antler. Derivation uncertain. The form 'antoillier' which is found has suggested 'ante,' before, and 'oculus,' an eye, the brow-antler projecting forward.

*But, ere his fleet career he took*, &c. Cp. *Lord of the Isles*, v. 4—

"Like deer that, rousing from their lair,
Just shake the dewdrops from their hair,
And toss their armed crests aloft."

*Beamed frontlet.* So Dryden (Virgil's *Georg.* iii.) speaks of the *beamy* stag. 'Beam' (A.S. 'beám,' Dutch 'boom,' German 'baum') is originally a tree, and so is applied to a stag's horn with its tree-like branches (as in French 'bois'). Conversely, we call the beam which supports the roof a 'roof-*tree*.'

*Frontlet.* Diminutive of 'front.' Cp. 'leaf*let*,' 'ham*let*.' The termination is Romance, but is often added to Saxon words, as 'ring*let*,' 'stream*let*.'

*The chase* is used for those who are engaged in it. So we speak of 'the hunt' for the huntsmen.

*Cry.* Cp. *Hamlet*, iv. 5, 91—"How cheerfully on the false trail they *cry*."

3.—Note the effect of the inversion in the first line, and in the sixth and seventh lines, in giving prominence to the sounds which reach the stag's ear

*Bayed deep and strong.* This use of the adjective for the adverb arises from the omission of the final *e* which once distinguished the two (probably an old dative ending: Morris, *Historical Outlines of English Accidence*, p. 196; though Mätzner looks upon it as an accusative). So in Chaucer we have—

"Was evenë joynyng to the gardeyn wal."—*Prol.* l. 202.
"That loveth so hootë Emely the brighte."
—*Knight's Tale*, l. 879.

*Their peal the merry horns rung out.* Cp. *Rob Roy*, ch. v.: "A pack of hounds in full cry, cheered by the occasional bursts of a French-horn, which in those days was the constant accompaniment of the chase."

*Cairn.* A Gaelic word, Welsh 'carn,' a pile of stones, generally over a dead body.

*Rout.* Any noisy or confused assembly. The derivation of the word is contested. Diez refers it to the Latin 'rupta,' from which come Italian 'rotta,' French 'route,' a *broken* (army); but it seems better to refer it to the verb. To *rout* (Norse 'rjota') is to

snore, grunt, bellow (of oxen). Cf. *Monastery*, ch. iii.: "To see poor Grizzy and Crumbie . . . *routing* while the stony-hearted villains were brogging them on wi' their lances." Hence, from the noise which they make, a gang, crowd; "the rabble *rout*." So in Chaucer (*Romaunt of the Rose*)—

"But nightingales, a full great *rout*,
That flien over his head about."

Bacon uses the verb in this sense—"The meaner sort *routed* together." The colloquial 'row' (to make a great *row*) is a corruption of this word.

To *rout* an army (being a military term), probably comes from the Italian 'rotta.' So sergeant, colonel, from 'serviente,' 'coronello.'

*Ken.* Observation, perception by the senses; here 'sight.'

*The hurricane had swept the glen.* This is a good instance of *metaphor*. The hunt sweeping up the glen is not a 'hurricane,' which is a sudden and violent wind; but it resembles it in its suddenness and vehemence. This resemblance we may express in two ways: (1) Simply as a resemblance, not forgetting that the two things are distinct, as "They swept the glen like a hurricane," or "As a hurricane sweeping the glen, so they passed rapidly by;" this is called a *simile:* or (2) we may be so struck with the points of likeness as to lose sight of the points of difference, and identify the two things, transferring (*μετα-φέρειν*, Latin 'translatio') the name of the one to the other, as in the text; this is called *metaphor*. Hence a *metaphor* can always be expressed in the form of a *simile;* but the comparison will always be weakened thereby. A common form of metaphor is that in which not the things themselves, but their actions, are identified; *i.e.* in which the metaphor is conveyed in the verb:

*e.g.* "How sweet the moonlight *sleeps* upon this bank:"

the perfect stillness is that of a sleeper. So in this stanza—

"Rock, glen, and cavern *paid* them back."

The metaphor conveyed in 'hurricane' is kept up by the verb 'swept,' which is appropriate to a wind, but not to men and horses.

*Linn.* A Celtic word, from 'llevn,' smooth; a deep pool. It is not uncommon in local names (*Lin*coln, King's *Lynn*, Ros*lin*, *Lin*ton).

Note the alliterations in the last four lines.

4.—*Silvan.* Nothing shows better the richness of English, as a composite language, than a comparison of the pairs of adjectives derived from Saxon and Latin nouns with the same meaning. The former naturally, as the older, represent the merely material aspect; the latter suggest ideas of association; *e.g.* a *woody* valley is one which has plenty of timber in it; a *silvan* scene suggests, in addition, the charm of sun, and shade, and varied form, which has pleased us best in woodland scenery. Compare,

by way of example, 'dark' and 'obscure,' 'short' and 'brief,' 'slavish' and 'servile,' 'careful' and 'curious,' 'manly' and 'masculine.'

*And roused the cavern, where, 'tis told,*
*A giant made his den of old.*

"Ua-var, as the name is pronounced, or more properly *Uaighmor*, is a mountain to the north-east of the village of Callender, in Menteith, deriving its name, which signifies the great den, or cavern, from a sort of retreat among the rocks on the south side, said by tradition to have been the abode of a giant."
—SCOTT.

*Fain.* A.S. 'fægen,' Icel. 'feginn,' glad, joyful. So we say, "He was glad enough to get home." (Apparently connected with Greek παγ-, πήγνυμι, with the idea of 'fitness.')

*The trackers of the deer* are the hounds. These descriptive names are common in the oldest and simplest poetry

*Pack.* Dutch 'pack,' Icel. 'pakki,' a bundle tied up under one cover; hence of a set of hounds kept together in the same kennel, of a set of cards which go together, of men got together for one object, or united in one purpose. Cp. Shakespeare's *King Lear*, v. 3— "*Packs* and sects of great ones."
*Merry Wives*, iv. 2—
"A *pack*, a conspiracy against me."
So to 'pack' a jury is to get together men of one view for the purpose of acquittal or conviction.

*Shrewdly.* Sharply, severely. 'Shrew' and 'shrewd' formerly conveyed deep moral blame. Chaucer uses the word of two murderers—

"And thus accorded ben this *shrewes* tweye,
To slea the thridde, as ye han herd me seye;"

*i.e.* these two bad men have agreed to slay the third. Wycliffe uses it to translate the *pravus* of the Vulgate (Trench, *Select Glossary*, s.v.) But simplicity and guilelessness are found to be marks of the good; cunning and far-sightedness of the wicked; so that the moral aspect of this far-sightedness being omitted, 'shrewd' came to mean 'sagacious.' (Cp. conversely the deterioration of such words as εὐηθής, 'simple,' 'silly' (= 'blessed,' G. 'selig.'), 'innocent.') The word probably means in the first instance 'crooked;' German 'schräge.'

5.—*Menteith.* The general name given to the district drained by the Teith from Callender to Stirling, where it joins the Forth.

*Lochard* is a lake on the south border of Perthshire, about six miles east of Ben Lomond, and south of Benvenue. It is the scene of Helen Macgregor's exploit in *Rob Roy*. *Aberfoyle* (see note on stanza 1) is a village about a mile and a half from its east end.

*Loch Achray* ("the lake of the level field"). A small lake in Perthshire, lying at the foot of Benvenue, about seven miles west of Callender.

*Benvenue* ("the centre mountain," as being half-way between Ben Lomond and Ben Ledi). At the foot of Loch Katrine and head of Loch Achray.

*Spurn.* To kick off with the heel (English 'spur,' German 'sporn'). This was used as a gesture of avoidance and contempt (Cp. Gobbo's "*Scorn* running *with thy heels*," *Merchant of Venice*, ii. 2); and so the word gets its metaphorical meaning, to reject with disdain. The following passages will illustrate the different meanings of the word—

"Use me but as your spaniel, *spurn* me, strike me."
—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, ii. 2.

"To *spurn* at your most royal image" (*i.e.* the judge in the king's court).—2 *Henry IV.* v. 2.

"He shall *spurn* fate, scorn death."—*Macbeth*, iii. 5.

6.—*Long; i.e.* tedious.

*Cambus-more.* An estate about two miles from Callender, on the road to Stirling, near the junction of the Keltie with the Teith.

*Benledi* ("mountain of God"). A mountain in Perthshire, about four miles N.N.W. of Callender. The name is one of the vestiges of the worship of the Celtic *Bel* or *Belen*, who is by some identified with the Syrian *Baal*. The festival of Beltane (ii. 19) takes its origin probably from the same *cultus*, of which there are several traces in local names; *e.g.* Hill *Bell* in Westmoreland, *Bel* Tor in Devon. (TAYLOR, *Words and Places*, p. 222.) According to tradition the people used to gather here on May 1st and receive the need-fire from the priests of Baal.

*Flagged.* To 'flag' is to hang loosely like a flag on its staff when there is no wind; hence to droop, to languish, be exhausted. The derivation of the noun is uncertain. Wedgwood traces it (like *flap*) to the sound made by a piece of cloth flapping: others connect it with German 'fliegen,' our 'fly.'

*Bochastle's heath.* A flat plain between the east end of Loch Vennachar and Callender.

*Teith.* A river formed by the junction of the streams from Loch Voil and Loch Katrine, half a mile above Callender. It joins the Forth a little above Stirling.

*Vennachar.* The easternmost of the three lakes around which the scenery of the poem lies, about two miles W.S.W. of Callender.

*Brigg of Turk.* A bridge over the stream that descends from the valley of Glenfinlas, half-way between Lochs Achray and Vennachar. *Brigg.* Cf. German 'brücke,' A.S. 'brycg,' (Morris,

p. 69); so 'egg' became 'edge,' 'rigg' 'ridge.' Chaucer has 'jugge' for 'judge.' This softening was common in the Southern dialect of Old English. Cp. 'dike,' 'ditch;' 'kirk,' 'church.'

7.—*Steel.* An instance of the figure called synecdoche, putting the part for the whole, or the material for the thing made; so fifty *sail*, "the *iron* entered into his soul," the *canvas* speaks.

*Embossed.* Covered with 'bosses.' A 'boss,' French 'bosse,' ('bossu,' a hunchback) is a swelling or protuberance of any kind; so that embossed-work is that which is raised in relief, here covered with patches of foam. 'Boss' is probably the same as 'bot,' 'botch; so—

"*Botches* and blaines must all his flesh *emboss.*"

—MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, xii. 180.

*Two dogs of black Saint Hubert's breed.*—"The hounds which we call Saint Hubert's hounds are commonly all blacke, yet nevertheless, the race is so mingled at these days, that we find them of all colours. These are the hounds which the abbots of St. Hubert haue always kept some of their race or kind, in honour or remembrance of the saint, which was a hunter with St. Eustace. They are mighty of body, neuertheless their legges are low and short, likewise they are not swift, although they be very good of sent."—*The Noble Art of Venerie.* 1611.

*His flying traces.* An instance of transferred epithet, = the traces *of him* flying; so "Hence to his *idle* bed."

"The little fields made green
By husbandry of many *thrifty* years."

In Latin the adjective would be put in the genitive, as 'mea fugientis vestigia.' Cf. Ovid's "nostros vidisti *flentis* ocellos."

*Stanch.* Originally water-tight. 'Stagnum' (French 'étang') is a pool where the water stands without outlet ('stagnant'). From the active sense of the derived verb 'stagnare' we get French 'étancher,' our 'stanch,' to stop a running, to quench (to 'stanch' a wound, 'étancher sa soif'); and from the noun itself the adjective 'stanch,' water-tight, so firm, reliable; and the nouns 'tank,' a water-tight cistern; and 'stanchion,' a support to prevent an object giving way. In the Romance languages the idea of the want of life in stagnant water prevails in the adjectives; and so we have Italian 'stanco,' weary; 'mano stanca,' the left hand.

*Quarry.* French 'curée,' Italian 'corata,' from the Latin 'cor,' the heart and its surroundings, which were given to the dogs when the game was killed; hence applied to the animal hunted, or more especially to the game at which a hawk is flown; so in *Hamlet*, v. 2—

"This *quarry* cries on havoc."

*Macbeth*, iv. 3—

"To re'ate the manner,
Were, on the *quarry* of these murdered deer,
To add the death of you."

Longfellow, *Hiawatha*—

"Seldom stoops the soaring vulture
O'er his *quarry* in the desert."

*O'er stock and rock.* The jingle helps the memory. Cp. 'time and tide;' 'hugger mugger;' 'qui s'excuse s'accuse.'

8.—*That mountain high.* Benvenue.

*Turn to bay*, 'stand at bay,' are terms used when the stag turns round and faces his pursuers, thus checking for a while their attack. The word seems to represent, by sound, the involuntary opening of the mouth, and staring intently at a thing. (Cf. French 'béer, bouche béante,' with open mouth.) Cp. Spenser—

"So well he wooed her, and so well he wrought her,
With faire entreaty and swete blandishment,
That at the length *unto a bay* he brought her,
So as she to his speeches was content
To lend an ear, and softly to relent;"

*i.e.* brought her to stand intently listening. The French 'aux abois' ('aboyer') is probably of a different derivation.

*For the death-wound and death-halloo,*
*Mustered his breath, his whinyard drew.*

When the stag turned to bay the ancient hunter had the perilous task of going in upon, and killing or disabling the desperate animal. At certain times of the year this was held particularly dangerous, a wound received from a stag's horn being then deemed poisonous.—SCOTT. There is a description of this process in the *Bride of Lammermoor*, ch. ix. A 'whinyard' is a stout sword, or knife. The word is probably a corruption of 'whinger,' a weapon that gives a whinging or a swinging blow. See *Lay*, v. 7:

"And *whingers*, now in friendship bare
The social meal to part and share,
Had found a bloody sheath."

*Trosachs* ("the rough country"). The name given to the district between Lochs Katrine and Vennachar, but more generally limited to the wooded pass which unites Loch Katrine and Loch Achray.

*Close couched.* Another instance of the ellipsis noticed in the *Introduction.* 'His' = 'of him.'

*Amain* = on main. A.S. 'maegen,' power, as in our might and 'main.' The word is connected with 'may,' A.S. 'magan;' the same root as the Greek μῆχαρ, μηχάνη.

*Chiding.* Explain the metaphor.

9.—*Close on the hounds*, &c. Cf. *Hamlet*, i. 2—

"HAM. I think it was to see my mother's wedding.
HOR. Indeed, my lord, it followed hard *upon*."

*Stretched his stiff limbs.* The inversion of the accent suits the sound to the idea.

*Woe worth the day.* 'Worth' is the subjunctive or imperative of an old A.S. verb 'weordhan' (German 'werden,' 'geworden') to become, or to come into being, which was still in use in Chaucer's time (*Coke's Tale of Gamelyn*)—

"Cursed mot he *worthe* both fleissch and blood,
That ever do priour or abbot ony good."

So, in *Troilus and Cresseide*, he says, that without love

"No lifes wiht *is worth*, or may endure;"

*i.e.* no living thing has come into being ('ist geworden').

*The day* is in the dative—Woe be to the day.

*When first thy rein*
*I slacked upon the banks of Seine*,

In the year 1536, when the idea of a marriage with the Princess Mary of England was abandoned, there was great anxiety in Scotland that King James should strengthen himself by an alliance with France. Mary, daughter of the Duke of Vendome, was chosen as the favoured lady, and commissioners were sent over to negotiate the marriage; but James, in the same spirit of knight-errantry which our story illustrates, set off privately for France to see his intended bride. His journey was baulked by contrary winds, and he started again, not privately this time, and reached France in September, 1536. On his arrival he broke off the proposals that had been made, and sued for the hand of Magdalen, the daughter of the king of France (Francis I.). Objections were raised on the ground of her delicate health; but in the following spring the marriage was concluded. The objections however were too well founded; for at Midsummer the king buried the wife that he brought home at Whitsuntide. A year afterwards he married Mary of Guise, whom he had no doubt seen on this visit. The effects of the visit were not favourable to the Scottish nobles. The subservience which he had witnessed at the French Court would naturally make him more impatient of the freedom and independence of his own nobility, and on his return he did what he could to curb their power.—BURTON, *History of Scotland*, vol. iii. pp. 166-177.

10.—*Dingle.* (Cf. Milton's "*Dingle*, or bushy dell") A narrow valley. To 'ding' is to strike hard, so as to make a depression (or 'dint'), connected with 'dig.'

11.—This description of the Trosachs (indeed the whole of the *Stag Chase*) was written in the midst of the scenery which it

describes, in the summer of 1809. Nothing is more striking in Sir Walter Scott's poetry than the accuracy and picturesqueness of his descriptions "He sees everything with a painter's eye. Whatever he represents has a character of individuality, and is drawn with an accuracy and minuteness of discrimination which we are not accustomed to expect from mere verbal description. It is because Mr. Scott usually delineates those objects with which he is perfectly familiar that his touch is so easy, correct, and animated. The rocks, the ravines, and the torrents which he exhibits are not the imperfect sketches of a hurried traveller, but the finished studies of a resident artist."—*Quarterly Review*, May, 1810.

Note in this description the prominence of colour, on which characteristic of Scott Mr. Ruskin has remarked. (*Modern Painters*, iii. 278.) The *purple* peaks, the floods of *fire*, the twinkling dew-drops, the *green* brier-rose, the *pale* primrose, the *grey* birch, the lichen-*stained* rock, all have their place; while the form is mostly indefinite, much being left to the reader in *turret* and *cupola* and *minaret*.

*Level; i.e.* horizontal, from the setting sun.

*Bulwark*. German, 'bollwerk,' a rampart or bastion, a *work* made of *trunks* of trees ('bol' cp. elm-tree *bole*).

*Huge as the tower*, &c. *Genesis* xi. 1-9.

*Minaret* (from an Arabic word signifying a lighthouse), a kind of steeple attached to a mosque, consisting of a tall column ending in a cone; below the cone is a gallery, from which the muezzin calls the faithful to prayer.

*Pagod*, or pagoda (Hindustani 'boot-kudu,' an idol-house), an Indian temple, generally crowned with numerous balls and pinnacles.

*Mosque* (Arabic 'masjad'), a Mohammedan temple or house of worship.

*Castles*. Note here again how the form is conveyed by a comparison, which is kept up in the following lines.

*Sheen*. German, 'schön;' fair, bright, glistening; or is it a noun? 'dewdrops' sheen,' (= glistening, brightness).

Compare with this the description in *Rokeby*, ii. 8.

"Here trees to every crevice clung,
And o'er the dell their branches hung;
And there, all splinter'd and uneven,
The shiver'd rocks ascend to heaven;
Oft, too, the ivy swath'd their breast,
And wreathed its garland round their crest,
Or from the spires bade loosely flare
Its tendrils in the middle air,
As pennons wont to wave of old
O'er the high feast of Baron bold."

12.—*Boon;* 'kind,' 'good.' French, 'bon.'

*Eglantine;* sweet-*brier;* so called from its spikes. Latin 'aculeus,' French 'aiguille.'

*Foxglove and nightshade, side by side,*
*Emblems of punishment and pride.*

"The second point I have to note is Scott's habit of drawing a slight *moral* from every scene. . . . and that this slight moral is almost always melancholy."—RUSKIN.

*Where glistening streamers waved and danced.* Cp. *Lay*, ii. 8—

"Red and bright the streamers light
Were *dancing* in the glowing north."

13.—*Veering* (French 'virer,' to alter one's direction; mainly a nautical term). The rocks are boldly supposed to change their course as the traveller does.

14.—*And now to issue from the glen*, &c. "Until the present road was made through the romantic pass which I have presumptuously attempted to describe in the preceding stanzas, there was no mode of issuing out of the defile called the Trosachs, excepting by a sort of ladder, composed of the branches and roots of trees."—SCOTT.

*Broom* (O. Dutch 'brom,' a bud or young twig), the leafless plant from which besoms (or *brooms*) are made; 'bramble' is from the same root. So from Latin 'virga,' a rod or twig, comes 'virgultum,' a shrub.

*Sapling.* The termination *ling* is used to form (1) names of men and animals, sometimes with a depreciatory meaning; *e.g.* 'earthling'—a son of the soil, a serf—'changeling,' 'worldling;' (2) diminutives, the young of animals, as 'gosling,' 'duckling,' or young trees, as 'oakling.' But, while it conveys this meaning, it is often attached to words which are not themselves names of any of these, as 'yeanling,' 'nestling,' 'sapling.'

*Loch Katrine* (according to Col. Robertson, "the lake of the battle," in allusion to some prehistoric conflict; according to Sir W. Scott, the lake of the Catterans, or Highland robbers: note to *Fair Maid of Perth*, ch. ii.), a beautiful lake in the Perthshire highlands, east of Ben Lomond.

*Floated amid the livelier light.* Cf. *Marmion*, iv. 30—

"The gallant Frith the eye might note,
Whose islands on its bosom float
Like emeralds chased in gold."

*Ben-an* (said to be a diminutive of 'Ben,' 'the little mountain'), north of the Trosachs pass, and separating it from Glenfinlas.

15.—The key to the stanza is in the last couplet: a man,

tired and hungry, longs for sight of some habitation. At the same time the poet probably intends to indicate James's fondness for society.

*Bugle.* Latin 'buculus,' (for 'boviculus,' a diminutive from bos, Gk *βοῦς*, our 'beef,' a young ox, steer.) The word is said to be still in use in the south of England. "'Bugle Hotel' is not an uncommon name, with an ox for sign." "These are the beasts which ye shall eat of: oxen, shepe and gootes, hert, roo, and *bugle*."—*Bible*, 1551; Deut. xiv. 'Bugle,' in the modern sense, is short for 'bugle-horn'

*Bead* (A.S. 'béd,' 'gebed,' a prayer), so called because they were used to help the memory in reciting a number of prayers. "To *bidde* is to pray, whereof cometh *beades*, for praiers; and so they say 'to bidde his beades,' *sc.* to say his praiers."—*Glossary to Shepheard's Calendar.*

16.—*Beshrew.* As 'shrew' is evil, so to 'beshrew' is to wish evil to

*Canopy.* Greek *κωνωπεῖον*, a bed with mosquito-curtains (*κώνωψ*, a gnat, mosquito), Latin *conopium.* Hor. *Epod.* ix. 16; then, a covering overhead, especially a decorated covering for throne or altar.

*To meet with Highland plunderers here*
*Were worse than loss of steed or deer.*

"The clans who inhabited the romantic regions in the neighbourhood of Loch Katrine were, even until a late period, much addicted to predatory excursions upon their Lowland neighbours."—SCOTT.

*Falchion.* Latin 'falx,' a sickle; a short curved sword: see Stanza 23— "That falchion's *crooked* blade and hilt."

17.—*Wound.* To wind a horn is to blow it, to put wind into it. The preterite and past participle follow the analogy of 'wind,' to twist. Drayton has "*winded* horns." Note the exquisite bits of description in these two stanzas.

*Naiad.* In the Greek mythology all the phases of nature, whether of kindness or anger, sadness or joy, were associated with a spirit or deity underlying and prompting them all. So they had their *Dryads*, or nymphs of the woods; their *Oreads*, or nymphs of the mountains; and their *Naiads*, or nymphs of rivers and fountains and inland lakes.

18.—The three Graces (*χάριτες*) were the attendants of Aphrodite, and the givers of beauty and favour.

*Measured mood; i.e.* stiff and formal, such as court etiquette requires.

*E'en the slight harebell raised its head,*
*Elastic from her airy tread.*

So Ovid of Atalanta—

"Posse putes illos sicco freta radere passu
Et segetis canæ stantes percurrere aristas."

And Virgil of Camilla—

"Illa vel intactæ segetis per summa volaret
Gramina, nec teneras cursu læsisset aristas."

*Mountain tongue; i.e.* Gaelic.

19.—*Snood.* (A.S. 'snod.') A fillet of ribbon worn by maidens in Scotland, as the coif or curch was by married women. Cf. *Heart of Mid Lothian*, chap. xxii.:—"Tresses of long, fair hair, which, according to the costume of the country, unmarried women were not allowed to cover with any sort of cap, and which, alas! Effie dared no longer confine with the *snood* or riband, which implied purity of maiden fame." It is worn by Una in Spenser's *Faerie Queen*, i. 3, 4—

"From her faire head her fillet she undight."

It is the *material*, satin, silk, gold, that proclaims her birth.

*Spirit of the North; i.e.* of Highland blood.

20.—*The silent horn* = the horn's silence.

*The maid, alarmed.* "The startled maid" (MS.) seems more vigorous.

*Shallop* French 'chaloupe,' the same word as 'sloop;' Dutch 'sloepe,' from its gliding or slipping through the water. Possibly connected with 'scallop,' as scooped out.

*Wont*=used. Originally the participle of the old verb 'wone,' to inhabit, and hence to do habitually, to be accustomed (A.S. 'wunian,' German 'wohnen,' 'gewohnt').

"His *woning* was ful fayre upon an heth."
—CHAUCER, *Somnoures Tale.*

"Out of the ground up rose,
As from his lair, the wild beast, where he *wones*."
—MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, bk. vii.

Cp. the ballad of *Alice Brand*, in canto iv—

"Who *won'd* upon the hill."

The word is used now only in the participle; but from it is formed a verb 'to wont,' participle 'wonted.'

21.—*Middle age.* James V. was born in 1512, and died in 1542, so that this description is not fully applicable. The portrait drawn here is a fairly accurate one. He was the Haroun Alraschid of Scotland, though it was rather in search of adventure, than in the interests of law and order, that he went about incognito among his people. This fondness however for throwing off state and mixing with his subjects, combined with his love for popular display, quite as much as his curbing the pretensions of the nobles, won him the name of the Commons' King. The

impulsiveness of his nature, and "the will to do, the soul to dare," are seen in all his history, in the way he threw off the yoke of the Douglas, in his knight-errant voyage to France, in his proceedings against the borderers.

*Frolic.* German 'fröhlich,' in good humour, joyous.

*Benighted.* The prefix 'be' with nouns forms transitive verbs, as 'benight,' 'betroth.' Originally it was the same as the German 'bei,' meaning 'about,' and when compounded with verbs extended their action over the whole of the object; *e.g.* 'befoul,' 'besmear,' 'bestride,' 'bestrew.'

22.—*A couch was pulled for you.* See stanza xxxiii.—

"The hall was cleared—the stranger's bed
Was there of mountain heather spread"

A similar primitive mode of entertainment still remains, as I am told, in Sardinia. When the tables are cleared, rushes are spread upon the floor, as beds for the guests.

*Ptarmigan.* (Gaelic 'tarmochan.') The white grouse found in most mountainous districts of Europe. Its summer plumage below the snow line is tawny with black spots.

*Cheer.* French 'chère,' the face, look; 'faire bonne chère,' to welcome with kind looks, so to entertain.

*Rood.* (A.S. 'rôd,' German 'ruthe.') A lengthened form of 'rod;' a cross made by one 'rod' laid across another at right angles, and then a crucifix, a cross with the image of the Saviour upon it. So the 'rood'-screen in a church is the screen which supported the crucifix.

23.—*A gray-haired sire, whose eye intent*
*Was on the visioned future bent.*

"If force of evidence could authorise us to believe facts inconsistent with the general laws of nature, enough might be produced in favour of the existence of the second-sight. It is called in Gaelic 'Taishitaraugh,' from 'Taish,' an unreal or shadowy appearance; and those possessed of the faculty are called 'Taishatrin,' which may be aptly translated visionaries."—SCOTT. This gift is the basis of Mr. Campbell's beautiful poem, *Lochiel's Warning.* The following lines describe very well the Highland feeling about it—

"Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day!
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal;
But man cannot cover what God would reveal.
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before."

Sir Walter Scott has used it again in the *Legend of Montrose.* (See chap. v. Allan Macaulay.) Dr. Johnson, in his *Tour to the Hebrides,* seems to have found evidence of it which convinced

him; but he was always ready to believe in the supernatural.—*Boswell*, v. 122, 179.

*Lincoln green.* A cloth used for hunting and foresters' dress, named from the place of its manufacture.

24.—*Destined.* Appointed, fated.

*Errant-knight.* The knight-errant was—

"To ride about redressing human wrongs.
* * * * *
To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
And worship her by years of noble deeds,
Until he won her."

The nobler side of knight-errantry is seen in many of the legends of King Arthur's Round Table; the extravagance and grotesqueness of it in *Don Quixote*.

*Sooth.* True. The word survives in 'forsooth,' 'in good sooth.'

*Emprise.* Enterprise, knightly task. A smile from his lady love was the knight's highest reward.

25.—*Winded.* See stanza xvii. We should here expect 'wound.'

*Here, for retreat in dangerous hour,*
*Some chief had framed a rustic bower.*

"The Celtic chieftains, whose lives were continually exposed to peril, had usually, in the most retired spot of their domains, some place of retreat for the hour of necessity, which, as circumstances would admit, was a tower, a cavern, or a rustic hut, in a strong and secluded situation. One of these last gave refuge to the unfortunate Charles Edward in his perilous wanderings after the battle of Culloden."—SCOTT.

26.—*Lodge* (German 'laube,' an arbour or bower, from 'laub,' a leaf). A rustic house, built of trunks and branches of trees, and surrounded with green.

*Strange of structure.* The preposition 'of' fills the place of the Latin genitive, and shows the occasion or object in which the quality is shown = strange as regards structure. So *fond of figs*, originally = fond or silly where figs are concerned. Cp. 'swift of foot,' 'dull of heart,' 'slow of speech,' 'mature of age.' Stanza 29.

*Crevice* (French 'crevasse,' Latin 'crepo,' to crack). A 'crack,' 'chink.'

*Idæan vine.* 'Vaccinium vitis Idæa,' the red whortleberry. Ida is a mountain in Crete.

*Virgin-bower.* A popular name for the 'clematis vitalba.'

*On heaven and on thy lady call*, &c., keeps up the play on the idea of a knight-errant.

27.—*Store* (O.F. 'estorer,' Latin 'instaurare'); *i.e.* 'accumu-

lated,' 'abundant.' The word was formerly used as an adjective. "The gold was accumulate and *store* treasure."—BACON, *Of an Holy War*. See again in canto iii. stanza 1.

*Brindled*. Coloured, or marked in stripes, streaked. Generally derived from 'brennan,' to burn.

"Thrice the *brinded* cat hath mewed."—*Macbeth*, iv. 1.

*Bison*. Scott evidently intends an animal found in Scotland, probably the wild ox. The bison proper is a wild animal of the ox kind found in North America.

*Pennons* (Latin 'penna,' 'pinna,' a feather). A long, narrow flag.

*Dun*, (A.S. 'dun.' Cp. German 'dunkel') = L. fuscus, a mixture of brown and black.

28.—*Brook* (A.S. 'brucan,' German 'brauchen,' Icel. 'brúka,' cp. Latin 'frugi,' 'fruor,' O.H.G. 'pruhhan,' a good example of Grimm's law, to eat, digest, enjoy, use). (1) To keep the use of; (2) To endure, submit to. (1) Chaucer—

"I will sey
So mote I *brouken* well mine eyen twey."

These lines, by the chord in James' memory which they touch, strike the key-note of the story.

*Ferragus*, or Ferrau, a Saracen; one of the opponents of Orlando in Ariosto's poem, *Orlando Furioso*. He was slain by him in single combat. His dimensions are taken from English romances.

*Ascabart* is one of the heroes of the *History of Bevis of Hampton*. Sir Bevis and he guarded in effigy one of the gates of Southampton. Note again how the knight-errant notion is kept up by the reference to these heroes of chivalry, and in the "guardian champion."

29.—*Port*, bearing. The Lady Margaret was Ellen's aunt. (ii. 13.)

*Though all unask'd his birth and name*. The Highlanders, who carried hospitality to a punctilious excess, are said to have considered it churlish to ask a stranger his name or lineage before he had taken refreshment. Feuds were so frequent among them that a contrary rule would in many cases have produced the discovery of some circumstance which might have excluded the guest from the benefit of the assistance he stood in need of.—SCOTT. The same rigorous hospitality is shown by the Arabs. If a man has once eaten in an Arab tent, though there be a feud of blood between him and his host, he is safe as long as he stays, and is allowed a good start before any pursuit when he departs.

*Lord of a barren heritage*. By the misfortunes of the earlier Jameses, and the internal feuds of the Scottish chiefs, the kingly power had become little more than a name. Each chief was a petty king in his own district, and gave just so much obedience to the king's authority as suited his convenience. James IV.,

after an unsettled reign, invaded England in 1513, in order, on the one hand, to revenge the capture of some Scotch vessels, alleged by the English to have been pirates, and, on the other, to help the French, the old allies of Scotland, in the war they were waging with Henry VIII. The result of the invasion is well known. The "flowers of the forest were a' wede awa'," and James, with all his knights, left dead on the field. Of the confusion that followed, when almost every clan and every estate changed masters, we shall have more to say. (Canto ii. stanza 8.)

*Stalwart* (or 'stalworthe'). A.S. 'staelweorth,' worth taking or stealing; so 'stout,' 'robust,' 'strong.'

30.—*Weird.* A.S. 'wyrd,' fate, destiny; connected with 'weorthan,' German 'werden,' to come to pass. (*Urdh* is the name of the eldest of the *Nornir*, or Norse Fates.) So Shakespeare calls his witches in *Macbeth* the 'weird-sisters,' because they foretell to Macbeth his *fate*. The same expression is used by Bishop Douglas to translate Virgil's *Parcæ*. Hence 'weird' has come to mean 'unearthly,' 'supernatural.' The word 'fairy' (stanza 31) is similarly derived from the Latin 'fatum,' 'fataria.'

31.—The songs in this poem are skilfully interspersed, so as to prevent the metre from becoming monotonous. The metre of this song is trochaic; that is, the accent falls on the former of the two syllables that make the foot, instead of on the second, as in the previous stanzas. The double rhymes are also a pleasing variety.

*Pibroch.* "A Highland air, suited to the particular passion which the musician would either excite or assuage; generally applied to those airs that are played on the bagpipe before the Highlanders when they go out to battle. Gaelic 'piobaireachd,' from 'piob,' a pipe."—JAMIESON. Sometimes apparently used for the pipe itself.

*Fife*, another form of 'pipe' (German 'pfeiffe'). A small shrill pipe or flute. The word is chosen to imitate the military music just mentioned.

*Fallow*, originally pale red, or pale yellow. (German 'falb,' French 'fauve,' A.S. 'falu')

"His hewe *falwe* and pale as asschen cold."—CHAUCER.

Then, from the colour of the soil, applied to land ploughed but not sown, and so generally to land unsown.

32.—*Reveillé.* The bugle-call to rouse troops or huntsmen in the morning.

33.—*Not Ellen's spell.* The position of the negative gives somewhat clumsily the meaning 'not even.'

Compare with this the opening of *Rokeby*, i. 1—

"She changes as a guilty dream,
When conscience, with remorse and fear,
Goads sleeping Fancy's wild career."

And i. 2—

"Sleep came at length, but with a train
Of feelings true and fancies vain,
Mingling, in wild disorder cast,
The expected future with the past."

The suspicion that the sword is that of Douglas has awakened a train of recollections that mingle with the adventures of the day, and disturb his rest. More than once the friends on whom James had relied had proved to be seeking merely their own interests, not his; but we do not gather from history that he ever had the affection for the Douglases which is here attributed to him.

34.—*Gauntlet* (French 'gantelet,' diminutive of 'gant,' a glove), a leathern glove covered with plates of iron or steel, forming part of a complete suit of armour.

*Grisly.* German 'grässlich,' A.S. 'grislic;' 'horrible,' 'dreadful,' 'ghastly.' An archaic word, much used by Chaucer and Spenser. There is a verb 'agrise,' apparently from the same root, meaning 'to shudder,' or 'cause to shudder,' 'terrify'—

"The kinges herte of pitee gan *agrise*."—*Man of Lawe's Tale.*

*Uncouth.* 'Couth' is the past participle of the verb 'conne,' our 'can' (A S. 'cunnan'); so that 'uncouth' is 'unknown.' It is explained by Chaucer, in his fondness for coupling English and French words, 'uncouthe and strange.' 'Couthe' or 'cowde' was the preterite, the *l* in 'could' being apparently due to the false analogy of 'would,' 'should,' where there is an *l* in the word itself.

J. H. DONNELLEY AS FITZ-JAMES. ADDA KAVANAGH AS ELLEN.

"I'll place thee in a lovely bower,
I'll guard thee like a tender flower.

# *THE LADY OF THE LAKE.*

## CANTO SECOND.

### The Island.

I.

AT morn the black-cock trims his jetty wing,
'Tis morning prompts the linnet's blithest lay,
All Nature's children feel the matin spring
Of life reviving, with reviving day;
And while yon little bark glides down the bay,
Wafting the Stranger on his way again,
Morn's genial influence roused a minstrel gray,
And sweetly o'er the lake was heard thy strain,
Mixed with the sounding harp, O white-haired Allan-bane!

II.

SONG.

'Not faster yonder rowers' might
Flings from their oars the spray,
Not faster yonder rippling bright,
That tracks the shallop's course in light,
Melts in the lake away,
Than men from memory erase
The benefits of former days;
Then, Stranger, go! good speed the while,
Nor think again of the lonely isle.

'High place to thee in royal court,
High place in battle line,

Good hawk and hound for silvan sport,
Where beauty sees the brave resort,
The honoured meed be thine!
True be thy sword, thy friend sincere,
Thy lady constant, kind, and dear,
And lost in love and friendship's smile
Be memory of the lonely isle.

III.

'But if beneath yon southern sky
A plaided stranger roam,
Whose drooping crest and stifled sigh,
And sunken cheek and heavy eye,
Pine for his Highland home;
Then, warrior, then be thine to shew
The care that soothes a wanderer's woe;
Remember then thy hap erewhile,
A stranger in the lonely isle.

'Or if on life's uncertain main
Mishap shall mar thy sail;
If faithful, wise, and brave in vain,
Woe, want, and exile thou sustain
Beneath the fickle gale;
Waste not a sigh on fortune changed,
On thankless courts, or friends estranged,
But come where kindred worth shall smile,
To greet thee in the lonely isle.'

IV.

As died the sounds upon the tide,
The shallop reached the mainland side,
And ere his onward way he took,
The Stranger cast a lingering look,
Where easily his eye might reach
The Harper on the islet beach,
Reclined against a blighted tree,
As wasted, gray, and worn as he.
To minstrel meditation given,
His reverend brow was raised to heaven,
As from the rising sun to claim
A sparkle of inspiring flame.

His hand, reclined upon the wire,
Seemed watching the awakening fire;
So still he sate, as those who wait
Till judgment speak the doom of fate;
So still, as if no breeze might dare
To lift one lock of hoary hair;
So still, as life itself were fled,
In the last sound his harp had sped.

V.

Upon a rock with lichens wild,
Beside him Ellen sate and smiled.—
Smiled she to see the stately drake
Lead forth his fleet upon the lake,
While her vexed spaniel, from the beach,
Bayed at the prize beyond his reach?
Yet tell me, then, the maid who knows,
Why deepened on her cheek the rose?—
Forgive, forgive, Fidelity!
Perchance the maiden smiled to see
Yon parting lingerer wave adieu,
And stop and turn to wave anew;
And, lovely ladies, ere your ire
Condemn the heroine of my lyre,
Shew me the fair would scorn to spy,
And prize such conquest of her eye!

VI.

While yet he loitered on the spot,
It seemed as Ellen marked him not;
But when he turned him to the glade,
One courteous parting sign she made;
And after, oft the knight would say,
That not when prize of festal day
Was dealt him by the brightest fair,
Who e'er wore jewel in her hair,
So highly did his bosom swell,
As at that simple mute farewell.
Now with a trusty mountain-guide,
And his dark stag-hounds by his side,
He parts—the maid, unconscious still,
Watched him wind slowly round the hill.

But when his stately form was hid,
The guardian in her bosom chid—
'Thy Malcolm! vain and selfish maid:'
'Twas thus upbraiding conscience said—
'Not so had Malcolm idly hung
On the smooth phrase of southern tongue;
Not so had Malcolm strained his eye,
Another step than thine to spy.
Wake, Allan-bane,' aloud she cried,
To the old Minstrel by her side—
'Arouse thee from thy moody dream!
I'll give thy harp heroic theme,
And warm thee with a noble name;
Pour forth the glory of the Græme!'
Scarce from her lip the word had rushed,
When deep the conscious maiden blushed;
For of his clan, in hall and bower,
Young Malcolm Græme was held the flower.

## VII.

The Minstrel waked his harp—three times
Arose the well-known martial chimes,
And thrice their high heroic pride
In melancholy murmurs died.
'Vainly thou bidd'st, O noble maid,'
Clasping his withered hands, he said—
'Vainly thou bidd'st me wake the strain,
Though all unwont to bid in vain.
Alas! than mine a mightier hand
Has tuned my harp, my strings has spanned!
I touch the chords of joy, but low
And mournful answer notes of woe;
And the proud march, which victors tread,
Sinks in the wailing for the dead.
O well for me, if mine alone
That dirge's deep prophetic tone!
If, as my tuneful fathers said,
This harp, which erst Saint Modan swayed,
Can thus its master's fate foretell,
Then welcome be the minstrel's knell!

VIII.

'But ah! dear lady, thus it sighed
The eve thy sainted mother died;
And such the sounds which, while I strove
To wake a lay of war or love,
Came marring all the festal mirth,
Appalling me who gave them birth,
And disobedient to my call,
Wailed loud through Bothwell's bannered hall,
Ere Douglases, to ruin driven,
Were exiled from their native heaven.—
Oh! if yet worse mishap and woe,
My master's house must undergo,
Or aught but weal to Ellen fair,
Brood in these accents of despair,
No future bard, sad Harp! shall fling
Triumph or rapture from thy string;
One short, one final strain shall flow,
Fraught with unutterable woe,
Then shivered shall thy fragments lie,
Thy master cast him down and die!'

IX.

Soothing she answered him: 'Assuage,
Mine honoured friend, the fears of age;
All melodies to thee are known,
That harp has rung, or pipe has blown,
In Lowland vale or Highland glen,
From Tweed to Spey—what marvel, then
At times, unbidden notes should rise,
Confusedly bound in memory's ties,
Entangling, as they rush along,
The war-march with the funeral song?—
Small ground is now for boding fear;
Obscure, but safe, we rest us here.
My sire, in native virtue great,
Resigning lordship, lands, and state,
Not then to fortune more resigned,
Than yonder oak might give the wind
The graceful foliage storms may reave,
The noble stem they cannot grieve.

For me'—she stooped, and, looking round,
Plucked a blue hare-bell from the ground—
'For me, whose memory scarce conveys
An image of more splendid days,
This little flower, that loves the lea,
May well my simple emblem be;
It drinks heaven's dew as blithe as rose
That in the King's own garden grows;
And when I place it in my hair,
Allan, a bard is bound to swear
He ne'er saw coronet so fair.'
Then playfully the chaplet wild
She wreathed in her dark locks, and smiled.

X.

Her smile, her speech, with winning sway,
Wiled the old harper's mood away.
With such a look as hermits throw,
When angels stoop to soothe their woe,
He gazed, till fond regret and pride
Thrilled to a tear, then thus replied:
'Loveliest and best! thou little know'st
The rank, the honours, thou hast lost!
O might I live to see thee grace,
In Scotland's court, thy birthright place,
To see my favourite's step advance,
The lightest in the courtly dance,
The cause of every gallant's sigh,
And leading star of every eye,
And theme of every minstrel's art,
The Lady of the Bleeding Heart!'

XI.

'Fair dreams are these,' the maiden cried
(Light was her accent, yet she sighed),
'Yet is this mossy rock to me
Worth splendid chair and canopy;
Nor would my footsteps spring more gay
In courtly dance than blithe strathspey,
Nor half so pleased mine ear incline
To royal minstrel's lay as thine.
And then for suitors proud and high,
To bend before my conquering eye,

Thou, flattering bard! thyself wilt say,
That grim Sir Roderick owns its sway.
The Saxon scourge, Clan-Alpine's pride,
The terror of Loch Lomond's side,
Would, at my suit, thou know'st, delay
A Lennox foray—for a day.'—

XII.

The ancient bard his glee repressed:
'Ill hast thou chosen theme for jest!
For who, through all this western wild,
Named Black Sir Roderick e'er, and smiled!
In Holy-Rood a knight he slew;
I saw, when back the dirk he drew,
Courtiers give place before the stride
Of the undaunted homicide;
And since, though outlawed, hath his hand
Full sternly kept his mountain land.
Who else dared give—ah! woe the day,
That I such hated truth should say—
The Douglas, like a stricken deer,
Disowned by every noble peer,
Even the rude refuge we have here?
Alas, this wild marauding Chief
Alone might hazard our relief,
And now thy maiden charms expand,
Looks for his guerdon in thy hand;
Full soon may dispensation sought,
To back his suit, from Rome be brought.
Then, though an exile on the hill,
Thy father, as the Douglas, still
Be held in reverence and fear;
And though to Roderick thou'rt so dear,
That thou might'st guide with silken thread,
Slave of thy will, this chieftain dread;
Yet, O loved maid, thy mirth refrain!
Thy hand is on a lion's mane.'—

XIII.

'Minstrel,' the maid replied, and high
Her father's soul glanced from her eye,
'My debts to Roderick's house I know:
All that a mother could bestow,
To Lady Margaret's care I owe,

Since first an orphan in the wild
She sorrowed o'er her sister's child;
To her brave chieftain son, from ire
Of Scotland's king who shrouds my sire,
A deeper, holier debt is owed;
And, could I pay it with my blood,
Allan! Sir Roderick should command
My blood, my life—but not my hand.
Rather will Ellen Douglas dwell
A votaress in Maronnan's cell;
Rather through realms beyond the sea,
Seeking the world's cold charity,
Where ne'er was spoke a Scottish word,
And ne'er the name of Douglas heard,
An outcast pilgrim will she rove,
Than wed the man she cannot love.

XIV.

'Thou shak'st, good friend, thy tresses gray—
That pleading look, what can it say
But what I own?—I grant him brave,
But wild as Bracklinn's thundering wave;
And generous—save vindictive mood,
Or jealous transport, chafe his blood:
I grant him true to friendly bond,
As his claymore is to his hand;
But O! that very blade of steel
No mercy for a foe would feel:
I grant him liberal, to fling
Among his clan the wealth they bring,
When back by lake and glen they wind,
And in the Lowland leave behind,
Where once some pleasant hamlet stood,
A mass of ashes slaked with blood.
The hand that for my father fought,
I honour, as his daughter ought;
But can I clasp it reeking red,
From peasants slaughtered in their shed?
No! wildly while his virtues gleam,
They make his passions darker seem,
And flash along his spirit high,
Like lightning o'er the midnight sky.

While yet a child—and children know,
Instinctive taught, the friend and foe—
I shuddered at his brow of gloom,
His shadowy plaid, and sable plume;
A maiden grown, I ill could bear
His haughty mien and lordly air:
But, if thou join'st a suitor's claim,
In serious mood, to Roderick's name,
I thrill with anguish! or, if e'er
A Douglas knew the word, with fear.
To change such odious theme were best—
What think'st thou of our stranger guest?'—

## XV.

'What think I of him?—Woe the while
That brought such wanderer to our isle
Thy father's battle-brand, of yore
For Fine-man forged by fairy lore,
What time he leagued, no longer foes,
His Border spears with Hotspur's bows,
Did, self-unscabbarded, foreshew
The footstep of a secret foe.
If courtly spy hath harboured here,
What may we for the Douglas fear?
What for this island, deemed of old
Clan-Alpine's last and surest hold?
If neither spy nor foe, I pray
What yet may jealous Roderick say?
—Nay, wave not thy disdainful head;
Bethink thee of the discord dread,
That kindled when at Beltane game
Thou ledst the dance with Malcolm Græme;
Still, though thy sire the peace renewed,
Smoulders in Roderick's breast the feud;
Beware!—But hark, what sounds are these?
My dull ears catch no faltering breeze,
No weeping birch, nor aspens wake,
Nor breath is dimpling in the lake,
Still is the canna's hoary beard,
Yet, by my minstrel faith, I heard—
And hark again! some pipe of war
Sends the bold pibroch from afar.'

XVI.

Far up the lengthened lake were spied
Four darkening specks upon the tide,
That, slow enlarging on the view,
Four manned and masted barges grew,
And, bearing downwards from Glengyle,
Steered full upon the lonely isle;
The point of Brianchoil they passed,
And, to the windward as they cast,
Against the sun they gave to shine
The bold Sir Roderick's bonnered Pine.
Nearer and nearer as they bear,
Spear, pikes, and axes flash in air.
Now might you see the tartans brave,
And plaids and plumage dance and wave;
Now see the bonnets sink and rise,
As his tough oar the rower plies;
See, flashing at each sturdy stroke,
The wave ascending into smoke;
See the proud pipers on the bow,
And mark the gaudy streamers flow
From their loud chanters down, and sweep
The furrowed bosom of the deep,
As, rushing through the lake amain,
They plied the ancient Highland strain.

XVII.

Ever, as on they bore, more loud
And louder rung the pibroch proud.
At first the sound, by distance tame,
Mellowed along the waters came,
And, lingering long by cape and bay,
Wailed every harsher note away;
Then bursting bolder on the ear,
The clan's shrill Gathering they could hear;
Those thrilling sounds, that call the might
Of old Clan-Alpine to the fight.
Thick beat the rapid notes, as when
The mustering hundreds shake the glen,
And hurrying at the signal dread,
The battered earth returns their tread.

Then prelude light, of livelier tone,
Expressed their merry marching on,
Ere peal of closing battle rose,
With mingled outcry, shrieks, and blows;
And mimic din of stroke and ward,
As broadsword upon target jarred;
And groaning pause, ere yet again
Condensed the battle yelled amain,
The rapid charge, the rallying shout,
Retreat borne headlong into rout,
And bursts of triumph, to declare
Clan-Alpine's conquest—all were there.
Nor ended thus the strain; but slow
Sunk in a moan prolonged and low,
And changed the conquering clarion swell,
For wild lament o'er those that fell.

## XVIII.

The war-pipes ceased; but lake and hill
Were busy with their echoes still;
And, when they slept, a vocal strain
Bade their hoarse chorus wake again,
While loud a hundred clansmen raise
Their voices in their Chieftain's praise.
Each boatman, bending to his oar,
With measured sweep the burden bore,
In such wild cadence, as the breeze
Makes through December's leafless trees.
The chorus first could Allan know,
'Roderick Vich Alpine, ho! iro!'
And near, and nearer as they rowed,
Distinct the martial ditty flowed.

## XIX.

### BOAT SONG.

Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances!
Honoured and blessed be the ever-green Pine!
Long may the tree, in his banner that glances,
Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line!
Heaven send it happy dew,
Earth lend it sap anew,

Gaily to bourgeon, and broadly to grow,
While every Highland glen
Sends our shout back agen,
'Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!'

Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain,
Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade;
When the whirlwind has stripped every leaf on the mountain,
The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her shade.
Moored in the rifted rock,
Proof to the tempest's shock,
Firmer he roots him the ruder it blow;
Menteith and Breadalbane, then,
Echo his praise agen,
'Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!'

XX.

Proudly our pibroch has thrilled in Glen Fruin,
And Bannochar's groans to our slogan replied:
Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smoking in ruin,
And the best of Loch Lomond lie dead on her side.
Widow and Saxon maid
Long shall lament our raid,
Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and with woe;
Lennox and Leven-glen
Shake when they hear agen,
'Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!'

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands!
Stretch to your oars, for the ever-green Pine!
O! that the rose-bud that graces yon islands,
Were wreathed in a garland around him to twine!
O that some seedling gem,
Worthy such noble stem,
Honoured and blessed in their sha'ow might grow!
Loud should Clan-Alpine then
Ring from the deepest glen,
'Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!'

XXI.

With all her joyful female band,
Had Lady Margaret sought the strand.

Loose on the breeze their tresses flew,
And high their snowy arms they threw,
As echoing back with shrill acclaim,
And chorus wild, the Chieftain's name;
While prompt to please, with mother's art,
The darling passion of his heart,
The Dame called Ellen to the strand,
To greet her kinsman ere he land:
'Come, loiterer, come! a Douglas thou,
And shun to wreathe a victor's brow?'—
Reluctantly and slow, the maid
The unwelcome summoning obeyed,
And, when a distant bugle rung,
In the mid-path aside she sprung:
'List, Allan-bane! From mainland cast,
I hear my father's signal blast.
Be ours,' she cried, 'the skiff to guide,
And waft him from the mountain-side.'
Then, like a sunbeam, swift and bright,
She darted to her shallop light,
And, eagerly while Roderick scanned,
For her dear form, his mother's band,
The islet far behind her lay,
And she had landed in the bay.

## XXII.

Some feelings are to mortals given,
With less of earth in them than heaven:
And if there be a human tear
From passion's dross refined and clear,
A tear so limpid and so meek,
It would not stain an angel's cheek,
'Tis that which pious fathers shed
Upon a duteous daughter's head!
And as the Douglas to his breast
His darling Ellen closely pressed,
Such holy drops her tresses steeped,
Though 'twas a hero's eye that weeped.
Nor while on Ellen's faltering tongue
Her filial welcomes crowded hung,
Marked she, that fear (affection's proof)
Still held a graceful youth aloof;

No! not till Douglas named his name,
Although the youth was Malcolm Græme.

XXIII.

Allan, with wistful look the while,
Marked Roderick landing on the isle;
His master piteously he eyed,
Then gazed upon the Chieftain's pride,
Then dashed, with hasty hand, away
From his dimmed eye the gathering spray,
And Douglas, as his hand he laid
On Malcolm's shoulder, kindly said:
'Canst thou, young friend, no meaning spy
In my poor follower's glistening eye?
I'll tell thee: he recalls the day,
When in my praise he led the lay
O'er the arched gate of Bothwell proud,
While many a minstrel answered loud,
When Percy's Norman pennon, won
In bloody field, before me shone,
And twice ten knights, the least a name
As mighty as yon Chief may claim,
Gracing my pomp, behind me came.
Yet trust me, Malcolm, not so proud
Was I of all that marshalled crowd,
Though the waned crescent owned my might,
And in my train trooped lord and knight,
Though Blantyre hymned her holiest lays,
And Bothwell's bards flung back my praise,
As when this old man's silent tear,
And this poor maid's affection dear,
A welcome give more kind and true,
Than aught my better fortunes knew.
Forgive, my friend, a father's boast,
O! it out-beggars all I lost!'

XXIV.

Delightful praise!—like summer rose,
That brighter in the dew-drop glows,
The bashful maiden's cheek appeared,
For Douglas spoke, and Malcolm heard.
The flush of shame-faced joy to hide,
The hounds, the hawk, her cares divide;

The loved caresses of the maid
The dogs with crouch and whimper paid;
And, at her whistle, on her hand
The falcon took his favourite stand,
Closed his dark wing, relaxed his eye,
Nor, though unhooded, sought to fly.
And, trust, while in such guise she stood,
Like fabled Goddess of the Wood,
That if a father's partial thought
O'erweighed her worth, and beauty aught,
Well might the lover's judgment fail
To balance with a juster scale;
For with each secret glance he stole,
The fond enthusiast sent his soul.

## XXV.

Of stature tall, and slender frame,
But firmly knit, was Malcolm Græme.
The belted plaid and tartan hose
Did ne'er more graceful limbs disclose;
His flaxen hair, of sunny hue,
Curled closely round his bonnet blue.
Trained to the chase, his eagle eye
The ptarmigan in snow could spy:
Each pass, by mountain, lake, and heath,
He knew, through Lennox and Menteith.
Vain was the bound of dark-brown doe,
When Malcolm bent his sounding bow,
And scarce that doe, though winged with fear,
Outstripped in speed the mountaineer:
Right up Ben Lomond could he press,
And not a sob his toil confess.
His form accorded with a mind
Lively and ardent, frank and kind;
A blither heart, till Ellen came,
Did never love nor sorrow tame;
It danced as lightsome in his breast,
As played the feather on his crest.
Yet friends, who nearest knew the youth,
His scorn of wrong, his zeal for truth,
And bards, who saw his features bold,
When kindled by the tales of old,

Said, were that youth to manhood grown,
Not long should Roderick Dhu's renown
Be foremost voiced by mountain fame,
But quail to that of Malcolm Græme.

## XXVI.

Now back they wend their watery way,
And, 'O my sire!' did Ellen say,
'Why urge thy chase so far astray?
And why so late returned? And why'—
The rest was in her speaking eye.
'My child, the chase I follow far,
'Tis mimicry of noble war;
And with that gallant pastime reft
Were all of Douglas I have left.
I met young Malcolm as I strayed
Far eastward, in Glenfinlas' shade,
Nor strayed I safe; for, all around,
Hunters and horsemen scoured the ground.
This youth, though still a royal ward,
Risked life and land to be my guard,
And through the passes of the wood
Guided my steps, not unpursued;
And Roderick shall his welcome make,
Despite old spleen, for Douglas' sake.
Then must he seek Strath-Endrick glen,
Nor peril aught for me agen.'

## XXVII.

Sir Roderick, who to meet them came,
Reddened at sight of Malcolm Græme,
Yet, not in action, word, or eye,
Failed aught in hospitality.
In talk and sport they whiled away
The morning of that summer day;
But at high noon a courier light
Held secret parley with the knight,
Whose moody aspect soon declared,
That evil were the news he heard.
Deep thought seemed toiling in his head;
Yet was the evening banquet made,

Ere he assembled round the flame,
His mother, Douglas, and the Græme,
And Ellen, too; then cast around
His eyes, then fixed them on the ground,
As studying phrase that might avail
Best to convey unpleasant tale.
Long with his dagger's hilt he played,
Then raised his haughty brow, and said:

## XXVIII.

'Short be my speech; nor time affords,
Nor my plain temper, glozing words.
Kinsman and father—if such name
Douglas vouchsafe to Roderick's claim;
Mine honoured mother: Ellen—why,
My cousin, turn away thine eye?—
And Græme; in whom I hope to know
Full soon a noble friend or foe,
When age shall give thee thy command,
And leading in thy native land—
List all!—the King's vindictive pride
Boasts to have tamed the Border-side,
Where chiefs, with hound and hawk who came
To share their monarch's silvan game.
Themselves in bloody toils were snared;
And when the banquet they prepared,
And wide their loyal portals flung,
O'er their own gateway struggling hung.
Loud cries their blood from Meggat's mead,
From Yarrow braes, and banks of Tweed,
Where the lone streams of Ettrick glide,
And from the silver Teviot's side;
The dales, where martial clans did ride,
Are now one sheep-walk, waste and wide.
This tyrant of the Scottish throne,
So faithless, and so ruthless known,
Now hither comes; his end the same,
The same pretext of silvan game.
What grace for Highland Chiefs, judge ye,
By fate of Border chivalry.
Yet more; amid Glenfinlas green,
Douglas, thy stately form was seen.

This by espial sure I know;
Your counsel in the streight I shew.'

## XXIX.

Ellen and Margaret fearfully
Sought comfort in each other's eye,
Then turned their ghastly look, each one,
This to her sire, that to her son.
The hasty colour went and came
In the bold cheek of Malcom Græme;
But from his glance it well appeared,
'Twas but for Ellen that he feared;
While, sorrowful, but undismayed,
The Douglas thus his counsel said:
'Brave Roderick, though the tempest roar,
It may but thunder and pass o'er;
Nor will I here remain an hour,
To draw the lightning on thy bower;
For well thou know'st, at this gray head
The royal bolt were fiercest sped.
For thee, who, at thy king's command,
Canst aid him with a gallant band,
Submission, homage, humbled pride,
Shall turn the Monarch's wrath aside.
Poor remnants of the Bleeding Heart,
Ellen and I will seek, apart,
The refuge of some forest cell,
There, like the hunted quarry, dwell,
Till on the mountain and the moor,
The stern pursuit be passed and o'er.'—

## XXX.

'No, by mine honour,' Roderick said,
'So help me, Heaven, and my good blade!
No, never! Blasted be yon Pine,
My father's ancient crest and mine,
If from its shade in danger part
The lineage of the Bleeding Heart!
Hear my blunt speech: grant me this maid
To wife, thy counsel to mine aid;

To Douglas, leagued with Roderick Dhu,
Will friends and allies flock enow;
Like cause of doubt, distrust, and grief,
Will bind to us each Western Chief.
When the loud pipes my bridal tell,
The links of Forth shall hear the knell,
The guards shall start in Stirling's porch;
And, when I light the nuptial torch,
A thousand villages in flames,
Shall scare the slumbers of King James!
—Nay, Ellen, blench not thus away;
And, mother, cease these signs, I pray;
I meant not all my heart might say.—
Small need of inroad, or of fight,
When the sage Douglas may unite
Each mountain clan in friendly band,
To guard the passes of their land,
Till the foiled king, from pathless glen,
Shall bootless turn him home again.'

## XXXI.

There are who have, at midnight hour,
In slumber scaled a dizzy tower,
And, on the verge that beetled o'er
The ocean tide's incessant roar,
Dreamed calmly out their dangerous dream,
Till wakened by the morning beam;
When, dazzled by the eastern glow,
Such startler cast his glance below,
And saw unmeasured depth around,
And heard unintermitted sound,
And thought the battled fence so frail,
It waved like cobweb in the gale;
Amid his senses' giddy wheel,
Did he not desperate impulse feel,
Headlong to plunge himself below,
And meet the worst his fears foreshew?—
Thus, Ellen, dizzy and astound,
As sudden ruin yawned around,
By crossing terrors wildly tossed,
Still for the Douglas fearing most,
Could scarce the desperate thought withstand,
To buy his safety with her hand.

## XXXII.

Such purpose dread could Malcolm spy
In Ellen's quivering lip and eye,
And eager rose to speak—but ere
His tongue could hurry forth his fear,
Had Douglas marked the hectic strife,
Where death seemed combating with life;
For to her cheek, in feverish flood,
One instant rushed the throbbing blood,
Then ebbing back, with sudden sway,
Left its domain as wan as clay.
'Roderick, enough! enough!' he cried;
'My daughter cannot be thy bride;
Not that the blush to wooer dear,
Nor paleness that of maiden fear.
It may not be—forgive her, Chief,
Nor hazard aught for our relief.
Against his sovereign, Douglas ne'er
Will level a rebellious spear.
'Twas I that taught his youthful hand
To rein a steed and wield a brand;
I see him yet, the princely boy!
Not Ellen more my pride and joy;
I love him still, despite my wrongs,
By hasty wrath, and slanderous tongues.
O seek the grace you well may find,
Without a cause to mine combined.'

## XXXIII.

Twice through the hall the Chieftain strode:
The waving of his tartans broad,
And darkened brow, where wounded pride
With ire and disappointment vied,
Seemed, by the torch's gloomy light,
Like the ill Demon of the night,
Stooping his pinions' shadowy sway
Upon the nighted pilgrim's way:
But, unrequited Love! thy dart
Plunged deepest its envenomed smart,
And Roderick, with thine anguish stung,
At length the hand of Douglas wrung,

While eyes, that mocked at tears before,
With bitter drops were running o'er.
The death-pangs of long-cherished hope
Scarce in that ample breast had scope,
But, struggling with his spirit proud,
Convulsive heaved its chequered shroud,
While every sob—so mute were all—
Was heard distinctly through the hall.
The son's despair, the mother's look,
Ill might the gentle Ellen brook;
She rose, and to her side there came,
To aid her parting steps, the Græme.

## XXXIV.

Then Roderick from the Douglas broke—
As flashes flame through sable smoke,
Kindling its wreaths, long, dark, and low,
To one broad blaze of ruddy glow,
So deep the anguish of despair
Burst, in fierce jealousy to air.
With stalwart grasp his hand he laid
On Malcolm's breast and belted plaid:
'Back, beardless boy!' he sternly said;
'Back, minion! hold'st thou thus at nought
The lesson I so lately taught?
This roof, the Douglas, and that maid,
Thank thou for punishment delayed.'
Eager as greyhound on his game,
Fiercely with Roderick grappled Græme.
'Perish my name, if aught afford
Its Chieftain safety save his sword!'
Thus as they strove, their desperate hand
Griped to the dagger or the brand,
And death had been—but Douglas rose,
And thrust between the struggling foes
His giant strength: 'Chieftains, forego!
I hold the first who strikes, my foe.—
Madmen, forbear your frantic jar!
What! is the Douglas fallen so far,
His daughter's hand is doomed the spoil
Of such dishonourable broil!'

Sullen and slowly, they unclasp,
As struck with shame, their desperate grasp,
And each upon his rival glared,
With foot advanced, and blade half bared.

## XXXV.

Ere yet the brands aloft were flung,
Margaret on Roderick's mantle hung,
And Malcolm heard his Ellen's scream,
As faltered through terrific dream.
Then Roderick plunged in sheath his sword,
And veiled his wrath in scornful word.
'Rest safe till morning; pity 'twere
Such cheek should feel the midnight air!
Then mayest thou to James Stuart tell,
Roderick will keep the lake and fell,
Nor lackey, with his freeborn clan,
The pageant pomp of earthly man.
More would he of Clan-Alpine know,
Thou canst our strength and passes shew.—
Malise, what ho!'—his henchman came;
'Give our safe-conduct to the Græme.'
Young Malcolm answered, calm and bold:
'Fear nothing for thy favourite hold;
The spot an angel deigned to grace,
Is blessed, though robbers haunt the place.
Thy churlish courtesy for those
Reserve, who fear to be thy foes.
As safe to me the mountain way
At midnight as in blaze of day,
Though with his boldest at his back,
Even Roderick Dhu beset the track.—
Brave Douglas—lovely Ellen—nay,
Nought here of parting will I say.
Earth does not hold a lonesome glen,
So secret, but we meet agen.—
Chieftain! we too shall find an hour —
He said, and left the silvan bower.

## XXXVI.

Old Allan followed to the strand
(Such was the Douglas's command),

And anxious told, how, on the morn,
The stern Sir Roderick deep had sworn,
The Fiery Cross should circle o'er
Dale, glen, and valley, down and moor;
Much were the peril to the Græme,
From those who to the signal came;
Far up the lake 'twere safest land,
Himself would row him to the strand.
He gave his counsel to the wind,
While Malcolm did, unheeding, bind,
Round dirk and pouch and broadsword rolled,
His ample plaid in tightened fold,
And stripped his limbs to such array,
As best might suit the watery way—

## XXXVII.

Then spoke abrupt: 'Farewell to thee,
Pattern of old fidelity!'
The Minstrel's hand he kindly pressed—
'O! could I point a place of rest!
My sovereign holds in ward my land,
My uncle leads my vassal band;
To tame his foes, his friends to aid,
Poor Malcolm has but heart and blade.
Yet, if there be one faithful Græme,
Who loves the Chieftain of his name,
Not long shall honoured Douglas dwell,
Like hunted stag, in mountain cell;
Nor, ere yon pride-swollen robber dare—
I may not give the rest to air!
Tell Roderick Dhu, I owed him nought,
Not the poor service of a boat,
To waft me to yon mountain side.'
Then plunged he in the flashing tide;
Bold o'er the flood his head he bore,
And stoutly steered him from the shore:
And Allan strained his anxious eye,
Far 'mid the lake his form to spy.
Darkening across each puny wave,
To which the moon her silver gave,
Fast as the cormorant could skim,
The swimmer plied each active limb;

Then landing in the moonlight dell,
Loud shouted of his weal to tell.
The Minstrel heard the far halloo,
And joyful from the shore withdrew.

A. W. MACALISTER AS RODERICK DHU.

# NOTES

## CANTO II.

THE stranger, who has announced himself as "the knight of Snowdoun, James Fitz-James," leaves the island in the early morning. The old minstrel speeds him on his way with a song of farewell, and Ellen watches his departure with an interest for which she soon reproaches herself, as implying disloyalty to her lover, Malcolm Græme. She calls upon the old man to sing her Malcolm's praises; but Allan has not forgotten the fallen sword of yesternight: it is to him an omen of evil. He attempts in vain a joyous strain; involuntarily he touches but chords of woe. The maiden tries to assuage his fears by a more cheerful view of their fortunes; for she can hardly remember the proud days which he regrets. But Allan's discernment sees a new danger to her peace which she has not yet suspected: the rough chief whose hospitality now shelters them is hoping for his reward in his cousin's hand Besides this, he suspects this stranger guest; his coming can bring no good. Their conversation is interrupted by the sounds of music, and the proud pibroch, followed by a vigorous "Boat Song," introduces us to this rough cousin, Roderick the Black, on his return from a Lowland raid. His mother, with her maids, comes down to welcome him. Ellen, who, with her eyes opened, is unwilling to do aught that may seem to favour his suit, is reluctantly following, when she hears her father's bugle-horn, and darts aside to her skiff to convey him from the mainland. With him comes Malcolm Græme, who has been his guide, and who is no welcome guest to Roderick, though he does not fail in hospitality. Roderick receives news of a suspicious gathering of the king's forces, and of the discovery of Douglas's retreat. The latter proposes to withdraw, and so save his host from peril; but Roderick seizes the opportunity of making his proposal for his cousin's hand. With the Douglas by his side, he may set the king at defiance. Douglas watches its effect upon his daughter, and, seeing that "her affections do not that way tend," courteously declines the offer. Ellen, unable to bear the sight of her cousin's despair, rises to leave the room, and Malcolm has the bad taste to come forward, as of right, to be her escort. Roderick cannot brook

this parade of successful rivalry, and a somewhat unseemly encounter follows, which ends in Malcolm swimming across to the mainland rather than be indebted to his rival.

The triumphal arrival of Roderick is the only part of this canto which requires special notice.

It appears at first sight as if the action of the poem and the development of the plot were not much advanced in this canto; but a more minute examination will show that this is not the case. In the first place, some of the mystery of the previous canto is removed, and we learn in the most natural way the former grandeur of the Douglas family, and their present outlawry; the character of their protector, and his hopes of reward. Our interest in the fallen house is increased by the noble contentment with which they bear their change of fortune. Complaint comes from the minstrel, not from Ellen or her father. The latter finds greater happiness in his daughter's truth and affection than in his former pomp, and is prepared rather to face fresh ills as an outcast than to raise his hand against the king, who has done him wrong, but whom still he loves. In all this the poet shows much skill. First he interests us in his characters, and then lets us know so much of their former history as is necessary for the understanding of the poem. And note that he tells us this, not in his own person, but incidentally in a conversation between Ellen and Allan Bane, the motive for which is very simply prepared.

Secondly, the avowed savagery of the raid described in the Boat Song gives us the motive of the gathering of the king's forces, and prevents our feeling too great a sympathy with Roderick, whose bravery, added to his misfortune in love, cannot but attract us.

*Stanza* 2.—*Tracks; i.e.* marks the track of.

Note how the inversion of the accent in the second and fifth lines of this stanza ('flings' and 'melts') expresses the rapidity implied in the words.

*Than men from memory erase*
*The benefits of former days.*

It is evident that the old bard, with his second-sight, has a glimmering notion who the stranger is. He speaks below of "courtly spy," and James's speech had betrayed a knowledge of the Douglas.

*Meed* (A.S. 'méd,' German 'miethe,' Greek μισθός); reward.

3.—*Plaided* (Gaelic 'plaide,' a blanket). The plaid was properly the dress of a *Highlander*, though it was worn also in the Lowlands. (So in Scott's ballad, *Glenfinlas:* "Their simple dress, the *Highland plaid.*") "Their plaid consists of twelve or

thirteen yards of a narrow stuff, wrapt round the middle, and reaches to the knees: is often fastened round the middle with a belt; but in cold weather is large enough to wrap round the whole body, from head to feet; and this is often their only cover, not only within doors, but on the open hills, during the whole night."—PENNANT'S *Tour in Scotland.*

*Hap*, from the Welsh (luck, fortune), is the same as the Saxon 'luck,' German 'glück.' The two synonyms have parted from each other. A man is 'lucky' in his outward fortunes, but 'happy' in his inward feelings.

4.—"This picture is touched with the hand of a true poet" —JEFFREY.

5.—The contrast between the minstrel's gloom and Ellen's cheerfulness is very well brought out.

*Fleet; i.e.* his brood, sailing over the waters.

6.—*In hall and bower; i.e.* among men for his bravery and among ladies for his gallantry 'Bower' (A S. 'búr,' from 'búan,' to build; Welsh 'bwr'), an enclosure, private chamber, is specially applied to the ladies' apartments in a house. So Tennyson of Godiva—

"Then fled she to her inmost *bower*, and there
Unclasped the wedded eagles of her belt."

*Lay of Last Minstrel*, i 1—

"The feast was over in Branksome tower
And the ladye had gone to her secret *bower*."

7.—*O well for me, if mine alone*, &c.; *i.e.* if it is an omen of misery or death to me alone.

*Saint Modan.* An abbot in Scotland in the seventh century. His festival was kept on February 4th.

8.—*Bothwell.* A Norman castle on the Clyde, in Lanarkshire, about nine miles above Glasgow. It was the home of the elder branch of the Douglasses, as Tantallon was of the younger. (See next note) Cp. *Marmion*, v. 14—

"The same who left the dusky vale
Of Hermitage in Liddesdale,
Its dungeons and its towers;
Where Bothwell's turrets brave the air,
And Bothwell bank is blooming fair,
To fix his princely bowers."

*Ere Douglasses, to ruin driven,*
*Were exiled from their native heaven*

The family of the Douglas had for a long time been the most popular and influential in Scotland. They owed this in part to

the extent of their possessions; but more still to the fact that their name was identified with the cause of Scottish independence. They were a family native to the soil, or at any rate firmly settled in the country before the Norman adventurers crowded in. The Douglas was the first to throw himself into the national cause as a follower of Wallace. The good Sir James was the good King Robert's right-hand man. The achievements of the hero of Otterburn would alone have made a name illustrious, and the smaller affairs, in which it was ever a Douglas that was the victorious champion of Scotland, were countless. But there was another cause which made them especially formidable to the house of Stewart. They were, in the popular belief as to their pedigree, the rightful heirs to the crown. In the disputes as to the succession, which followed on the death of the Maid of Norway in 1290, and which are famous in history as giving occasion to our Edward I. to claim feudal sovereignty over Scotland, the final decision lay between two competitors, John de Baliol and Robert de Bruce, grandfather of the hero of Bannockburn. They both claimed as descendants of David, Earl of Huntingdon, brother of King William (called the Lion, died 1214), whose line was extinct. Baliol was descended from an elder daughter, Bruce from a younger, but was one generation nearer to the common ancestor. Baliol's claim was preferred, and it was laid down as a rule that the descendants of the elder child must be exhausted before the younger could succeed. Hence the title of the Bruce was imperfect as long as there were any heirs of the elder branch alive. The Red Comyn, whom Robert Bruce slew in the church at Dumfries, was on this principle the next heir to the throne after the Baliols. His right—which by this time was complete, the Baliol line being extinct—was believed to have passed by marriage to the house of Douglas, and thus the Stewarts, who inherited from the Bruces or younger branch, had every reason to check their power wherever they could. The dealings of the Black Douglas with the Percies, and his attitude towards Robert III. (see *Fair Maid of Perth*) show how ill they bore dependence on the crown; and the history of the earlier Jameses is that of a series of struggles with these too powerful vassals. The judicial murder of the two representatives of the family in 1439, and the murder of William of Douglas by the king himself in 1452, led to a civil war, which James II. could only end by bringing into prominence a younger and rival branch of the same house, the house of Angus. In this branch the fortunes of the family were revived. In the reign of James III. Archibald Douglas (surnamed *Bell the Cat*) is the leader in the attack on the king's favourites (see *Marmion*, v. 18), and in the following reign the same earl is conspicuous by his boldness in dissuading the king

from the expedition which ended so fatally at Flodden (1513). His two sons were slain in that battle, and on his death in 1514 he was succeeded by his grandson, the sixth earl of Angus, who was soon afterwards married to the queen-dowager. Angus came into collision with the regent Albany, when the latter brought forces from France to maintain his power, and was carried off to France. He returned first to England, and then, on Albany's departure, reappeared as one of the council of Regency in Scotland. After a second banishment, prolonged by his wife's intrigues, he returned to Scotland in 1525, and in the following year was chosen by the king, with the Lords Argyle and Errol, to be his guardian. Each was to have the custody of the king for three months; but at the end of that time Angus refused to part with him, and for two years kept him practically a prisoner, ruling in the meantime in his name. But in May, 1528, during his absence, the king managed, with the help of two grooms, to escape from Falkland, and found refuge in Stirling Castle. Angus saw that his day was over, and fled to Tantallon (see *Marmion*, canto v.), which was twice besieged before it was taken. Angus and all his adherents were prohibited from coming within six miles of the royal presence, and his estates were forfeited. By this means a large force was, as it were, subsidised against him. Angus then fled to England.—BURTON, *History of Scotland*, vols. ii. and iii. The Douglas of the poem is an imaginary person, a supposed uncle of the Earl of Angus.

*Fraught.* The same word as 'freight.' (French 'fret,' Low Latin 'frettare,' from O.H. German 'frêht,' conveyance.) It was formerly used as a verb and as a noun in the same sense; but is now used only as an adjective or participle in a metaphorical sense. We say 'fraught' (*i.e.* laden) with disaster, but not a ship 'fraught' with cotton.

"These marchaunts han don *fraught* hir shippes newe"
—CHAUCER, *Man of Lawe's Tale.*

"Their ships had their full *fraught*."—HOLLAND'S *Livy.*

"Memory have its full *fraught*."
—MILTON, *Apology for Smectymnuus.*

So Shakespeare has *fraughtage.—Comedy of Errors*, iv. 2. Conversely, *freighted* was once used metaphorically. "Martius went home to his house full *freighted* with spite and malice against the people."—NORTH'S *Plutarch.*

9.—*Spey.* A river which rises in the west of Scotland, in Inverness-shire, and flows in a north-easterly direction across the country into the North Sea. "From Tweed to Spey" is therefore put for "Through the length of Scotland."

*Reave* (A.S 'reafian,' German 'rauben,' Latin 'rapio'). To 'strip,' 'tear away,' 'rob;' so to 'bereave' is 'to strip from

all round,' 'to strip utterly.' 'Reiver,' 'reiving,' are common in Scotland for 'robber,' 'robbery.'

"He slew and *raft* the skinne of the lioun."
—CHAUCER, *Monk's Tale.*

"Next we *reave* thy sword,
And give thee armless to thy enemies"
—BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, *Knight of Malta*, v.

*Lea* (A.S. 'leag'). '*Lay*-land;' *i.e.* land *laid* up from present use, or left untilled; so 'pasture-land.'

"Let wife and land
Lie *lay* till I return."
—BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, *Love's Pilgrimage*, iii. 3.

10.—*The Lady of the Bleeding Heart.* The bleeding heart is the cognizance of the Douglas family. Robert Bruce, on his deathbed, bequeathed his heart to his close friend, the good Lord James, to be borne in war against the Saracens. "He joined Alphonso, king of Leon and Castile, then at war with the Moorish chief Osurga, of Granada, and in a keen contest with the Moslems he flung before him the casket containing the precious relic, crying out, 'Onward as thou wert wont, thou noble heart, Douglas will follow thee.' Douglas was slain, but his body was recovered, and also the precious casket, and in the end Douglas was laid with his ancestors, and the heart of Bruce deposited in the church of Melrose Abbey."—BURTON, *History of Scotland*, ii. 308.

11.—*Strathspey.* A Highland dance, taking its name from the '*strath*,' or broad valley of the *Spey*. It is in simple common time, and much slower than a reel.

*Clan-Alpine.* The Siol Alpine, or race of Alpine, includes several clans who claimed descent from Kenneth McAlpine, an ancient king. These are the Macgregors, the Grants, the Mackies, the Mackinnans, the MacNabs, the MacQuarries, and the Macaulays. Their common emblem was the pine, which is now confined to the Macgregors.

*Loch Lomond.* A beautiful lake, twenty-three miles in length and five in breadth (at its broadest). It separates the counties of Stirling and Dumbarton, and drains itself by the valley of the *Leven* into the estuary of the Clyde. The southern end is studded with beautiful islands, one of which, *Inch-Cailliach*, is mentioned below (iii. 8) as Clan-Alpine's burying-place.

*A Lennox foray* is a raid in the territory of the Lennox family, which lay around the south end of Loch Lomond. The ruins of *Lennox Castle* may still be seen on a long narrow island, called Inch Murrin, and the site of one of their strongholds can be traced at Balloch.

12.—*In Holy-Rood a knight he slew.* "This was by no means an uncommon occurrence at the court of Scotland."—SCOTT. Burton remarks: "On one important point a difference between the two courts (of France and Scotland) was disagreeably conspicuous—the unprotected condition of the sovereign and her court, from the want of any armed force whose duty it was to guard her royal person. . . . While every head of a considerable family in Scotland, down to the humblest landowner, had some regular armed following, the Crown alone had none."—*History of Scotland*, iv. 23.

*Dirk* (Scotch 'durk,' German 'dolch'), a dagger. The change of *l* and *r* is not uncommon. Cp 'pourpre' and 'purple.'

*The Douglas, like a stricken deer,*
*Disown'd by every noble peer.*

"The exiled state of this powerful race is not exaggerated in this and subsequent passages. The hatred of James against the race of Douglas was so inveterate that, numerous as their allies were, and disregarded as the regal authority had usually been in similar cases, their nearest friends, even in the most remote parts of Scotland, durst not entertain them, unless under the strictest and closest disguise. James Douglas, son of the banished Earl of Angus, afterwards well known by the title of Earl of Morton, lurked, during the exile of his family, in the north of Scotland, under the assumed name of James Innes, otherwise *James the Grieve* (*i.e.* Reeve or Bailiff)."—SCOTT.

*Guerdon.* French 'guerdon,' Italian 'guiderdone,' from the old High German 'widarlôn' (Modern German 'wiederlohn'), 'recompense.' ('Lohn' = 'reward,' 'pay.')

*Dispensation.* The absolving a particular person from the obligation of a general law, chiefly applied to the Pope's absolution from the Canon law. That law forbids marriage between cousins, and between persons who stand in certain other degrees of relationship. When the Pope grants permission to persons within prohibited degrees to marry, he is said to grant a dispensation. A well-known instance is the dispensation obtained by Henry VII. to allow Prince Henry to marry his brother Arthur's widow, Katherine of Aragon. Roderick and Ellen were cousins, and so could not wed together without a dispensation.

13.—*Since first an orphan in the wild*
*She sorrow'd o'er her sister's child.*

The inverted style, by which words are put before instead of after the words which govern them, is allowed in poetry where the meaning is clear; but Sir Walter Scott has in many instances stretched the license too far. In the present instance "an orphan in the wild" ought grammatically to be in apposition to "she,"

and not, as it is in fact, to "her sister's child." The next couplet contains another example of an inversion not to be imitated, but very common in this poem and in *Rokeby*; viz., that a part of the relative sentence is put before the relative, which, according to strict rule, should come first. In prose, as well as in verse, a word or phrase may be taken, for the sake of emphasis, from the middle of a sentence, and put at the beginning, the verb in this case being also put before its subject; *e.g.*—

"Rather will Ellen Douglas dwell
A votaress in Maronnan's cell"

*Maronnan's cell.* *Kil*maronock, a village in Dumbartonshire, about two miles from the south-east corner of Loch Lomond, with a chapel (and apparently a convent) dedicated to St. Marnock, or Maronnan, of whom little is remembered. So Colme*kill* (*Macbeth*, ii. 4, l. 33) is St. Columba's *cell*.

14.—*Bracklinn*, "white foaming pool;" a beautiful cascade on the Keltie, about a mile north-east of Callander. "The falls consist of a series of shelving rapids and dark linns, formed by the Keltie Burn, which leaps from a considerable bank of red sandstone, and rambles away in fine style among great masses of stone beneath."

*Save vindictive mood,*
*Or jealous transport, chafe his blood.*

'Save,' with its noun, originally formed an absolute case, like the Latin 'salvo officio,' and the French 'sauf l'appel.' "Sauf le respect que je te dois."—VOLTAIRE. Formerly the *f* was retained. So Chaucer (*Prologue*, l. 678)—

"Dischevele, *sauf* his cappe, he rood all bare;"

though at the same time he has "*saving* his olde fader" (*Knight's Tale*, l. 1790), showing that 'sauf' is an adjective. Then it came to be used as a preposition in the sense of 'without prejudice to,' 'reserving,' 'excepting;' and so, like many prepositions, by substituting a sentence for the noun-object, it became a conjunction, as here (= 'unless'). 'Except' has a similar history; it is the French 'excepté.' So Chaucer has 'suspect' for 'suspected.'

*Claymore*, a large sword. Gaelic 'claidheamh,' Latin 'gladius,' a sword, and 'more,' great. Cp. Fergus *More*.

*His shadowy plaid, and sable plume.* He was Roderick *Dhu*, the *Black*.

15.—*Woe the while*; *i.e.* 'woe to the time.'

*Tine*-man. The name given to "Archibald, the third Earl of Douglas, because he 'tined,' or lost, his followers in every battle which he fought. He was vanquished in the bloody battle of Homildon Hill, near Wooler, where he himself lost an eye, and was made prisoner by Hotspur. He was no less unfortunate

when allied with Percy, being wounded and taken at the battle of Shrewsbury. He was so unsuccessful in an attempt to besiege Roxburgh Castle that it was called the 'Foul Raid,' or disgraceful expedition. His ill fortune left him indeed at the battle of Beaugé, in France: but it was only to return with double emphasis at the subsequent action of Vernoil, the last and most unlucky of his encounters, in which he fell, with the flower of the Scottish chivalry, then serving as auxiliaries in France, and about two thousand common soldiers, A.D. 1424."—SCOTT.

*Tine*, or tyne, 'to lose,' 'forfeit,' 'kill' (Icelandic 'tyna'). "But for he (Lucifer) brak buxumnesse (*i.e.* obedience) his blisse gan he *tyne*."—*Piers Ploughman* (A.D. 1377), i. 112. "The queen your mistress shall spend mickle silver, and *tyne* our hearts in the end."—*Grange to Randolph*, 1570, *apud* FROUDE. "Better *tyne* life, since *tint* is good fame."—*Heart of Mid-Lothian*, ch. vii.

*His Border spears with Hotspur's bows.* So in *Marmion*, vi. 34, the "English shafts" and the Scottish "stubborn spearmen" are contrasted at Flodden. For the story of Douglas's alliance with Percy, see Shakespeare's *Henry IV.* part i.

*Beltane.* 'Beal-tein,' 'Baal's fire,' 'Beal' being one of the Gaelic names for the sun. "Among the barbarous Celtic populations of Europe there was a heathen festival on the same day (May 1), but it does not seem to have been connected with flowers. It was called Beltein, and found expression in the kindling of fires on the hill-tops by night. Amongst the peasantry of Ireland, of the Isle of Man, and of the Scottish Highlands, such doings were kept up till within the recollection of living people."—CHAMBERS'S *Book of Days*, i. 571. From the accounts given of it, it appears to have been a festival in honour of the sun and the returning spring, and to have been accompanied at one time by human sacrifices. Among other ceremonies, a cake was baked, and divided into as many similar portions as there were persons in the company. One of these was blacked over with charcoal, and all the pieces were thrown into a bonnet. Whoever drew the black bit was devoted to Baal, whose favour they wished to implore for the productiveness of the soil. The person thus devoted compounded for his life in later times by leaping three times through the fire that had been kindled. As at all such festivals, the quasi-religious ceremony would be wound up by dances and merry-making. Scott has frequent allusions to this festival. See stanza 19.

"The shepherd lights his beltane-fire."—*Lord of the Isles*, i. 8.

"But o'er his hills, in festal day,
How blazed Lord Ronald's beltane-tree."—*Glenfinlas.*

*Canna.* Gaelic 'cannach,' cotton grass. Anglicé 'the cannadown.'—JAMIESON.

16.—*Glengyle.* The upper valley which drains itself into Loch Katrine. It is separated by only a narrow ridge of hills from Loch Lomond. *Brianchoil* is a promontory on the north bank of Loch Katrine, due north of Benvenue.

*Tartan.* Woollen cloth, checkered or cross-barred with threads of various colours. The word is not known in Gaelic. It is the French 'tiretaine,' a mixture of flax and wool, linsey-woolsey. These linsey-woolsey cloths were most probably parti-coloured, or the word originally signifying cloth of different *materials* might be used in another country for such cloths as contained different *colours;* or when the natives of Scotland imitated the fabric they might think it an improvement to checker the cloth with the most glaring colours.—JAMIESON.

*Chanters.* The pipes of the bagpipes, to which long ribands were attached.

17.—*Pibroch.* "The *piobrachd*, as its name implies, is properly a pipe tune, and is usually the Cruinneachadh, or *gathering* of the clan (see below), being a long piece of music composed on occasion of some victory or other fortunate circumstance in the history of a tribe, which, when played, is a warning for the troops to turn out."—LOGAN, *The Scottish Gael*, 1831.

*Hurrying.* Another instance of clumsy inversion. The word really agrees with 'them' contained in "*their* tread." But in a passage of such vigour and fire the fault may well be excused.

*For wild lament o'er those that fell.* "Some of these pibrochs, being intended to represent a battle, begin with a grave motion resembling a march, then gradually quicken into the onset, run off with noisy confusion and turbulent rapidity to imitate the conflict and pursuit; then swell into a few flourishes of triumphant joy, and perhaps close with the wild and slow wailings of a funeral procession."—Dr. BEATTIE.

18.—*Burden.* French 'bourdon,' the drone of the bagpipe, from Gaelic 'burdan,' a humming noise; hence, "a musical accompaniment, repetition of sounds with or without sense at the end of stated divisions of a song." For the former sense see Chaucer, *Prologue*, 667—

"Full lowde he sang, Come hider, love, to me,
This sompnoure bar to him a stif *burdoun*."

*i.e.* put in a bass. The word naturally comes from the patrons of the bag-pipe, and is assimilated in spelling to the commoner Saxon word.

19, 20.—The metre of this song is dactylic. The staple line (the 2nd, 4th, 7th, and 10th) consists of ten syllables with four accents, the unaccented syllables of the last dactyl being sup-

pressed. But in the first and third lines of each stanza, one syllable only is thus suppressed, and since rhymes must fall on accented syllables, these lines have eleven syllables, and double rhymes

Cp. "Háil to the | Chíef who in | tríumph ad- | vánces!
| Hónoured and | blést be the | évergreen | Pine!
| Lóng may the | trée, in his | bánner that | glánces,
| Flóurish, the | shélter and | gráce of our | line.

The shorter lines that follow are of six syllables and three accents, with the usual effect of the suppression of unaccented syllables; viz., greater weight and solidity.

*E.g.* "Heáven send it | háppy | déw.
Moór'd in the | rífted | róck."

In the second stanza the song becomes more vigorous, and the vacant spaces, or rests, as they may be called, in the long lines, are filled up by unaccented syllables at the beginning of the following line, so that the rhythm is continuous, as in—

"Oúrs is no | sápling, chance- | sówn by the | foúntain
| Blóoming at | Béltane, in | winter to | fáde;
When the | whírlwind has | stripped every | leáf on the | móuntain
The | móre shall Clan- | 'Alpine ex- | últ in | her sháde."

19.—*Bourgeon.* To 'sprout,' 'bud,' from French 'bourgeon,' a bud that develops into branch or leaf. The derivation is uncertain. Possibly from Gothic 'burjan,' to 'rise.'

*Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu.* Roderick, descendant of Alpine the Black. Alpine is one of the line of Scottish kings who is said to have subdued the Southern Picts at the beginning of the ninth century. His son, Kenneth MacAlpine, is said to have subjugated, or even extirpated, the whole of the Picts, and to have been the first king of Scotland. The first trace of the Macgregors claiming descent from him is in a genealogy of 1562.

*The ruder it blow.* 'The' is the A S. 'thê,' 'thy,' the instrumental case of the demonstrative, and corresponds to the Latin 'eo,' 'tanto' 'Se,' 'seó,' 'thæt,' was relative as well as demonstrative, though the indeclinable 'the' generally took its place; hence we have 'the—the,' like the Latin 'eo—quo,' or 'quo—eo,' as in "*the* more *the* merrier."

*Breadalbane.* The name given to the district north of Loch Lomond, and around Loch Tay.

20.—*Glen Fruin* (according to Colonel Robertson, "the valley of sheltered places") is a valley which runs down into Loch Lomond on the south-west, and separates it from the Gare-loch. *Benachra*, or Bannochar, lies at its mouth. *Glen Luss* is another of the mountain valleys, which drain into Loch

Lomond from the west. *Ross-dhu* lies on the banks of the lake about three miles south of the entrance to Glen Luss.

*Leven-glen* connects Loch Lomond with the Clyde.

*Raid* (A.S. 'rad,' from 'rid-an,' to 'ride'). Strictly an in-*road* or invasion on horseback, then any inroad for purposes of plunder. Cp. 1 *Samuel* xxvii 10: "Whither have ye made a *road* to-day?" This form is also used in Scotland for the *road* where ships *ride* at anchor (French 'rade').

"On I stalk
From the port, my navy left in the *raid*."
—DOUGLAS, *Virgil*.

Note how this song connects Allan's forebodings with Roderick's subsequent offer.

21.—*Reluctantly and slow.* A good instance of the two forms of the adverb. See note on i. 3.

22.—*Weeped.* Another instance of the license which Scott uses beyond limits.

23.—*Wistful.* Thoughtful, from the obsolete 'wis,' 'wist,' Saxon 'witan,' 'to know.'

*Percy's Norman pennon* was captured by the Douglas in the raid which led to the battle of Otterburn, in Northumberland, in the year 1388. It was taken in a small skirmish, and the Percy (Hotspur) vowed, in reply to his enemy's taunts, that he should not carry it beyond the border. Douglas bade him come and take it, it should be planted before his tent. The Scotch intrenched themselves at Otterburn. They might have got off clear with their booty; but it was a point of chivalry to give Percy a fair chance of recovering his pennon. Hotspur hurried after them without waiting for reinforcements, which were coming up, and attacked the Scots on a moonlight night (the 19th of August). The Scots held their own, though Douglas was mortally wounded, and Hotspur and his brother, with many others, were taken prisoners. The battle and the victory were perfectly useless; it was really a tourney, where men fought for mere fighting's sake. The memory of the raid is preserved in the different ballads of Chevy Chase (a corruption of 'chevauchée,' a 'riding raid).

*Though the waned crescent owned my might.* An allusion apparently to wars with the Saracens. Cp. *Marmion*, vi. 16—

"A rusty shirt of mail I spied,
By Archibald won in bloody work,
Against the Saracen and Turk."

This Douglas, an uncle of Angus, and an old man, would be a contemporary of Archibald Bell-the-Cat.

*Blantyre*, an old priory on the south of the Clyde, opposite to Bothwell Castle.

*Outbeggars; i.e.* is worth far more than: all I have lost would not pay for the loss of this.

24.—*Stand* and *unhooded* are both terms in falconry. The falcon was carried on the wrist, with its head covered, to the chase, and when the prey was seen its hood was removed. A well-trained bird would at once fly up into the air, and, as soon as it caught sight of its quarry, swoop down upon it.

*Goddess of the wood.* Diana, or one of her nymphs.

25.—*Quail*, 'to shrink back,' 'droop from fear.' The derivation of the word is uncertain. In the eastern counties to *quail* is to 'curdle' (Latin 'coagulum,' French 'caille'); and Wedgwood supposes that the notion of fear is derived from this chilling or curdling of the heart's blood. On the other hand, it may be connected with 'quell,' 'to strangle,' 'kill,' and so 'to put down' (Danish 'quæle,' German 'qualen'). Cp. 'fail,' 'fall,' 'fell,' which seem all to belong to the same root. See Wedgwood, S.V.

26.—*Glenfinlas* ("the grey-white valley"), a wooded valley, formerly a royal forest, on the north of Ben-an, the entrance to which lies half-way between Loch Achray and Loch Vennachar. It is the scene of one of Scott's ballads, *Glenfinlas; or, Lord Ronald's Coronach.*

*Strath-Endrick*, the low valley drained by Endrick water, which runs into Loch Lomond near its south-east corner.

*Royal ward; i.e.* under age, with the king, my chief enemy, for his guardian.

27.—*Whiled.* Gothic 'hveilan,' 'to rest,' 'cease;' so that a 'while' is a '*resting*-space,' and to '*while* away time' is to pass it so that it is *restful*, and not wearisome.

*Banquet.* Here, and in modern writers, of the whole meal, with some idea of sumptuousness. Formerly it meant rather 'dessert.' "We 'll *dine* in the great room; but let the music and *banquet* be prepared here."—MASSINGER. See Trench's *Select Glossary*, S.V.

28.—*Glozing* (A.S. 'glesan,' to flatter), 'fair,' 'specious,' 'complimentary,' 'not outspoken.' The idea is that of 'making to shine,' 'giving a fair outside to.' So to 'gloze,' in Scotch, is to 'blaze,' 'shine brightly.'

*The king's vindictive pride*
*Boasts to have tamed the Border-side.*

The borderers, holding land which they had won, or at any rate had to keep, by their own swords, had always maintained a more independent spirit than the other vassals of the Crown.

Their land was indeed debateable land, so that they had little spirit of nationality. The king might wink at this, as long as they were useful in checking invasions from England; but, now that the country was more settled, it was time for his authority to be enforced. Many of these borderers were, in one way or another, dependents of the house of Douglas; so that James V., in his struggle with Angus, was brought into conflict with them. He led out a force of 8,000 men against them, and swept the country, hanging many of the chiefs—and amongst others the famous Johnnie Armstrong—as thieves and resetters.—1531. BURTON, iii. 142 foll. According to Pitscottie, the nobles who joined this expedition were ordered to bring their hawks and dogs with them, that the king might refresh himself with sport between times.

*Meggat*, a mountain stream that runs into the Yarrow, which is a confluent of the Ettrick, which is itself a confluent of the Tweed. The *Twiot* is another border stream, which runs into the Tweed at Kelso.

*Your counsel*, &c.; *i.e.* 'give me your counsel.'

*Streight*, or strait. French 'étroit,' Latin 'strictus;' 'close,' 'tight,' 'narrow.'

29.—*Ghastly* (A.S. 'gast,' German 'geist'), 'like a ghost or spectre,' 'deathlike,' 'hideous,' 'frightful.' The form 'ghostly,' now obsolete, was used in the nobler sense, 'spiritual,' belonging to the spirit rather than to the body. So "*ghostly* counsel and advice," in the Communion Service.

*Homage.* "The acknowledgment of the tenant under the feudal law, that he was his lord's *man*, in the terms, 'Devenio vester *homo*.'" Thence applied to any tribute of respect to a superior.

30.—*To wife.* Most factitive verbs, in English as in Latin, take a double accusative, one of the object, the other of the complement: 'they elected him king,' 'he made her his wife.' But there are many which, especially in older English, distinguish the complement by the preposition 'to;' *e.g.* "The seven had her *to* wife."—*Mark* xii. 23. "Take the highest *to* witness." —SHAKESPEARE, *All's Well*, iv. 2. "As I shall find the time *to* friend."—*Macbeth*, iv. 3. So 'to give a thing *to* boot,' 'to lay a thing *to* pawn.'

*Links* of Forth. (German 'lenken,' to bend.) The *windings* of the Forth, the part between Stirling and Alloa. The appropriateness of the term is plain from the map.

*Stirling*, a royal residence, strongly situated below the junction of the Teith and the Forth. See canto v.

*Blench.* 'Blanch,' 'blench,' and 'blink' are different forms of the same root found in German 'blinken,' 'to glitter,' 'dazzle;'

A.S. 'blican,' whence the O.H.G. 'blanch,' French 'blanc,' &c. 'Blanch' takes its meaning from the French, and is 'to make or be white or pale.' 'Blench' and 'blink' express the effects of a dazzling light which makes one either start aside, or instinctively wink the eyes to protect them from the glare. 'Blind' is also from the same root. Cp. Chaucer, *Knight's Tale*, l. 220—

"He cast his eyen upon Emelya,
And therwithal he *bleynte* and cried a!"

*Hamlet*, ii. 2, 626—

"I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick; if he but *blench*,
I know my course."

*Foiled.* French 'fouler,' to trample upon. To 'foil' answers rather to 'refouler,' to rebate the edge or point of a sword, and so to make useless or vain. A 'foil' is a sword with the point and edge blunted. ['Foil' in 'tin*foil*' is a distinct word, from Latin 'folium,' and corresponds to 'gold-*leaf*." Such leaf was often put behind precious stones to show off their brilliancy; so in Shakespeare, *Richard II.* i. 3, 266—

"The sullen passage of thy weary steps
Esteem as *foil*, wherein thou art to set
The precious jewel of thy home return."

Hence the word is used metaphorically for whatever sets off a thing, especially by contrast. So *Hamlet*, v. 2, 266—

"I'll be your *foil*, Laertes: in mine ignorance
Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night,
Stick fiery off indeed."]

*Bootless.* Saxon and Icelandic 'bôt,' compensation; so 'profitless.' A thing given to 'boot' is given to compensate for the loss involved in an exchange.

31.—*Beetled.* "The A.S. 'bitel' means the insect called a 'beetle,' literally the 'biter;' the O.E. adjective 'bitel,' means 'biting,' 'sharp,' hence perhaps the meaning of 'toothlike,' 'projecting.'"—SKEAT, Glossary to *Piers Ploughman*. Cp. *Hamlet*, i. 4: "The cliff that *beetles* o'er his base into the sea."

*Battled: i.e.* with battlements, or openings to discharge missiles from.

*Astound.* Stunned, for astounded.

32.—*Hectic.* Belonging to a ἕξις, 'constitutional,' especially of a constitutional fever. The 'hectic' flush is the flush, or burning spot on the cheek, that is observed in such a fever, or in consumption; so the 'hectic' strife is the strife between such a flush and the paleness that follows.

33.—*Nighted.* For 'benighted, 'overtaken by night;' so "his *nighted* life."—*King Lear*, iv. 5, 13.

*Unrequited.* To 'quit' or 'requite' is to quiet; *e.g.* the demands of a creditor by paying him. Till recent times an account on the Exchequer books was closed with the words 'quietus est.' Hence Hamlet's "when he can his *quietus* make;" *i.e.* when he can close his account.

*Chequered shroud.* His tartan plaid. 'Chequered' is in a pattern of squares, like a chess-board (French 'echiquier); the 'Chequers' is a common sign. 'Shroud' is from the Saxon 'scrydan,' to clothe. It is only by later use that the word is confined to the clothing of the dead, and of the masts or yards of a ship.

"I shope me in *shroudes* as I a shepe were."
—*Piers Ploughman, Prologue*, 2.

*i.e.* I put me in clothes as if I were a shepherd.

"Give my nakedness
Some *shroud* to shelter it."
—CHAPMAN, *Homer's Odyssey*, vi.

34.—*Minion* (French 'mignon,' a darling, from the Old German word 'minne,' whence 'minnesingers,' poets of love). A favourite, and, in a bad sense, one who keeps favour by base compliances. Often used as a term of contempt, as implying effeminacy.

*The lesson I so lately taught*, at the Beltane game. Stanza 15.

*Greyhound.* The Grecian dog, 'canis Graius.'

*Doomed.* Judged (Saxon 'dom.' Cp. Greek θε-σμὸς, τίθημι; so a 'deemster' in the Isle of Man is one who gives judgment).

35.—*Lackey.* A word of Arabic origin, coming to us from the Spanish through the French 'laquais,' originally a sort of orderly *attached* to a master (Littré, s.v., 'laquais').

*Henchman.* Literally one who stood at his master's *haunch*, to wait upon him, or to support him.

36.—*Tightened.* The addition of the old infinitive ending 'en' makes a verb out of an adjective or a noun, as 'heart*en*,' 'soft*en*,' 'light*en*.'

*Fiery Cross.* See next canto.

# *THE LADY OF THE LAKE.*

## CANTO THIRD.

### The Gathering.

I.

TIME rolls his ceaseless course. The race of yore,
Who danced our infancy upon their knee,
And told our marvelling boyhood legends store,
Of their strange ventures happed by land or sea,
How are they blotted from the things that be!
How few, all weak and withered of their force,
Wait on the verge of dark eternity,
Like stranded wrecks, the tide returning hoarse,
To sweep them from our sight! Time rolls his ceaseless course.

Yet live there still who can remember well,
How when a mountain chief his bugle blew,
Both field and forest, dingle, cliff, and dell,
And solitary heath, the signal knew;
And fast the faithful clan around him drew,
What time the warning note was keenly wound,
What time aloft their kindred banner flew,
While clamorous war-pipes yelled the gathering sound,
And while the Fiery Cross glanced, like a meteor, round.

II.

The summer dawn's reflected hue
To purple changed Loch Katrine blue;
Mildly and soft the western breeze
Just kissed the lake, just stirred the trees,
And the pleased lake, like maiden coy,
Trembled but dimpled not for joy;

The mountain shadows on her breast
Were neither broken nor at rest;
In bright uncertainty they lie,
Like future joys to Fancy's eye.
The water-lily to the light
Her chalice reared of silver bright;
The doe awoke, and to the lawn,
Begemmed with dewdrops, led her fawn;
The gray mist left the mountain side,
The torrent shewed its glistening pride;
Invisible in flecked sky,
The lark sent down her revelry;
The blackbird and the speckled thrush
Good-morrow gave from brake and bush;
In answer cooed the cushat dove
Her notes of peace, and rest, and love.

III.

No thought of peace, no thought of rest,
Assuaged the storm in Roderick's breast.
With sheathed broadsword in his hand,
Abrupt he paced the islet strand,
And eyed the rising sun, and laid
His hand on his impatient blade.
Beneath a rock, his vassals' care
Was prompt the ritual to prepare,
With deep and deathful meaning fraught;
For such Antiquity had taught
Was preface meet, ere yet abroad
The Cross of Fire should take its road.
The shrinking band stood oft aghast
At the impatient glance he cast;—
Such glance the mountain eagle threw,
As, from the cliffs of Benvenue,
She spread her dark sails on the wind,
And, high in middle heaven reclined,
With her broad shadow on the lake,
Silenced the warblers of the brake.

IV.

A heap of withered boughs was piled,
Of juniper and rowan wild,

Mingled with shivers from the oak,
Rent by the lightning's recent stroke.
Brian, the Hermit, by it stood,
Barefooted, in his frock and hood.
His grisled beard and matted hair
Obscured a visage of despair;
His naked arms and legs, seamed o'er,
The scars of frantic penance bore.
That monk, of savage form and face,
The impending danger of his race
Had drawn from deepest solitude,
Far in Benharrow's bosom rude.
Not his the mien of Christian priest,
But Druid's, from the grave released,
Whose hardened heart and eye might brook
On human sacrifice to look;
And much, 'twas said, of heathen lore
Mixed in the charms he muttered o'er.
The hallowed creed gave only worse
And deadlier emphasis of curse;
No peasant sought that Hermit's prayer,
His cave the pilgrim shunned with care,
The eager huntsman knew his bound,
And in mid chase called off his hound;
Or if, in lonely glen or strath,
The desert-dweller met his path,
He prayed, and signed the cross between,
While terror took devotion's mien.

## V.

Of Brian's birth strange tales were told.
His mother watched a midnight fold,
Built deep within a dreary glen,
Where scattered lay the bones of men,
In some forgotten battle slain,
And bleached by drifting wind and rain.
It might have tamed a warrior's heart,
To view such mockery of his art!
The knot-grass fettered there the hand
Which once could burst an iron band;
Beneath the broad and ample bone,
That bucklered heart to fear unknown,

A feeble and a timorous guest,
The field-fare framed her lowly nest;
There the slow blind-worm left his slime
On the fleet limbs that mocked at time:
And there, too, lay the leader's skull,
Still wreathed with chaplet, flushed and full,
For heath-bell, with her purple bloom,
Supplied the bonnet and the plume.
All night, in this sad glen, the maid
Sate, shrouded in her mantle's shade:
—She said, no shepherd sought her side,
No hunter's hand her snood untied,
Yet ne'er again to braid her hair
The virgin snood did Alice wear;
Gone was her maiden glee and sport,
Her maiden girdle all too short,
Nor sought she, from that fatal night,
Or holy church or blessed rite,
But locked her secret in her breast,
And died in travail, unconfessed.

## VI.

Alone, among his young compeers,
Was Brian from his infant years;
A moody and heart-broken boy,
Estranged from sympathy and joy,
Bearing each taunt which careless tongue
On his mysterious lineage flung.
Whole nights he spent by moonlight pale,
To wood and stream his hap to wail,
Till, frantic, he as truth received
What of his birth the crowd believed,
And sought, in mist and meteor fire,
To meet and know his Phantom Sire!
In vain, to soothe his wayward fate,
The cloister oped her pitying gate;
In vain, the learning of the age
Unclasped the sable-lettered page;
Even in its treasures he could find
Food for the fever of his mind.
Eager he read whatever tells
Of magic, cabala, and spells,

And every dark pursuit allied
To curious and presumptuous pride;
Till with fired brain and nerves o'erstrung,
And heart with mystic horrors wrung,
Desperate he sought Benharrow's den,
And hid him from the haunts of men.

VII.

The desert gave him visions wild,
Such as might suit the Spectre's child.
Where with black cliffs the torrents toil,
He watched the wheeling eddies boil,
Till, from their foam, his dazzled eyes
Beheld the river Demon rise;
The mountain mist took form and limb,
Of noontide hag, or goblin grim;
The midnight wind came wild and dread,
Swelled with the voices of the dead;
Far on the future battle-heath
His eye beheld the ranks of death:
Thus the lone Seer, from mankind hurled,
Shaped forth a disembodied world.
One lingering sympathy of mind
Still bound him to the mortal kind;
The only parent he could claim
Of ancient Alpine's lineage came.
Late had he heard, in prophet's dream,
The fatal Ben-Shie's boding scream;
Sounds, too, had come in midnight blast,
Of ch rging steeds, careering fast,
Along Benharrow's shingly side,
Where mortal horsemen ne'er might ride;
The thunderbolt had split the pine—
All augured ill to Alpine's line.
He girt his loins, and came to shew
The signals of impending woe,
And now stood prompt to bless or ban,
As bade the chieftain of his clan.

VIII.

'Twas all prepared; and from the rock,
A goat, the patriarch of the flock,

Before the kindling pile was laid,
And pierced by Roderick's ready blade.
Patient the sickening victim eyed
The life-blood ebb in crimson tide,
Down his clogged beard and shaggy limb,
Till darkness glazed his eyeballs dim.
The grisly priest, with murmuring prayer,
A slender crosslet formed with care,
A cubit's length in measure due:
The shaft and limbs were rods of yew,
Whose parents in Inch-Cailliach wave
Their shadows o'er Clan-Alpine's grave,
And, answering Lomond's breezes deep,
Soothe many a chieftain's endless sleep.
The Cross, thus formed, he held on high,
With wasted hand, and haggard eye,
And strange and mingled feelings woke,
While his anathema he spoke.

## IX.

'Woe to the clansman, who shall view
This symbol of sepulchral yew,
Forgetful that its branches grew
Where weep the heavens their holiest dew
On Alpine's dwelling low!
Deserter of his Chieftain's trust,
He ne'er shall mingle with their dust,
But, from his sires and kindred thrust,
Each clansman's execration just
Shall doom him wrath and woe.'
He paused; the word the vassals took,
With forward step and fiery look,
On high their naked brands they shook,
Their clattering targets wildly strook;
And first in murmur low,
Then, like the billow in his course,
That far to seaward finds his source,
And flings to shore his mustered force,
Burst, with loud roar, their answer hoarse,
'Woe to the traitor, woe!'
Ben-an's gray scalp the accents knew,
The joyous wolf from covert drew,

The exulting eagle screamed afar—
They knew the voice of Alpine's war.

X.

The shout was hushed on lake and fell,
The monk resumed his muttered spell:
Dismal and low its accents came,
The while he scathed the Cross with flame,
And the few words that reached the air,
Although the holiest name was there,
Had more of blasphemy than prayer.
But when he shook above the crowd
Its kindled points, he spoke aloud:
'Woe to the wretch, who fails to rear
At this dread sign the ready spear!
For, as the flames this symbol sear,
His home, the refuge of his fear,
A kindred fate shall know:
Far o'er its roof the volumed flame
Clan-Alpine's vengeance shall proclaim,
While maids and matrons on his name
Shall call down wretchedness and shame,
And infamy and woe.'
Then rose the cry of females, shrill
As goss-hawk's whistle on the hill,
Denouncing misery and ill,
Mingled with childhood's babbling trill
Of curses stammered slow;
Answering, with imprecation dread,
'Sunk be his home in embers red!
And cursed be the meanest shed
That e'er shall hide the houseless head
We doom to want and woe!'
A sharp and shrieking echo gave,
Coir-Uriskin, thy Goblin-cave!
And the gray pass where birches wave,
On Beala-nam-bo.

XI.

Then deeper paused the priest anew,
And hard his labouring breath he drew,
While with set teeth and clenched hand,
And eyes that glowed like fiery brand,

He meditated curse more dread,
And deadlier, on the clansman's head,
Who, summoned to his Chieftain's aid,
The signal saw and disobeyed.
The crosslet's points of sparkling wood,
He quenched among the bubbling blood,
And, as again the sign he reared,
Hollow and hoarse his voice was heard:
'When flits this Cross from man to man,
Vich-Alpine's summons to his clan,
Burst be the ear that fails to heed!
Palsied the foot that shuns to speed!
May ravens tear the careless eyes,
Wolves make the coward heart their prize!
As sinks that blood-stream in the earth,
So may his heart's-blood drench his hearth!
As dies in hissing gore the spark,
Quench thou his light, Destruction dark!
And be the grace to him denied,
Bought by this sign to all beside!'
He ceased; no echo gave agen
The murmur of the deep Amen.

## XII.

Then Roderick, with impatient look,
From Brian's hand the symbol took:
'Speed, Malise, speed!' he said, and gave
The crosslet to his henchman brave.
'The muster-place be Lanrick mead—
Instant the time—speed, Malise, speed!'
Like heath-bird, when the hawks pursue,
A barge across Loch Katrine flew;
High stood the henchman on the prow;
So rapidly the bargemen row,
The bubbles, where they launched the boat,
Were all unbroken and afloat,
Dancing in foam and ripple still,
When it had neared the mainland hill;
And from the silver beach's side
Still was the prow three fathom wide,
When lightly bounded to the land
The messenger of blood and brand.

XIII.

Speed, Malise, speed! the dun deer's hide
On fleeter foot was never tied.
Speed, Malise, speed! such cause of haste
Thine active sinews never braced.
Bend 'gainst the steepy hill thy breast,
Burst down like torrent from its crest;
With short and springing footstep pass
The trembling bog and false morass;
Across the brook like roebuck bound,
And thread the brake like questing hound;
The crag is high, the scaur is deep,
Yet shrink not from the desperate leap:
Parched are thy burning lips and brow,
Yet by the fountain pause not now;
Herald of battle, fate, and fear,
Stretch onward in thy fleet career!
The wounded hind thou track'st not now,
Pursuest not maid through greenwood bough,
Nor pliest thou now thy flying pace,
With rivals in the mountain race;
But danger, death, and warrior deed,
Are in thy course—speed, Malise, speed!

XIV.

Fast as the fatal symbol flies,
In arms the huts and hamlets rise;
From winding glen, from upland brown,
They poured each hardy tenant down.
Nor slacked the messenger his pace;
He shewed the sign, he named the place,
And, pressing forward like the wind,
Left clamour and surprise behind.
The fisherman forsook the strand,
The swarthy smith took dirk and brand;
With changed cheer, the mower blithe
Left in the half-cut swathe the scythe;
The herds without a keeper strayed,
The plough was in mid-furrow staid,
The falc'ner tossed his hawk away,
The hunter left the stag at bay;
Prompt at the signal of alarms,
Each son of Alpine rushed to arms;

So swept the tumult and affray
Along the margin of Achray.
Alas, thou lovely lake! that e'er
Thy banks should echo sounds of fear!
The rocks, the bosky thickets, sleep
So stilly on thy bosom deep,
The lark's blithe carol, from the cloud,
Seems for the scene too gaily loud.

XV.

Speed, Malise, speed! the lake is past,
Duncraggan's huts appear at last,
And peep, like moss-grown rocks, half seen,
Half hidden in the copse so green;
There mayst thou rest, thy labour done,
Their lord shall speed the signal on.—
As stoops the hawk upon his prey,
The henchman shot him down the way.
—What woeful accents load the gale?
The funeral yell, the female wail!
A gallant hunter's sport is o'er,
A valiant warrior fights no more.
Who, in the battle or the chase,
At Roderick's side shall fill his place!—
Within the hall, where torches' ray
Supplies the excluded beams of day,
Lies Duncan on his lowly bier,
And o'er him streams his widow's tear.
His stripling son stands mournful by,
His youngest weeps, but knows not why;
The village maids and matrons round
The dismal coronach resound.

XVI.

CORONACH.

He is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest.
The font, reappearing,
From the rain-drops shall borrow,
But to us comes no cheering,
To Duncan no morrow!

The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory.
The autumn winds rushing
Waft the leaves that are scarest,
But our flower was in flushing,
When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,
Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,
How sound is thy slumber!
Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone, and for ever!

## XVII.

See Stumah, who, the bier beside,
His master's corpse with wonder eyed,
Poor Stumah! whom his least halloo
Could send like lightning o'er the dew,
Bristles his crest, and points his ears,
As if some stranger step he hears.
'Tis not a mourner's muffled tread,
Who comes to sorrow o'er the dead,
But headlong haste, or deadly fear,
Urge the precipitate career.
All stand aghast: unheeding all,
The henchman bursts into the hall;
Before the dead man's bier he stood;
Held forth the Cross besmeared with blood;
'The muster-place is Lanrick mead;
Speed forth the signal! clansmen, speed!'

## XVIII.

Angus, the heir of Duncan's line,
Sprung forth and seized the fatal sign.
In haste the stripling to his side
His father's dirk and broadsword tied:
' saw his mother's eye
speechless agony,

Back to her opened arms he flew,
Pressed on her lips a fond adieu—
'Alas!' she sobbed—'and yet be gone,
And speed thee forth, like Duncan's son!'
One look he cast upon the bier,
Dashed from his eye the gathering tear,
Breathed deep to clear his labouring breast,
And tossed aloft his bonnet crest,
Then, like the high-bred colt, when, freed,
First he essays his fire and speed,
He vanished, and o'er moor and moss
Sped forward with the Fiery Cross.
Suspended was the widow's tear,
While yet his footsteps she could hear;
And when she marked the henchman's eye,
Wet with unwonted sympathy,
'Kinsman,' she said, 'his race is run,
That should have sped thine errand on;
The oak has fallen—the sapling bough
Is all Duncraggan's shelter now.
Yet trust I will, his duty done,
The orphan's God will guard my son.—
And you, in many a danger true,
At Duncan's hest your blades that drew,
To arms, and guard that orphan's head!
Let babes and women wail the dead.'
Then weapon-clang, and martial call,
Resounded through the funeral hall,
While from the walls the attendant band
Snatched sword and targe, with hurried hand;
And short and flitting energy
Glanced from the mourner's sunken eye,
As if the sounds to warrior dear
Might rouse her Duncan from his bier.
But faded soon that borrowed force;
Grief claimed his right, and tears their course.

## XIX.

Benledi saw the Cross of Fire,
It glanced like lightning up Strath-Ire.
O'er dale and hill the summons flew,
Nor rest nor pause young Angus knew;
The tear that gathered in his eye
He left the mountain-breeze to dry;

Until, where Teith's young waters roll,
Betwixt him and a wooded knoll,
That graced the sable strath with green,
The chapel of Saint Bride was seen.
Swoln was the stream, remote the bridge,
But Angus paused not on the edge;
Though the dark waves danced dizzily,
Though reeled his sympathetic eye,
He dashed amid the torrent's roar:
His right hand high the crosslet bore,
His left the pole-axe grasped, to guide
And stay his footing in the tide.
He stumbled twice—the foam splashed high,
With hoarser swell the stream raced by
And had he fallen—for ever there
Farewell Duncraggan's orphan heir!
But still, as if in parting life,
Firmer he grasped the Cross of strife,
Until the opposing bank he gained,
And up the chapel pathway strained.

XX.

A blithesome rout, that morning tide,
Had sought the chapel of Saint Bride.
Her troth Tombea's Mary gave
To Norman, heir of Armandave,
And, issuing from the Gothic arch,
The bridal now resumed their march.
In rude, but glad procession, came
Bonneted sire and coif-clad dame;
And plaided youth, with jest and jeer,
Which snooded maiden would not hear:
And children, that, unwitting why,
Lent the gay shout their shrilly cry;
And minstrels, that in measures vied
Before the young and bonny bride,
Whose downcast eye and cheek disclose
The tear and blush of morning rose.
With virgin step, and bashful hand,
She held the 'kerchief's snowy band;
The gallant bridegroom, by her side,
Beheld his prize with victor's pride,
And the glad mother in her ear
Was closely whispering word of cheer.

XXI.

Who meets them at the churchyard gate?
The messenger of fear and fate!
Haste in his hurried accent lies,
And grief is swimming in his eyes.
All dripping from the recent flood,
Panting and travel-soiled he stood,
The fatal sign of fire and sword
Held forth, and spoke the appointed word:
'The muster-place is Lanrick mead;
Speed forth the signal! Norman, speed!'
And must he change so soon the hand,
Just linked to his by holy band,
For the fell Cross of blood and brand?
And must the day, so blithe that rose,
And promised rapture in the close,
Before its setting hour, divide
The bridegroom from the plighted bride?
O fatal doom!—it must! it must!
Clan-Alpine's cause, her Chieftain's trust,
Her summons dread, brook no delay;
Stretch to the race—away! away!

XXII.

Yet slow he laid his plaid aside,
And, lingering, eyed his lovely bride,
Until he saw the starting tear
Speak woe he might not stop to cheer;
Then, trusting not a second look,
In haste he sped him up the brook,
Nor backward glanced, till on the heath
Where Lubnaig's lake supplies the Teith.
—What in the racer's bosom stirred?
The sickening pang of hope deferred,
And memory, with a torturing train
Of all his morning visions vain.
Mingled with love's impatience, came
The manly thirst for martial fame;
The stormy joy of mountaineers,
Ere yet they rush upon the spears;
And zeal for Clan and Chieftain burning,
And hope, from well-fought field returning,

With war's red honours on his crest,
To clasp his Mary to his breast.
Stung by such thoughts, o'er bank and brae,
Like fire from flint he glanced away,
While high resolve, and feeling strong,
Burst into voluntary song.

## XXIII.

SONG.

The heath this night must be my bed,
The bracken curtain for my head,
My lullaby the warder's tread,
Far, far, from love and thee, Mary;
To-morrow eve, more stilly laid,
My couch may be my bloody plaid,
My vesper song, thy wail, sweet maid!
It will not waken me, Mary!
I may not, dare not, fancy now,
The grief that clouds thy lovely brow,
I dare not think upon thy vow,
And all it promised me, Mary.
No fond regret must Norman know;
When bursts Clan-Alpine on the foe,
His heart must be like bended bow,
His foot like arrow free, Mary.
A time will come with feeling fraught,
For, if I fall in battle fought,
Thy hapless lover's dying thought
Shall be a thought on thee, Mary.
And if returned from conquered foes,
How blithely will the evening close,
How sweet the linnet sing repose,
To my young bride and me, Mary!

## XXIV.

Not faster o'er thy heathery braes,
Balquidder, speeds the midnight blaze,
Rushing, in conflagration strong,
Thy deep ravines and dells along,
Wrapping thy cliffs in purple glow,
And reddening the dark lakes below;
Nor faster speeds it, nor so far,
As o'er thy heaths the voice of war.

The signal roused to martial coil,
The sullen margin of Loch Voil,
Waked still Loch Doine, and to the source,
Alarmed, Balvaig, thy swampy course;
Thence southward turned its rapid road
Adown Strath-Gartney's valley broad,
Till rose in arms each man might claim
A portion in Clan-Alpine's name,
From the gray sire, whose trembling hand
Could hardly buckle on his brand,
To the raw boy, whose shaft and bow
Were yet scarce terror to the crow.
Each valley, each sequestered glen,
Mustered its little horde of men,
That met as torrents from the height
In Highland dales their streams unite,
Still gathering, as they pour along,
A voice more loud, a tide more strong,
Till at the rendezvous they stood
By hundreds, prompt for blows and blood;
Each trained to arms since life began,
Owning no tie but to his clan,
No oath, but by his chieftain's hand,
No law, but Roderick Dhu's command.

## XXV.

That summer morn had Roderick Dhu
Surveyed the skirts of Benvenue,
And sent his scouts o'er hill and heath,
To view the frontiers of Menteith.
All backward came with news of truce;
Still lay each martial Græme and Bruce,
In Rednock courts no horsemen wait,
No banner waved on Cardross gate,
On Duchray's towers no beacon shone,
Nor scared the herons from Loch Con;
All seemed at peace.—Now, wot ye why
The Chieftain, with such anxious eye,
Ere to the muster he repair,
This western frontier scanned with care?—
In Benvenue's most darksome cleft,
A fair, though cruel, pledge was left;
For Douglas, to his promise true,
That morning from the isle withdrew,

And in a deep sequestered dell
Had sought a low and lonely cell.
By many a bard, in Celtic tongue,
Has Coir-nan-Uriskin been sung;
A softer name the Saxons gave,
And called the grot the Goblin-cave.

## XXVI

It was a wild and strange retreat,
As e'er was trod by outlaw's feet.
The dell, upon the mountain's crest,
Yawned like a gash on warrior's breast;
Its trench had staid full many a rock,
Hurled by primeval earthquake shock
From Benvenue's gray summit wild,
And here, in random ruin piled,
They frowned incumbent o'er the spot,
And formed the rugged silvan grot.
The oak and birch, with mingled shade,
At noontide there a twilight made,
Unless when short and sudden shone
Some straggling beam on cliff or stone,
With such a glimpse as prophet's eye
Gains on thy depth, Futurity.
No murmur waked the solemn still,
Save tinkling of a fountain rill;
But when the wind chafed with the lake,
A sullen sound would upward break,
With dashing hollow voice, that spoke
The incessant war of wave and rock.
Suspended cliffs, with hideous sway,
Seemed nodding o'er the cavern gray.
From such a den the wolf had sprung,
In such the wild-cat leaves her young;
Yet Douglas and his daughter fair
Sought for a space their safety there.
Gray Superstition's whisper dread
Debarred the spot to vulgar tread;
For there, she said, did fays resort,
And satyrs hold their silvan court,
By moonlight tread their mystic maze,
And blast the rash beholder's gaze.

XXVII.

Now eve, with western shadows long,
Floated on Katrine bright and strong,
When Roderick, with a chosen few,
Repassed the heights of Benvenue.
Above the Goblin-cave they go,
Through the wild pass of Beal-nam-bo;
The prompt retainers speed before,
To launch the shallop from the shore,
For cross Loch Katrine lies his way
To view the passes of Achray,
And place his clansmen in array.
Yet lags the chief in musing mind,
Unwonted sight, his men behind.
A single page, to bear his sword,
Alone attended on his lord;
The rest their way through thickets break,
And soon await him by the lake.
It was a fair and gallant sight,
To view them from the neighbouring height,
By the low-levelled sunbeam's light!
For strength and stature, from the clan
Each warrior was a chosen man,
As even afar might well be seen,
By their proud step and martial mien.
Their feathers dance, their tartans float,
Their targets gleam, as by the boat
A wild and warlike group they stand,
That well became such mountain strand.

XXVIII.

Their Chief, with step reluctant, still
Was lingering on the craggy hill,
Hard by where turned apart the road
To Douglas's obscure abode.
It was but with that dawning morn,
That Roderick Dhu had proudly sworn,
To drown his love in war's wild roar,
Nor think of Ellen Douglas more;
But he who stems a stream with sand,
And fetters flame with flaxen band,
Has yet a harder task to prove—
By firm resolve to conquer love!

Eve finds the Chief, like restless ghost,
Still hovering near his treasure lost;
For though his haughty heart deny
A parting meeting to his eye,
Still fondly strains his anxious ear,
The accents of her voice to hear,
And inly did he curse the breeze
That waked to sound the rustling trees.
But hark! what mingles in the strain?
It is the harp of Allan-bane,
That wakes its measure slow and high
Attuned to sacred minstrelsy.
What melting voice attends the strings?
'Tis Ellen, or an angel, sings.

## XXIX.

### HYMN TO THE VIRGIN.

*Ave Maria!* maiden mild!
Listen to a maiden's prayer!
Thou canst hear though from the wild,
Thou canst save amid despair.
Safe may we sleep beneath thy care,
Though banished, outcast, and reviled—
Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer;
Mother, hear a suppliant child!
*Ave Maria!*

*Ave Maria!* undefiled!
The flinty couch we now must share
Shall seem with down of eider piled,
If thy protection hover there.
The murky cavern's heavy air
Shall breathe of balm if thou hast smiled;
Then, Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer,
Mother, list a suppliant child!
*Ave Maria!*

*Ave Maria!* Stainless styled!
Foul demons of the earth and air,
From this their wonted haunt exiled,
Shall flee before thy presence fair.
We bow us to our lot of care,
Beneath thy guidance reconciled;
Hear for a maid a maiden's prayer,
And for a father hear a child!
*Ave Maria!*

XXX.

Died on the harp the closing hymn—
Unmoved in attitude and limb,
As listening still, Clan-Alpine's lord
Stood leaning on his heavy sword,
Until the page, with humble sign,
Twice pointed to the sun's decline.
Then while his plaid he round him cast,
'It is the last time—'tis the last,'
He muttered thrice—'the last time e'er
That angel-voice shall Roderick hear!'
It was a goading thought—his stride
Hied hastier down the mountain-side;
Sullen he flung him in the boat,
And instant 'cross the lake it shot.
They landed in that silvery bay,
And eastward held their hasty way,
Till, with the latest beams of light,
The band arrived on Lanrick height,
Where mustered, in the vale below,
Clan-Alpine's men in martial show.

XXXI.

A various scene the clansmen made,
Some sate, some stood, some slowly strayed;
But most, with mantles folded round,
Were couched to rest upon the ground,
Scarce to be known by curious eye,
From the deep heather where they lie,
So well was matched the tartan screen
With heath-bell dark and brackens green;
Unless where, here and there, a blade,
Or lance's point, a glimmer made,
Like glow-worm twinkling through the shade.
But when, advancing through the gloom,
They saw the Chieftain's eagle plume,
Their shout of welcome, shrill and wide,
Shook the steep mountain's steady side.
Thrice it arose, and lake and fell
Three times returned the martial yell;
It died upon Bochastle's plain,
And Silence claimed her evening reign.

# NOTES

## CANTO III

Is almost entirely taken up with the gathering by means of the Fiery Cross. It opens with the ritual, half Pagan, half Christian, with which it is consecrated, a cross made of rods of yew having its end charred in the fire, and quenched in the blood of a goat. At each stage of the consecration, dire curses of fire and blood are called down on the head of the clansman who shall not answer his chieftain's call. To make the whole ceremony more weird and strange, the monk that performs it is represented as of mysterious and scarce human birth. The cross is consecrated, and is at once entrusted to Malise, Roderick's henchman. He bears it eastward, and it is passed on from one hand to another, interrupting wedding and funeral alike, till the clan is gathered in Lanrick mead. The funeral and wedding give opportunity for the introduction of two songs, but they are not in Scott's best style.

Roderick meanwhile has been reconnoitring, but finds no trace of the foes whom he had expected. The Douglas and his daughter have left the island, in order not to imperil their host, and have taken refuge in a cavern on the side of Benvenue, which the superstition of the age "debarred to vulgar tread," and thither Roderick comes, and, hovering over the treasure he has lost, hears Ellen's voice for the last time, and then hastens to join his men.

Note the description of Loch Katrine in the morning sun, and the breaking up of the wedding, Stanzas xxii. and xxiii.

This canto contributes very little to the developing of the plot. It is an interesting picture of an old Highland custom; but, suspending as it does the main action of the poem, one cannot but feel it to be somewhat tedious. The emphasis of the curses is weakened by their repetition, and though, as Lord Jeffrey says, "the eager fidelity with which the fatal signal is hurried on and obeyed is represented with great spirit," the whole occupies a space out of all proportion to its importance. The end of the canto wins back our sympathy for the more

*human* side in Roderick's character, while Ellen's trustful hymn shows how little a brave woman's heart is depressed by adversity.

*Stanza* 1.—*Yore;* 'formerly,' 'of ancient times.' A.S. 'geara,' which was also used in the sense of 'completely' ("*Hi wiston geare*," "They be persuaded"—*Luke* xx. 6), and so is identical with German 'gar.' This meaning is represented by the nautical term 'yare.'

*Legends store.* Cf. canto i. 27, 'arrows *store*,' and note.

*The gathering sound.* The signal for the gathering. 'Gathering' is a *noun*, used adjectively, as '*hunting*-horn.'

*And while the Fiery Cross glanced, like a meteor, round.* "When a chieftain designed to summon his clan, upon any sudden or important emergency, he slew a goat, and making a cross of any light wood, seared its extremities in the fire, and extinguished them in the blood of the animal. This was called the *Fiery Cross*, also *Crean Tarigh*, or the *Cross of Shame*, because disobedience to what the symbol implied inferred infamy. It was delivered to a swift and trusty messenger, who ran full speed with it to the next hamlet, where he presented it to the principal person, with a single word, implying the place of rendezvous. He who received the symbol was bound to send it forward, with equal despatch, to the next village; and thus it passed with incredible celerity through all the district which owed allegiance to the chief, and also among his allies and neighbours, if the danger was common to them. At the sight of the Fiery Cross, every man, from sixteen years old to sixty, capable of bearing arms, was obliged instantly to repair, in his best arms and accoutrements, to the place of rendezvous. He who failed to appear suffered the extremities of fire and sword, which were emblematically denounced to the disobedient by the bloody and burnt marks upon this warlike signal. During the civil war of 1745-6 the Fiery Cross often made its circuit, and upon one occasion it passed through the whole district of Breadalbane, a tract of thirty-two miles, in three hours."—SCOTT. Macaulay mentions its use in 1689, before Killiecrankie. (*Hist. Eng.* iii. 355.)

2.—Mr. Ruskin has commented upon this passage (*Modern Painters*, iii. 278-282): "In this love of beauty, observe that the love of *colour* is a leading element, his (Scott's) healthy mind being incapable of losing, under any modern false teaching, its joy in brilliancy of hue. Though not so subtle a colourist as Dante, which, under the circumstances of the age, he could not be, he depends quite as much upon colour for his power or pleasure. And in general, if he does not mean to say much about things, the *one* character which he will give is colour, using it with the most perfect mastery and faithfulness. . . .

"The other passage I have to quote" (the one in the text) "is still more interesting, because it has *no form* in it *at all* except in one word (*chalice*), but wholly composes its imagery either of colour, or of that delicate half-believed life which we have seen to be so important an element in modern landscape Two more considerations are, however, suggested by this passage. The first, that the love of natural history, excited by the continual attention now given to all wild landscape, heightens reciprocally the interest of that landscape, and becomes an important element in Scott's description, leading him to finish down to the minutest speckling of the breast, and slightest shade of attributed emotion, the portraiture of birds and animals. Compare carefully the second and third stanzas of canto vi. of *Rokeby*. The second point I have to note is Scott's habit of drawing a slight *moral* from every scene, and that this slight moral is almost always melancholy. Here he has stopped short without entirely expressing it—

"'The mountain-shadows * *
* * * * lie
Like future joys to Fancy's eye.'

His completed thought would be that those future joys, like the mountain-shadows, were never to be attained."

*Chalice;* cup. Latin 'calix.'

*Begemmed.* Covered with gems. See i. 21, and note. Cp. 'bejewelled,' 'bedizened.'

*Cushat-dove;* the ring-dove. A.S. 'cusceote,' literally 'cow-shot,' which is still the name for a ring-dove in the north of England and in Scotland.

3.—Note the contrast. No sadness of the poet or his hero makes him ignore the gladness of nature.

*His impatient blade.* Transferred epithet: *he* is impatient.

*Aghast.* Old English '*agast.*' Explained as a compound of 'a' privative and 'gast,' 'spirit,' as 'amod' is 'mad' ('amens'), from 'mod,' 'mind.' Wiclif, however, has 'gast,' 'terrified,' and 'gastnes,' 'terror,' with which this word and 'ghastly' may be connected. (Compare with Gothic 'us-gaisjan,' to horrify; German 'aus' and 'geist.')

4.—*Rowan:* the mountain-ash. Jamieson thinks that this tree derived its name from 'runa,' an incantation, because of the use made of it in magical arts. It was a common custom in Scotland, in order to prevent the fatal effects of an evil eye, to cut a piece of this tree, peel it, tie a red thread about it, and attach it to the lintel of the cow-house. Cp. *Monastery*, ch. viii.: "I have tied a red thread round the bairns' throats, and given ilk ane of them a riding-wand of rowan tree, forby sewing up a

slip of witch-elm into their doublets; and I wish to know if there be ony thing mair that a lone woman can do in the matter of ghosts and fairies."

*Grisled;* marked with grey. (French 'gris.')

*Benharrow*, a mountain on the east of the head of Loch Lomond.

*Hallowed creed; i.e.* the Christian as distinguished from "heathen lore."

*Bound*, limit; *i.e.* of his haunts.

*Glen or strath.* A *glen* is a *deep and narrow* valley, through which a *stream* flows (Gaelic 'gleann,' Welsh 'glyn'); a *strath*, (Gaelic 'srath') is a valley *of considerable size*, through which a *river* flows.

5.—*Of Brian's birth strange tales were told.* This story may be compared with that of "fiend-born Merlin," of mysterious origin; so in the Greek mythology "Fate and black Destiny and Death," the offspring of Night, have no father.

*Where scattered lay the bones of men,*
*In some forgotten battle slain.*

Cp. Tennyson, *Elaine*—

"A horror lived about the tarn, and clave
Like its own mists to all the mountain side;
For here two brothers, one a king, had met
And fought together; but their names were lost.
And each had slain his brother at a blow,
And down they fell and made the glen abhorred;
And there they lay till all their bones were bleached,
And lichen'd into colour with the rocks."

*Bucklered; i.e.* 'shielded.' 'Buckler,' from the French 'bouclier' (in full, 'écu bouclier,' or shield with a boss in the centre, Latin 'buccula'), is the small round shield worn on the left arm.

*Virgin snood.* A riband worn round the hair by maidens only, replaced by the kerchief or coif of married women. It was the mark of maiden purity, as the cap or bonnet of matronly dignity. "I thought unco' shame of mysell," says Jeanie Deans, when she has to lay aside her tartan screen and wear a bonnet, after crossing the border, "the first time I put on a married woman's bon-grace, and me a single maiden."—*Heart of Midlothian*, chap. xxviii.

6.—*Moodily* (A.S. 'modig,' 'proud,' 'irritable;' from 'mod,' 'mind,' 'passion;' German 'muth;' Gothic 'môds' = *ὀργή, θυμός*). Given to 'moods,' 'humours,' such as 'self-will,' 'sullenness,' 'anger.' 'Mood' is the prevailing disposition of the mind, and may be good or bad; but 'moody' implies always

the 'bad.' "If you be not i' the *mood*, I hope you will not be *moody*."—BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, *The Captain*, iii. 1.

*Meteor* (Greek μετέωρος, 'aloft,' 'suspended'). Seen in the air; so a 'meteor' (noun) is a body that is seen shooting through the air, a shooting star.

*Sable-lettered page.* The earliest printed books were printed from type of uniform thickness (*i.e.* without distinction of up and down strokes), in the Gothic or O.E. character. '*Unclasped*' is opened up to him, enabled him to read.

*Cabala.* "The term Cabala, in its more exclusive sense, meant that knowledge which was traditionally derived from the hidden mysteries contained in the letters of the law, in the number of times they occurred, and in their relative position."—MILMAN, *History of the Jews*, ii. 414, note. This was extended later into a mystical system of philosophy. An interesting account of it is given by the same writer, vol. iii. pp. 431, foll. He goes on to say, "The Cabala degenerated into a system of magic and wonder-working. The traditional fathers of the Cabala had wrought miracles with the letters of Scripture, and later there was no kind of vulgar conjuring trick that was not performed by the adepts, till cabalism sank into contempt and suspicion. The cabalistic pretensions to enchantments, amulets, charms, justified to the more sober, if not the proscription, the discouragement of these, in their essence lofty, in their practice vulgar and degrading studies. But the influence of the Cabala was not confined to the Jewish mind. Some of the strange, powerful intellects of the middle ages, when the borders of science and wonder-working were utterly confounded, were tempted at once by the abstruseness, the magnificent pretensions, and the mysticism of the Cabala, to penetrate into its secrets, and appropriate its powers and virtues." Hence 'cabalistic' is that which has a hidden, secret meaning, known only to the initiated.

*Curious.* Cp. "They that used *curious* arts."—*Acts* xix. 19. Prying into secrets (Latin 'curiosus,' 'full of anxiety to learn'). Compare with this description *Marmion*, iii. 21, 22.

7.—"*The river demon*, or river-horse, for it is that form which he commonly assumes, is the Kelpy of the Lowlands, an evil and malicious spirit, delighting to forbode and to witness calamity. He frequents most Highland lakes and rivers; and one of his most memorable exploits was performed upon the banks of Loch Vennachar, in the very district which forms the scene of our action. It consisted in the destruction of a funeral procession with all its attendants. The 'noontide hag,' called in Gaelic *Glas-lich*, a tall, emaciated, gigantic female figure, is supposed in particular to haunt the district of Knoidart. A

goblin, dressed in antique armour, and having one hand covered with blood, called from that circumstance, *Lham-dearg*, or Red-hand, is a tenant of the forests of Glenmore and Rothiemurcus." —SCOTT.

*Ben-Shie* (Gaelic 'ben,' a woman; and 'sighe,' a fairy), the fairy's wife. "In certain places the death of people is supposed to be foretold by the cries and shrieks of Ben-Shi, or the fairie's wife, uttered along the very path where the funeral is to pass." —PENNANT.

*Shing'y.* 'Shingles' are the waterworn pebbles on the sea-shore, from German 'schindel,' Latin 'scindula,' or 'scandula,' that which is separated or detached, as these from the rock. A 'shingle,' or 'shindle,' is also the name for a lath of cleft wood used for roofing houses. (Wedgwood derives the word in its former sense from Norse 'singl,' from 'singla,' to jingle.) "A presage of the kind alluded to in the text is still believed to announce death to the ancient Highland family of M'Lean of Lochbuy. The spirit of an ancestor slain in battle is heard to gallop along a stony bank, and then to ride thrice around the family residence, ringing his fairy bridle, and thus intimating the approaching calamity."—SCOTT.

*Ban.* To curse; originally to summon to join the host when the feudal lord planted his 'bann,' or banner; then to summon by superior authority, to make any public proclamation, and in especial to denounce publicly by ecclesiastical authority, to excommunicate or curse. 'Banns' are the public announcement of an intended marriage; 'banish' is from French 'bannir,' used for the compound 'forbannir' ('foras bannire'), to order publicly out of the realm; so, as an 'outlaw' is in English a 'robber,' the Italian 'banditto' (our 'bandit') has the same meaning.

8.—*Dim.* This figure is called 'prolepsis' (anticipation of the result). They were dim by reason of the glazing.

*Inch-Cailliach* ("the isle of nuns," or "of old women"). An island on the south-east of Loch Lomond, opposite the pass of Balmaha. It contained a convent (whence its name), and the burying-ground of the Macgregors, and of other clans which claimed descent from King Alpine.

*Haggard.* 'Wild-looking,' 'meagre,' 'rugged in feature.' A 'haggard' is a hawk that has moulted more than once before he is caught, so that he can never be properly tamed, but retains something of his wild look. From A.S. 'haga,' a hedge (our 'haw,' 'hawthorn'), a hawk of the wood, a wild hawk. He is called in French 'muier de haie,' in English a 'brancher.' The following passages illustrate the connexion between noun and adjective—

"Live like a *haggard* still therefore,
And for no luring care."—TURBERVILE.
"I know her spirits are as coy and wild
As *haggards* of the rock."
—*Much Ado about Nothing*, iii. 1.

9.—*On Alpine's dwelling low; i.e.* its burial-place. *Strook.* Cp. Milton, *Hymn on the Nativity*—

"Such music
As never was by mortal finger *strook*."

*Strook* and *strôk* are O.E. forms of the preterite, and so come to be used for the participle.

10.—*Fell.* A common word in the North of England for 'mountain moorland;' connected with Swedish 'fjäll,' Dan. 'fjeld,' Icel. 'fjall,' a mountain range. Halliwell quotes an old use—

"Moyses wente up on that *felle*,
Fourty dayes there gon dwelle."

*Scathed.* 'Touched,' 'injured.' Saxon 'sceathian,' German 'schaden,' and possibly Greek ἀ-σκηθ-ής. We use the word in 'scathing,' 'scathless,' 'unscathed;' in Scotland noun and verb are constantly used. Cp.—

"No maiden lays her *scaith* to me."
—In GRAHAM of Gartmore's song, *If Doughty Deeds*.

"The *skaith* or damage which they occasioned."—*Legend of Montrose*, chap. x. (Connected with 'sceadan,' to divide, 'shed.' Cp. German 'schaden' and 'scheiden.')

*Coss-hawk.* Saxon 'gos-hafoc.' 'goosehawk.' "The gos-hawk was in high esteem among falconers, and flew at cranes, *geese*, pheasants, partridges."—PENNANT.

*And curs'd be the meanest shed*, &c. Compare the curse in Sophocles' *Od. Tyr.* l. 236—

"τὸν ἄνδρ' ἀπανδῶ τοῦτον
μήτ' ἐσδέχεσθαι μήτε προσφωνεῖν τινά
ὠθεῖν δ' ἀπ' οἴκων πάντας."

The whole of this stanza is very impressive; the mingling of the *children's* curses is the climax of horror. Note the meaning of the triple curse. The cross is of ancestral yew—the defaulter is cut off from communion with his clan; it is seared in the fire—the fire shall consume his dwelling; it is dipt in blood—his heart's blood is to be shed.

*Coir-Uriskin*, or Coir-nan-Uriskin ("the corry, or den, of the wild men"), a hollow cleft in the northern side of Benvenue, supposed to be haunted by fairies and evil spirits. It is surrounded by rocks and overshadowed by birch-trees, so as to give complete shelter. The *Urisk* is the equivalent of the Grecian Satyr, having a human form with goat's feet. "The *Urisks*," says Dr.

Graham, "were a set of lubberly supernaturals, who, like the Brownies, could be gained over by kind attention to perform the drudgery of the farm, and it was believed that many of the families in the Highlands had one of the order attached to it. They were supposed to be dispersed over the Highlands, each in his own wild recess; but the solemn stated meetings of the order were regularly held in this Cave of Benvenue."—*Scenery on the Southern Confines of Perthshire.* The cave had probably been at one time the haunt of banditti.

*Beala-nam-bo*, "the pass of the cattle," on the other side of Benvenue from the Goblin's Cave, "à magnificent glade overhung with birch-trees, by which the cattle taken in Lowland forays were driven within the protection of the Trosachs."

11.—*Clenched.* According to Stratmann, from O.H.G. 'chlenken'='retundere.' To *clench* or *clinch* a nail is to bend back the point which has come through, and beat it down into the wood. Hence to *clinch* is to fasten down firmly, to secure; *e.g.* to clinch an argument, a bargain. To *clench* the hands is to bend over the fingers till they meet the flat of the hand, so as to form a ball. '*Klinke*' in Modern German is a latch, and is probably connected with this.

*Crosslet*, diminutive. Cp. 'ringlet,' 'tearlet,' 'circlet.'

*Among.* We generally say 'quench *in*,' especially of a fluid.

*Palsied*; paralysed, the muscles being useless, and no longer answering to the will. 'Palsy' (for 'paralysis') is an instance of the contraction which often takes place in English words derived from Greek and Latin. Cp. 'frantic' for 'phrenetic,' 'fancy' for 'phantasy.'

*Drench*, active of 'drink.' Some verbs in English have the two forms, transitive and intransitive, distinguished by the modified vowel; *e.g.* 'fall,' 'fell;' 'drip,' 'drop;' 'rise,' 'raise.' Cp. German 'trinken' and 'tränken.'

*Agen.* This or 'ayen' is the old form of 'again' (A.S. 'ongean,' 'ongén'). So the '*Ayenbite* of *Inwyt*' is the '*Re*-morse of Conscience.' Compare with the whole of this the Abbot's curse in *Lord of the Isles*, ii. 28—

> "Arms every hand against thy life,
> Bans all who aid thee in the strife,
> Nay each whose succour, cold and scant,
> With meanest alms relieves thy want;
> Haunts thee while living, and when dead
> Dwells on thy yet devoted head,
> Rends Honour's scutcheon from thy hearse,
> Stills o'er thy bier the holy verse,
> And spurns thy corpse from hallow'd ground,
> Flung like vile carrion to the hound."

There is not *much* difference between the Abbot and the fiend-born reclase!

12.—*Symbol;* 'sign,' 'token.' Literally 'a *tally*' (συμ-βάλλω, 'to put together'). The breaking of a coin in two by a betrothed couple, each keeping half, is a good instance of a *symbolum*. It is used by Jeremy Taylor in the sense of 'contribution, put together to a common stock.'

*Lanrick mead.* The flat ground at the north-west end of Loch Vennachar.

*Heath-bird* (French 'coq de bruyère'). Grouse.

*Lightly, land.* Note the alliterations. The *l* gives the idea of lightness, agility.

13.— *The dun deer's hide.* Logan thus describes the construction of a Highlander's *brogues* (Gaelic 'brog,' a shoe): "An oval piece of raw cow or horse's hide was drawn neatly round the foot by thongs of the same material, by means of holes in the margin. The hair was often kept inside for warmth; they were perfectly flexible, and were pierced with small holes, for the purpose of allowing the water received in crossing rivers and morasses to escape." The commoner practice of leaving the hair outside procured for the Highlanders the name *Redshanks.* Cf. *Marmion*, v. 5—

> "The hunted red-deer's undressed hide
> Their hairy buskins well supplied."

*Questing; i.e.* in search of game. Lat. 'quaero.'

*Scaur*, or scar. Originally 'a cleft;' then applied to the face of that in which there has been a cleft or breach; *e.g.* a cliff, a ('sheer') precipice, broken rock (Latin 'rupes'); or, in a secondary sense, the mark of a cleft, cut, or wound. Norse 'skar,' A.S. 'sceran,' German 'schaar.' Akin to 'shear,' 'sherd,' 'shard.'

*Herald of battle, fate, and fear,*
*Stretch onward in thy fleet career.*

Note the effect of the whisper-letters, expressing the dread and awe of the message. The *d*'s express a similar feeling under another form in "*d*anger, *d*eath, and warrior *d*eed."

14.—Here again the panting haste of the message, and its reception, is expressed by the aspirates—

> "*F*ast as the *f*atal symbol *f*lies,
> In arms the *h*uts and *h*amlets rise."

*Hamlet;* a diminutive of the A.S. 'hām,' German 'heim,' Gothic 'haims,' our 'home.' Cp. Greek κώμη, French 'hameau.' *-ham* remains as an affix in local names, as '*-heim*' in south Germany; cp. *Buckingham* (the home of the Bockings), *Hoch-*

*heim.* The prevalence of the termination *-hem* in Picardy and Artois is proof of a Saxon colony there.—TAYLOR, *Words and Places*, 82 foll.: "The ultimate root seems to be the Sanscrit 'çî,' to repose. Cp. Greek κεῖμαι, κοιμάω."

*Swarthy.* A.S. 'sweart,' German 'schwarz,' black.

*Dirk and brand.* "Thair weapones ar bowes and dartes, with ane very broad sword, and ane dagger sharp onlie at the ane syde."—LINDSAY, of Pitscottie, 1573. They used the two together. Chev. Johnstone says, "They bring down two men at a time, one with the dirk in their left hand, and another with the sword."

*Swathe.* A.S. 'swathe,' 'swæthe,' a 'track,' 'path;' so that the swathe is the path which the mower cuts for himself, and on which the hay or corn falls. Others suppose that the first idea (as in A.S. 'beswethan') is that of binding into sheaves, to swathe, bandage. Possibly the *long* bandage used in swathing takes its name from the former meaning, as a 'list' is primarily a border, and then the long narrow strip cut off the border, and then the row of names written on such a strip.

*Alas, thou lovely lake!* &c. "Observe Scott's habit of looking at nature, neither as dead, or merely material, nor as altered by his own feelings; but as having an animation and pathos of its own, wholly irrespective of human passion."—RUSKIN.

*Bosky*, 'bushy,' 'woody;' Ital. 'bosco,' Fr. 'bois.' Cp. "bosky bowin," in Milton's *Comus*.

15.—*Duncraggan.* A homestead close to the Brigg of Turk, and between Loch Achray and Loch Vennachar.

*Stoop.* The technical term for a bird of prey pouncing on its quarry; so—

"Seldom *stoops* the soaring vulture."—Note on i. 7.

*Stripling.* "Seems to signify stripe-shaped, a tall, thin young person."—WEDGWOOD.

*Coronach.* The coronach was generally an extempore effusion, setting forth the good deeds of the deceased, and the glories of his ancestry. At the end of each stanza a chorus of women and girls swell the notes into a loud plaintive cry or *wail*, which is sometimes used without the song.

16.—The metre of this dirge seems to be *amphibrachic.** Some of the lines appear to be *anapæstic;* but it will be found on examination that the rhythm of these is *amphibrachic;* that is, that the rhythmic pause is after the syllable that follows the accent.

* From βραχὺς, short, and ἀμφὶ, on each side, the long syllable being in the middle. In English verse a three-syllabled foot is called a dactyl when the accent is on the first syllable, an amphibrach when on the second, an anapæst when on the third.

"(He) is góne on | the móuntain,
(Like) a súmmer- | dried fóuntain."

Ten lines out of twenty-four are distinctly *amphibrachic*, as—

"To Dúncan | no mórrow."

So that it seems best to treat the rest as *amphibrachic* with an *anacrusis*, or superfluous unaccented syllable at the beginning of the line. The amphibrach is useful to express pathos or melancholy. Compare the song in *As You Like It*, ii. 7—

"Most friendship is féigning,
Most lóving mere folly;"

and the exquisite pathos of Miss Elliott's *Lament for Flodden*—

"At e'én, in | the glóaming, | nae yóunkers | are róaming
'Bout stáeks wi' | the lásses | at bógle | to pláy;
But ílk ane | sits dréarie, | laménting | her déarie,
The Flówers of | the Fórest | are a'wede | awáy."
—ABBOTT, *English Lessons*, p. 213.

The song is very carefully divided. To each of the three things, *mountain*, *forest*, *fountain*, four lines are given in the order, 3, 1, 2.

*Hoary*, and so ripe for the sickle. Cp. "Segetis *canæ*."—*Ovid* quotation, i. 18.

*Searest* (A.S. 'searian,' Dutch 'zooren,' Greek ξηρός). 'Dry,' 'withered;' so to 'sear' a wound is to stop its bleeding by *drying* it up with a hot iron.

*Flushing*. Cp. *Hamlet*, iii. 3—"With all his crimes broad-blown as *flush* as May." (Latin 'fluo,' 'fluxus,' German 'fluss.') Flowers are at 'flushing,' as the tide is at the 'flood,' when they are at full. A 'flush' of good luck is a sudden 'flow' of it.

*Correi*. "A hollow between hills; or rather a hollow in a hill."—JAMIESON.

*Cumber*. 'Perplexity,' 'trouble,' from Icelandic 'kumra,' to 'growl,' 'mutter;' German 'kummer.'—WEDGWOOD.

*Red hand*. Possibly 'ready' hand; 'red' is used in the lowlands for ready. If not, then 'murderous,' 'unsparing.'

17.—*Stumah*. 'Faithful,' the name of a dog.

*O'er the dew*. A good instance of a poet's power of suggesting a picture by a little touch. The hunt begins at early morn, when the scent lies fresh; so in i. 17: "*Level* rays" tells us that it is evening.

18.—*Hest*. Bidding, O.E. 'haeste,' A.S. 'haes,' from 'hatan,' to command (German 'heissen'). Cp. 'behest.'

*Sword and targe*. The common Highland equipment. Cp. *Rob Roy*, chap. xxvi.—"Never another law hae they but the length o' their dirks—the broadsword's pursuer or plaintiff, as you Englishers ca' it, and the target's defender—and there's a

Hieland plea for ye." These were the arms of the ancient Britons, "Ingentibus gladiis (claymores) et brevibus cetris (targes)."—*Tacit. Agr.* 36.

19.—*Strath-Ire.* A valley running north and south on the east of Ben Ledi, connecting Loch Voil with Loch Lubnaig. The *Chapel of St. Bride* is about half a mile from the south end of the latter lake, on the river Leny, one of the streams which join to form the Teith; hence "Teith's *young* waters." Note the picture of trees mingled with dark rocks, conveyed by two touches of colour—

'That traced the *sable* strath with *green*."

*Sympathetic.* Really qualifies 'reeled,' = 'in sympathy.'

20.—*Rout.* See canto i. 3, note.

*Tombea* and *Armandave* were two farms or homesteads in Strathire.

*Bridal.* Epithet used for the thing qualified.

*Coif-clad.* Diez and Littré trace the word 'coif' through Low Latin 'cofea,' or 'cuphia,' to O.H.G. 'kuppa,' our 'cap,' with the same root as 'cup.' Latin 'cuppa.' [Wedgwood derives it through the Italian 'cuffia,' from the Arabic 'kufiyah,' a head-covering.] The *coif* or *curch* (a white piece of linen pinned over the forehead, round the back of the head, and falling over the neck) is in Scotland the distinguishing mark of a married woman; so the kerchief below (=French 'couvre-chef,' head-covering).

22.—*Lubnaig's lake.* "The lake of small bends." A fine sheet of water four miles long and one broad, which lies at the east foot of Ben Ledi. The *Leny* issues from its southern end.

*The sickening pang*, &c. So *Lord of the Isles*, vi. 1—"The heart-sick faintness of the hope delayed." *Proverbs* xiii. 12.

*Brae.* The side or 'brow' of a hill. Icelandic 'braa,' a brow; Gaelic 'bre,' 'brigh,' a mountain.

23.—The effect of this song is produced solely by the variation in the rhyming.

*Bracken*, or *brakin.* The 'Pteris aquilina.' The word is apparently a diminutive of 'brake,' which is also used for a fern, as well as for the tangled undergrowth in places where trees have been cut down.

*Warder.* Sentinel, explained by the beginning of the next canto.

*Dying.* Transferred epithet.

*And if returned from conquered foes.* This sentence is ungrammatical. With the elliptic use of 'if,' the verb being omitted,

'returned' should agree with 'evening.' It really agrees with 'me' in the last line, or else (I shall have) is to be supplied.

24.—*Balquidder.* "The town of the back-lying country," a village at the angle of Strathire, where the *Balvaig* turns from an easterly to a southerly direction. The *Braes* extend along the north side of the valley. This district became a little later the property of the Macgregors, and the village is the burial-place of Rob Roy and his wife Helen. "It may be necessary to inform the southern reader that the heath on the Scottish moorlands is often set fire to, that the sheep may have the advantage of the young herbage produced, in room of the tough old heather plants. This custom (execrated by sportsmen) produces occasionally the most beautiful nocturnal appearances, similar almost to the discharge of a volcano."—SCOTT. Note the touch of colour which follows.

*Coil.* Gaelic 'coileid,' 'a stir,' 'noise:' probably from 'goil,' 'boiling.' The word is frequent in Shakespeare: "Yonder's old *coil* at home."—*Much Ado*, v. 2. "When we have shuffled off this mortal *coil*."—*Hamlet*, iii. 1.

*Loch Voil* and *Loch Doine* form an almost continuous sheet of water, running from west to east, at the foot of the Braes of Balquidder, and emptying themselves by the Balvaig into Loch Lubnaig. "Few places in Scotland have such an air of solitude and remoteness from the haunts of men." Cp. "the *sullen* margin."

*Strath-Gartney.* The name given to the north side of the basin, which contains Loch Katrine.

*No oath, but by his chieftain's hand.* "The deep and implicit respect paid by the Highland clansmen to their chief rendered this both a common and a solemn oath. In other respects they were capricious in their ideas concerning the obligatory power of oaths."—SCOTT.

25.—*Rednock*, an estate four miles S.S.W. of Callander; *Cardross*, about three miles further south; *Duchray*, a castle about a mile south of Lochard, on the borders of Stirling and Perth, of which Duchray water is for some distance the boundary; *Loch Con* ("the lake of dogs") is a small lake in the valley which separates Benvenue from Ben Lomond; its waters form one of the feeders of the Forth (the Avon-dhu), Duchray being the other.

26.—*Still*, for 'still silence.' So Tennyson, "the breezy *blue*" for 'blue (sky).'

*Gray Superstition's whisper dread*
*Debarred the spot to vulgar tread.*

Cp. *Rokeby*, ii. 10—

"The lated peasant shunned the dell;
For Superstition wont to tell
Of many a grisly sound and sight,
Scaring his path at dead of night."

*Blast.* A.S. 'blæsan,' to blow. The meaning and origin is well shown in the following:

"A myghty tre, * * *
Whose beaute *blasted* was with boysterous winde."—SKELTON.

With the text compare Gray's lines on Milton's blindness—

"He saw; but, *blasted* with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night."

27.—*Page*, 'a serving boy,' 'attendant.' Greek παιδιον, 'a child,' whence Italian 'paggio,' French 'page.' Chaucer has, "In cradle it lay, and was a proper *page*."

28.—*But he who stems a stream with sand.* The letters *st* are frequently used to express fear and amazement. Lips open, and voice fails us. If the surprise be sudden, a whispered ejaculation escapes, suppressed almost as soon as uttered: the whisper of the *s* is stopped suddenly by the *t*, neither letter being formed by the lips. The same kind of broken breathing generally follows any kind of sharp effort. Compare—

"He answer'd not at all, but, adding new
Fear to his first amazement, *st*aring wide
With *st*ony eyes, and heartless hollow hue,
A*st*onish'd *st*ood."—SPENSER, *Faerie Queen*, i. 9, l. 24.

"But th' heedful boatman *str*ongly forth did *str*etch
His brawny arms, and all his body *str*ain."

For the next line cp. stanza 13.

29.—The metrical peculiarity of this hymn is, that the rhymes of the even lines of the first quatrain (or set of four lines) are taken up as those of the odd lines in the second, and that they are the same in all three stanzas.

*Eider*, a species of sea-duck, producing down of the finest and softest kind.

30.—An instance of poetic irony. It is the 'last time' in another sense than Roderick means. So in the curse quoted on stanza 10, Œdipus was unconsciously cursing himself.

*Foul demons.* The Urisks.

31.—*Scarce to be known by curious eye,*
*From the deep heather where they lie.*

A hint to prepare for the scene in v. 9.

# THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

## CANTO FOURTH.

### The Prophecy.

I.

'THE rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears:
The rose is sweetest washed with morning dew,
And love is loveliest when embalmed in tears.
O wilding rose, whom fancy thus endears,
I bid your blossoms in my bonnet wave,
Emblem of hope and love through future years!'—
Thus spoke young Norman, heir of Armandave,
What time the sun arose on Vennachar's broad wave.

II.

Such fond conceit, half said, half sung,
Love prompted to the bridegroom's tongue.
All while he stripped the wild-rose spray,
His axe and bow beside him lay,
For on a pass 'twixt lake and wood,
A wakeful sentinel he stood.
Hark!—on the rock a footstep rung,
And instant to his arms he sprung.
'Stand, or thou diest!—What, Malise?—soon
Art thou returned from Braes of Doune.
By thy keen step and glance I know,
Thou bring'st us tidings of the foe.'—
(For while the Fiery Cross hied on,
On distant scout had Malise gone.)

'Where sleeps the Chief?' the henchman said.
'Apart, in yonder misty glade;
To his lone couch I'll be your guide.'—
Then called a slumberer by his side,
And stirred him with his slackened bow—
'Up, up, Glentarkin! rouse thee, ho!
We seek the Chieftain; on the track,
Keep eagle watch till I come back.'

III.

Together up the pass they sped:
'What of the foemen?' Norman said.—
'Varying reports from near and far;
This certain—that a band of war
Has for two days been ready boune,
At prompt command, to march from Doune;
King James, the while, with princely powers,
Holds revelry in Stirling towers.
Soon will this dark and gathering cloud
Speak on our glens in thunder loud.
Inured to bide such bitter bout,
The warrior's plaid may bear it out;
But, Norman, how wilt thou provide
A shelter for thy bonny bride?'—
'What! know ye not that Roderick's care
To the lone isle hath caused repair
Each maid and matron of the clan,
And every child and aged man
Unfit for arms; and given his charge,
Nor skiff nor shallop, boat nor barge,
Upon these lakes shall float at large,
But all beside the islet moor,
That such dear pledge may rest secure?'—

IV.

''Tis well advised—the Chieftain's plan
Bespeaks the father of his clan.
But wherefore sleeps Sir Roderick Dhu
Apart from all his followers true?'—
'It is, because last evening-tide
Brian an augury hath tried,
Of that dread kind which must not be
Unless in dread extremity,

The Taghairm called; by which, afar,
Our sires foresaw the events of war.
Duncraggan's milk-white bull they slew'—

MALISE.

'Ah! well the gallant brute I knew!
The choicest of the prey we had,
When swept our merry-men Gallangad.
His hide was snow, his horns were dark
His red eye glowed like fiery spark;
So fierce, so tameless, and so fleet,
Sore did he cumber our retreat,
And kept our stoutest kernes in awe,
Even at the pass of Beal 'maha.
But steep and flinty was the road,
And sharp the hurrying pikeman's goad,
And when we came to Dennan's Row,
A child might scatheless stroke his brow.'—

V.

NORMAN.

'That bull was slain: his reeking hide
They stretched the cataract beside,
Whose waters their wild tumult toss
Adown the black and craggy boss
Of that huge cliff, whose ample verge
Tradition calls the Hero's Targe.
Couched on a shelve beneath its brink,
Close where the thundering torrents sink,
Rocking beneath their headlong sway,
And drizzled by the ceaseless spray,
Midst groan of rock, and roar of stream,
The wizard waits prophetic dream.
Nor distant rests the Chief;—but hush!
See, gliding slow through mist and bush,
The hermit gains yon rock, and stands
To gaze upon our slumbering bands.
Seems he not, Malise, like a ghost,
That hovers o'er a slaughtered host?
Or raven on the blasted oak,
That, watching while the deer is broke,
His morsel claims with sullen croak?'

MALISE.

—'Peace! peace! to other than to me,
Thy words were evil augury;
But still I hold Sir Roderick's blade
Clan-Alpine's omen and her aid,
Not aught that, gleaned from heaven or hell,
Yon fiend-begotten monk can tell.
The Chieftain joins him, see—and now,
Together they descend the brow.'

VI.

And, as they came, with Alpine's Lord
The Hermit Monk held solemn word:
'Roderick! it is a fearful strife,
For man endowed with mortal life,
Whose shroud of sentient clay can still
Feel feverish pang and fainting chill,
Whose eye can stare in stony trance,
Whose hair can rouse like warrior's lance—
'Tis hard for such to view, unfurled,
The curtain of the future world.
Yet, witness every quaking limb,
My sunken pulse, mine eyeballs dim,
My soul with harrowing anguish torn,
This for my Chieftain have I borne!—
The shapes that sought my fearful couch,
A human tongue may ne'er avouch;
No mortal man—save he, who, bred
Between the living and the dead,
Is gifted beyond nature's law—
Had e'er survived to say he saw.
At length the fateful answer came,
In characters of living flame!
Not spoke in word, nor blazed in scroll,
But borne and branded on my soul;—
WHICH SPILLS THE FOREMOST FOEMAN'S LIFE,
THAT PARTY CONQUERS IN THE STRIFE.'

VII.

'Thanks, Brian, for thy zeal and care!
Good is thine augury, and fair,

Clan-Alpine ne'er in battle stood,
But first our broadswords tasted blood.
A surer victim still I know,
Self-offered to the auspicious blow :
A spy has sought my land this morn—
No eve shall witness his return !
My followers guard each pass's mouth,
To east, to westward, and to south ;
Red Murdoch, bribed to be his guide,
Has charge to lead his steps aside,
Till, in deep path or dingle brown,
He light on those shall bring him down.
—But see, who comes his news to shew !
Malise ! what tidings of the foe ?'—

VIII.

'At Doune, o'er many a spear and glaive,
Two Barons proud their banners wave.
I saw the Moray's silver star,
And marked the sable pale of Mar.'
'By Alpine's soul, high tidings those !
I love to hear of worthy foes.
When move they on ?'—'To-morrow's noon
Will see them here for battle boune.'
'Then shall it see a meeting stern !—
But, for the place—say, couldst thou learn
Nought of the friendly clans of Earn ?
Strengthened by them, we well might bide
The battle on Benledi's side.
Thou couldst not ?—well ! Clan-Alpine's men
Shall man the Trosachs' shaggy glen ;
Within Loch Katrine's gorge we 'll fight,
All in our maids' and matrons' sight,
Each for his hearth and household fire,
Father for child, and son for sire—
Lover for maid beloved !—But why—
Is it the breeze affects mine eye ?
Or dost thou come, ill-omened tear !
A messenger of doubt or fear ?
No ! sooner may the Saxon lance
Unfix Benledi from his stance,
Than doubt or terror can pierce through
The unyielding heart of Roderick Dhu !

'Tis stubborn as his trusty targe.
Each to his post!—all know their charge.'
The pibroch sounds, the bands advance,
The broadswords gleam, the banners dance,
Obedient to the Chieftain's glance.
—I turn me from the martial roar,
And seek Coir-Uriskin once more.

## IX.

Where is the Douglas?—he is gone
And Ellen sits on the gray stone
Fast by the cave, and makes her moan;
While vainly Allan's words of cheer
Are poured on her unheeding ear.—
'He will return—Dear lady, trust!—
With joy return;—he will—he must.
Well was it time to seek, afar,
Some refuge from impending war,
When e'en Clan-Alpine's rugged swarm
Are cowed by the approaching storm.
I saw their boats with many a light,
Floating the live-long yesternight,
Shifting like flashes darted forth
By the red streamers of the north;
I marked at morn how close they ride,
Thick moored by the lone islet's side,
Like wild-ducks couching in the fen,
When stoops the hawk upon the glen.
Since this rude race dare not abide
The peril on the mainland side,
Shall not thy noble father's care
Some safe retreat for thee prepare?'—

## X.

ELLEN.

'No, Allan, no! Pretext so kind
My wakeful terrors could not blind.
When in such tender tone, yet grave,
Douglas a parting blessing gave,
The tear that glistened in his eye
Drowned not his purpose fixed on high.

My soul, though feminine and weak,
Can image his; e'en as the lake,
Itself disturbed by slightest stroke,
Reflects the invulnerable rock.
He hears report of battle rife,
He deems himself the cause of strife.
I saw him redden, when the theme
Turned, Allan, on thine idle dream
Of Malcolm Græme in fetters bound,
Which I, thou saidst, about him wound.
Think'st thou he trowed thine omen aught?
Oh no! 'twas apprehensive thought
For the kind youth—for Roderick too—
(Let me be just) that friend so true;
In danger both, and in our cause!
Minstrel, the Douglas dare not pause.
Why else that solemn warning given,
"If not on earth, we meet in heaven!"
Why else, to Cambus-kenneth's fane,
If eve return him not again,
Am I to hie, and make me known?
Alas! he goes to Scotland's throne,
Buys his friend's safety with his own;—
He goes to do—what I had done,
Had Douglas' daughter been his son!'—

## XI.

'Nay, lovely Ellen!—dearest, nay!
If aught should his return delay,
He only named yon holy fane
As fitting place to meet again.
Be sure he's safe; and for the Græme—
Heaven's blessing on his gallant name!—
My visioned sight may yet prove true,
Nor bode of ill to him or you.
When did my gifted dream beguile?
Think of the stranger at the isle,
And think upon the harpings slow,
That presaged this approaching woe!
Sooth was my prophecy of fear;
Believe it when it augurs cheer.
Would we had left this dismal spot!
Ill luck still haunts a fairy grot.

Of such a wondrous tale I know—
Dear lady, change that look of woe,
My harp was wont thy grief to cheer.'—

ELLEN.

'Well, be it as thou wilt; I hear,
But cannot stop the bursting tear.'
The Minstrel tried his simple art,
But distant far was Ellen's heart.

## XII.

## Ballad.

ALICE BRAND.

Merry it is in the good greenwood,
When the mavis and merle are singing,
When the deer sweeps by, and the hounds are in cry,
And the hunter's horn is ringing.

'O Alice Brand, my native land
Is lost for love of you;
And we must hold by wood and wold,
As outlaws wont to do.

'O Alice, 'twas all for thy locks so bright,
And 'twas all for thine eyes so blue,
That, on the night of our luckless flight,
Thy brother bold I slew.

'Now must I teach to hew the beech,
The hand that held the glaive,
For leaves to spread our lowly bed,
And stakes to fence our cave.

'And for vest of pall, thy fingers small,
That wont on harp to stray,
A cloak must sheer from the slaughtered deer
To keep the cold away.'—

'O Richard! if my brother died,
'Twas but a fatal chance;
For darkling was the battle tried,
And fortune sped the lance.

'If pall and vair no more I wear,
Nor thou the crimson sheen,
As warm, we'll say, is the russet gray,
As gay the forest-green.

'And, Richard, if our lot be hard,
And lost thy native land,
Still Alice has her own Richard,
And he his Alice Brand.'

## XIII.

BALLAD CONTINUED.

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good greenwood,
So blithe Lady Alice is singing;
On the beech's pride, and the oak's brown side,
Lord Richard's axe is ringing.

Up spoke the moody Elfin King,
Who woned within the hill—
Like wind in the porch of a ruined church,
His voice was ghostly shrill.

'Why sounds yon stroke on beech and oak,
Our moonlight circle's screen?
Or who comes here to chase the deer,
Beloved of our Elfin Queen?
Or who may dare on wold to wear
The fairies' fatal green?

'Up, Urgan, up! to yon mortal hie,
For thou wert christened man;
For cross or sign thou wilt not fly,
For muttered word or ban.

'Lay on him the curse of the withered heart,
The curse of the sleepless eye;
Till he wish and pray that his life would part,
Nor yet find leave to die.'

## XIV.

BALLAD CONTINUED.

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good greenwood,
Though the birds have stilled their singing;
The evening blaze doth Alice raise,
And Richard is fagots bringing.

Up Urgan starts, that hideous dwarf,
Before Lord Richard stands,
And, as he crossed and blessed himself,
'I fear not sign,' quoth the grisly elf,
'That is made with bloody hands.'

But out then spoke she, Alice Brand,
That woman void of fear—
'And if there's blood upon his hand,
'Tis but the blood of deer.'—

'Now loud thou liest, thou bold of mood!
It cleaves unto his hand,
The stain of thine own kindly blood,
The blood of Ethert Brand.'

Then forward stepped she, Alice Brand,
And made the holy sign—
'And if there's blood on Richard's hand,
A spotless hand is mine.

'And I conjure thee, Demon elf,
By Him whom Demons fear,
To shew us whence thou art thyself,
And what thine errand here?'—

## XV.

### BALLAD CONTINUED.

''Tis merry, 'tis merry, in Fairy-land,
When fairy birds are singing,
When the court doth ride by their monarch's side,
With bit and bridle ringing:

'And gaily shines the Fairy-land—
But all is glistening show,
Like the idle gleam that December's beam
Can dart on ice and snow.

'And fading, like that varied gleam,
Is our inconstant shape,
Who now like knight and lady seem,
And now like dwarf and ape.

'It was between the night and day,
When the Fairy King has power,
That I sunk down in a sinful fray,
And, 'twixt life and death, was snatched away
To the joyless Elfin bower.

'But wist I of a woman bold,
Who thrice my brow durst sign,
I might regain my mortal mold,
As fair a form as thine.'

She crossed him once—she crossed him twice—
That lady was so brave;
The fouler grew his goblin hue,
The darker grew the cave.

She crossed him thrice, that lady bold;
He rose beneath her hand
The fairest knight on Scottish mold,
Her brother, Ethert Brand!

Merry it is in good greenwood,
When the mavis and merle are singing,
But merrier were they in Dunfermline gray
When all the bells were ringing.

## XVI.

Just as the minstrel sounds were staid,
A stranger climbed the steepy glade;
His martial step, his stately mien,
His hunting suit of Lincoln green,
His eagle glance, remembrance claims—
'Tis Snowdoun's Knight, 'tis James Fitz-James.
Ellen beheld as in a dream,
Then, starting, scarce suppressed a scream:
'O stranger! in such hour of fear,
What evil hap has brought thee here?'—
'An evil hap how can it be,
That bids me look again on thee?
By promise bound, my former guide
Met me betimes this morning tide,
And marshalled, over bank and bourne,
The happy path of my return.'—

'The happy path!—what! said he nought
Of war, of battle to be fought,
Of guarded pass?'—'No, by my faith!
Nor saw I aught could augur scathe.'—
'O haste thee, Allan, to the kern,
—Yonder his tartans I discern;
Learn thou his purpose, and conjure
That he will guide the stranger sure!—
What prompted thee, unhappy man?
The meanest serf in Roderick's clan
Had not been bribed by love or fear,
Unknown to him to guide thee here.'—

## XVII.

'Sweet Ellen, dear my life must be,
Since it is worthy care from thee;
Yet life I hold but idle breath,
When love or honour's weighed with death.
Then let me profit by my chance,
And speak my purpose bold at once.
I come to bear thee from a wild,
Where ne'er before such blossom smiled;
By this soft hand to lead thee far
From frantic scenes of feud and war.
Near Bochastle my horses wait;
They bear us soon to Stirling gate.
I'll place thee in a lovely bower,
I'll guard thee like a tender flower'——
'O! hush, Sir Knight! 'twere female art,
To say I do not read thy heart;
Too much, before, my selfish ear
Was idly soothed my praise to hear.
That fatal bait hath lured thee back,
In deathful hour, o'er dangerous track;
And how, O how, can I atone
The wreck my vanity brought on!—
One way remains—I'll tell him all—
Yes! struggling bosom, forth it shall!
Thou, whose light folly bears the blame,
Buy thine own pardon with thy shame!
But first—my father is a man
Outlawed and exiled, under ban;

The price of blood is on his head,
With me 'twere infamy to wed.—
Still wouldst thou speak?—then hear the truth!
Fitz-James, there is a noble youth—
If yet he is!—exposed for me
And mine to dread extremity—
Thou hast the secret of my heart;
Forgive, be generous, and depart!'

## XVIII.

Fitz-James knew every wily train
A lady's fickle heart to gain,
But here he knew and felt them vain.
There shot no glance from Ellen's eye,
To give her steadfast speech the lie;
In maiden confidence she stood,
Though mantled in her cheek the blood,
And told her love with such a sigh
Of deep and hopeless agony,
As death had sealed her Malcolm's doom,
And she sat sorrowing on his tomb.
Hope vanished from Fitz-James's eye,
But not with hope fled sympathy.
He proffered to attend her side,
As brother would a sister guide.—
'O! little know'st thou Roderick's heart!
Safer for both we go apart.
O haste thee, and from Allan learn,
If thou mayst trust yon wily kern.'
With hand upon his forehead laid,
The conflict of his mind to shade,
A parting step or two he made:
Then, as some thought had crossed his brain,
He paused, and turned, and came again.

## XIX.

'Hear, lady, yet, a parting word!—
It chanced in fight that my poor sword
Preserved the life of Scotland's lord.
This ring the grateful monarch gave,
And bade, when I had boon to crave,

To bring it back, and boldly claim
The recompense that I would name.
Ellen, I am no courtly lord,
But one who lives by lance and sword,
Whose castle is his helm and shield,
His lordship the embattled field.
What from a prince can I demand,
Who neither reck of state nor land?
Ellen, thy hand—the ring is thine;
Each guard and usher knows the sign.
Seek thou the king without delay;
This signet shall secure thy way;
And claim thy suit, whate'er it be,
As ransom of his pledge to me.'
He placed the golden circlet on,
Paused—kissed her hand—and then was gone.
The aged Minstrel stood aghast,
So hastily Fitz-James shot past.
He joined his guide, and wending down
The ridges of the mountain brown,
Across the stream they took their way,
That joins Loch Katrine to Achray.

XX.

All in the Trosachs' glen was still,
Noontide was sleeping on the hill:
Sudden his guide whooped loud and high—
'Murdoch! was that a signal cry?'—
He stammered forth—'I shout to scare
Yon raven from his dainty fare.'
He looked—he knew the raven's prey,
His own brave steed:—'Ah, gallant gray!
For thee—for me, perchance—'twere well
We ne'er had seen the Trosachs' dell.—
Murdoch, move first—but silently;
Whistle or whoop, and thou shalt die!'
Jealous and sullen on they fared,
Each silent, each upon his guard.

XXI.

Now wound the path its dizzy ledge
Around a precipice's edge,

When lo! a wasted female form,
Blighted by wrath of sun and storm,
In tattered weeds and wild array,
Stood on a cliff beside the way,
And glancing round her restless eye,
Upon the wood, the rock, the sky,
Seemed nought to mark, yet all to spy.
Her brow was wreathed with gaudy broom;
With gesture wild she waved a plume
Of feathers, which the eagles fling
To crag and cliff from dusky wing;
Such spoils her desperate step had sought,
Where scarce was footing for the goat.
The tartan plaid she first descried,
And shrieked till all the rocks replied;
As loud she laughed when near they drew,
For then the Lowland garb she knew;
And then her hands she wildly wrung,
And then she wept, and then she sung—
She sung!—the voice, in better time,
Perchance to harp or lute might chime;
And now, though strained and roughened, still
Rung wildly sweet to dale and hill.

## XXII.

### SONG.

They bid me sleep, they bid me pray,
They say my brain is warped and wrung—
I cannot sleep on Highland brae,
I cannot pray in Highland tongue.
But were I now where Allan glides,
Or heard my native Devan's tides,
So sweetly would I rest, and pray
That Heaven would close my wintry day.

'Twas thus my hair they bade me braid,
They made me to the church repair;
It was my bridal morn, they said,
And my true love would meet me there.
But woe betide the cruel guile,
That drowned in blood the morning smile!
And woe betide the fairy dream!
I only waked to sob and scream.

XXIII.

'Who is this maid? what means her lay?
She hovers o'er the hollow way,
And flutters wide her mantle gray,
As the lone heron spreads his wing,
By twilight, o'er a haunted spring.'—
''Tis Blanche of Devan,' Murdoch said,
'A crazed and captive Lowland maid,
Ta'en on the morn she was a bride,
When Roderick forayed Devan-side.
The gay bridegroom resistance made,
And felt our Chief's unconquered blade.
I marvel she is now at large,
But oft she 'scapes from Maudlin's charge.—
Hence, brain-sick fool!'—He raised his bow:—
'Now, if thou strik'st her but one blow,
I'll pitch thee from the cliff as far
As ever peasant pitched a bar!'
'Thanks, champion, thanks!' the Maniac cried,
And pressed her to Fitz-James's side.
'See the gray pennons I prepare,
To seek my true-love through the air!
I will not lend that savage groom,
To break his fall, one downy plume!
No!—deep amid disjointed stones,
The wolves shall batten on his bones,
And then shall his detested plaid,
By bush and brier in mid air staid,
Wave forth a banner fair and free,
Meet signal for their revelry.'—

XXIV.

'Hush thee, poor maiden, and be still!'—
'O! thou look'st kindly, and I will.—
Mine eye has dried and wasted been,
But still it loves the Lincoln green;
And, though mine ear is all unstrung,
Still, still it loves the Lowland tongue.

'For O my sweet William was forester true,
He stole poor Blanche's heart away!
His coat it was all of the greenwood hue,
And so blithely he trilled the Lowland lay!

'It was not that I meant to tell . . .
But thou art wise, and guessest well.'
Then, in a low and broken tone,
And hurried note, the song went on.

Still on the Clansman, fearfully,
She fixed her apprehensive eye;
Then turned it on the Knight, and then
Her look glanced wildly o'er the glen.

## XXV.

'The toils are pitched, and the stakes are set,
Ever sing merrily, merrily;
The bows they bend, and the knives they whet,
Hunters live so cheerily.

'It was a stag, a stag of ten,
Bearing his branches sturdily;
He came stately down the glen,
Ever sing hardily, hardily.

'It was there he met with a wounded doe,
She was bleeding deathfully;
She warned him of the toils below,
O, so faithfully, faithfully!

'He had an eye, and he could heed,
Ever sing warily, warily;
He had a foot, and he could speed—
Hunters watch so narrowly.'

## XXVI.

Fitz-James's mind was passion-tossed,
When Ellen's hints and fears were lost;
But Murdoch's shout suspicion wrought,
And Blanche's song conviction brought.—
Not like a stag that spies the snare,
But lion of the hunt aware,
He waved at once his blade on high,
'Disclose thy treachery, or die!'
Forth at full speed the Clansman flew,
But in his race his bow he drew.

The shaft just grazed Fitz-James's crest,
And thrilled in Blanche's faded breast—
Murdoch of Alpine! prove thy speed,
For ne'er had Alpine's son such need!
With heart of fire, and foot of wind,
The fierce avenger is behind!
Fate judges of the rapid strife—
The forfeit death—the prize is life!
Thy kindred ambush lies before,
Close couched upon the heathery moor;
Them couldst thou reach!—it may not be—
Thine ambushed kin thou ne'er shalt see,
The fiery Saxon gains on thee!
—Resistless speeds the deadly thrust,
As lightning strikes the pine to dust;
With foot and hand Fitz-James must strain,
Ere he can win his blade again.
Bent o'er the fall'n, with falcon eye,
He grimly smiled to see him die;
Then slower wended back his way,
Where the poor maiden bleeding lay.

## XXVII.

She sate beneath the birchen tree,
Her elbow resting on her knee;
She had withdrawn the fatal shaft,
And gazed on it, and feebly laughed;
Her wreath of broom and feathers gray,
Daggled with blood, beside her lay.
The Knight to stanch the life-stream tried—
'Stranger, it is in vain!' she cried.
'This hour of death has given me more
Of reason's power than years before;
For, as these ebbing veins decay,
My frenzied visions fade away.
A helpless injured wretch I die,
And something tells me in thine eye,
That thou wert mine avenger born.—
Seest thou this tress?—O! still I've worn
This little tress of yellow hair,
Through danger, frenzy, and despair!
It once was bright and clear as thine,
But blood and tears have dimmed its shine.

I will not tell thee when 'twas shred,
Nor from what guiltless victim's head—
My brain would turn !—but it shall wave
Like plumage on thy helmet brave,
Till sun and wind shall bleach the stain,
And thou wilt bring it me again.—
I waver still.—O God ! more bright
Let reason beam her parting light !—
O ! by thy knighthood's honoured sign,
And for thy life preserved by mine,
When thou shalt see a darksome man,
Who boasts him Chief of Alpine's clan,
With tartans broad and shadowy plume,
And hand of blood, and brow of gloom,
Be thy heart bold, thy weapon strong,
And wreak poor Blanche of Devan's wrong !—
They watch for thee by pass and fell . . .
Avoid the path . . . O God ! . . . farewell.'

## XXVIII.

A kindly heart had brave Fitz-James;
Fast poured his eyes at pity's claims,
And now, with mingled grief and ire,
He saw the murdered maid expire.
'God, in my need, be my relief,
As I wreak this on yonder Chief !'
A lock from Blanche's tresses fair
He blended with her bridegroom's hair;
The mingled braid in blood he dyed,
And placed it on his bonnet-side:
'By Him, whose word is truth! I swear,
No other favour will I wear,
Till this sad token I imbrue
In the best blood of Roderick Dhu!
—But hark! what means yon faint halloo?
The chase is up—but they shall know,
The stag at bay's a dangerous foe.'
Barred from the known but guarded way,
Through copse and cliffs Fitz-James must stray
And oft must change his desperate track,
By stream and precipice turned back.
Heartless, fatigued, and faint, at length,
From lack of food and loss of strength,

He couched him in a thicket hoar,
And thought his toils and perils o'er:—
'Of all my rash adventures past,
This frantic feat must prove the last!
Who e'er so mad but might have guessed,
That all this Highland hornet's nest
Would muster up in swarms so soon
As e'er they heard of bands at Doune?
Like bloodhounds now they search me out—
Hark, to the whistle and the shout!—
If farther through the wilds I go,
I only fall upon the foe:
I'll couch me here till evening gray,
Then darkling try my dangerous way.'

## XXIX.

The shades of eve come slowly down,
The woods are wrapt in deeper brown,
The owl awakens from her dell,
The fox is heard upon the fell;
Enough remains of glimmering light
To guide the wanderer's steps aright,
Yet not enough from far to shew
His figure to the watchful foe.
With cautious step, and ear awake,
He climbs the crag and threads the brake;
And not the summer solstice, there,
Tempered the midnight mountain air,
But every breeze, that swept the wold,
Benumbed his drenched limbs with cold.
In dread, in danger, and alone,
Famished and chilled, through ways unknown,
Tangled and steep, he journeyed on;
Till, as a rock's huge point he turned,
A watch-fire close before him burned.

## XXX.

Beside its embers red and clear,
Basked, in his plaid, a mountaineer;
And up he sprung with sword in hand—
'Thy name and purpose! Saxon, stand!'—

'A stranger.'—'What dost thou require?'—
'Rest and a guide, and food and fire.
My life's beset, my path is lost,
The gale has chilled my limbs with frost.'—
'Art thou a friend to Roderick?'—'No.'—
'Thou darest not call thyself a foe?'—
'I dare! to him and all the band
He brings to aid his murderous hand.'—
'Bold words!—but, though the beast of game
The privilege of chase may claim,
Though space and law the stag we lend,
Ere hound we slip, or bow we bend,
Who ever recked, where, how, or when,
The prowling fox was trapped or slain?
Thus treacherous scouts—yet sure they lie,
Who say thou camest a secret spy?'—
'They do, by Heaven!—Come Roderick Dhu,
And of his clan the boldest two,
And let me but till morning rest,
I write the false blood on their crest.'—
'If by the blaze I mark aright,
Thou bear'st the belt and spur of Knight.'—
'Then by these tokens mayst thou know
Each proud oppressor's mortal foe.'—
'Enough, enough; sit down and share
A soldier's couch, a soldier's fare.'

## XXXI.

He gave him of his Highland cheer,
The hardened flesh of mountain deer;
Dry fuel on the fire he laid,
And bade the Saxon share his plaid.
He tended him like welcome guest,
Then thus his further speech addressed:—
'Stranger, I am to Roderick Dhu,
A clansman born, a kinsman true;
Each word against his honour spoke,
Demands of me avenging stroke;
Yet more—upon my fate, 'tis said,
A mighty augury is laid.
It rests with me to wind my horn—
Thou art with numbers overborne;

It rests with me, here, brand to brand,
Worn as thou art, to bid thee stand:
But, not for clan, nor kindred's cause,
Will I depart from honour's laws;
To assail a wearied man were shame,
And stranger is a holy name;
Guidance and rest, and food and fire,
In vain he never must require.
Then rest thee here till dawn of day;
Myself will guide thee on the way,
O'er stock and stone, through watch and ward,
Till past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard,
As far as Coilantogle's ford;
From thence thy warrant is thy sword.'—
'I take thy courtesy, by Heaven,
As freely as 'tis nobly given!'—
'Well rest thee; for the bittern's cry
Sings us the lake's wild lullaby.'
With that he shook the gathered heath,
And spread his plaid upon the wreath;
And the brave foemen, side by side,
Lay peaceful down like brothers tried,
And slept until the dawning beam
Purpled the mountain and the stream.

MISS S. MACA 'STER AS LADY MAR[illegible]

# NOTES

## CANTO IV.

"Opens with more incantations." The clans are gathered, the Lowlanders are at Doune waiting the command to advance, and Brian tries by a weird augury to discover what shall be the issue of the fight. He takes care to magnify his own courage and merit in so doing, and declares as the result of his spells that the victory will rest with those that draw the first blood. Meantime the Douglas has left his daughter in Allan's charge, and himself is gone on some secret errand, which he does not confide to them. Ellen's fears are aroused. She feels as by instinct that her father has gone to purchase, by surrender of himself, the release of Malcolm Græme, whom they imagine to be captive. In vain the minstrel seeks to cheer her grief. She gives little heed to his song. It is hardly ended when Fitz-James again appears, bent now on carrying her off with him to Stirling, away from noise of battle. She has recognised his noble nature, and feels that the safest way is to trust him with her secret. He offers to stay for her protection; but Ellen knows better than he the danger that this would involve to them both, and declines the offer. So he leaves with her a ring, a pledge, as he says, which he received from the king, and which will assure her of the king's protection. He returns to his guide, who is really a clansman of Roderick, set to draw him on, in the belief that he is a spy. They set off eastward, when suddenly the guide gives a loud whoop. Fitz-James, to whom Allan Bane has already suggested doubts of the man's truth, fancies that this is a signal cry; but Murdoch manages for the time to lull his suspicions. Presently they come upon a wild-looking woman, taken captive, as Murdoch relates, in one of Clan-Alpine's raids in the Lowlands. It had been her wedding-morn, and her husband had fallen by Roderick's sword. Her reason had given way; but one passion, that of revenge, is awake still. She recognises the knight's Lowland dress, and warns him in a wild song of his danger. He turns upon his guide, and bids him disclose his treachery. But the man takes to his heels, first discharging a Parthian shot, which grazes the knight's helmet, and fatally wounds poor Blanche. Murdoch's speed is vain; he is over-

taken and slain before he can reach his friends; and Fitz-James, soothing the mad woman in her last hour, swears to avenge her wrong on Roderick. Left without guide in the midst of foes he deems it prudent not to advance till nightfall. Then he pursues his way as best he can; but soon comes full upon one of the enemy's watch-fires. He boldly avows himself Roderick's foe; but the stranger, assured that he is not a spy, refuses to take advantage of his weariness, and gives him shelter for the night, promising to guide him on the morrow to the border of the king's domain.

Note the ballad of Alice Brand, which catches well the weirdness, as well as the rhythm of the old ballads; and the episode of Blanche of Devan, which is full of beauty, whatever judgment be passed on the use which is made of it for Fitz-James's warning.

The description of the Taghairm is another instance of the same fondness for antiquarianism which has given us the long details of the Fiery Cross. It seems a pity to have so much of this in a poem whose main interest is not antiquarian. The ballad is probably only meant as a specimen of border minstrelsy, though it may not be fanciful to read in it the lesson so suited to Ellen's position, that purity and innocence are the best grounds of courage, and will conquer difficulties, which guilty hands are powerless to overcome. Fitz-James's gift of the ring, though a somewhat stale device, prepares for the final *denouement*.

Of the episode of Blanche of Devan Lord Jeffrey speaks very severely. "No machinery," he says, "can be conceived more clumsy for effecting the deliverance of a distressed hero than the introduction of a mad woman, who, without knowing or caring about the wanderer, warns him, *by a song*, to take care of the ambush that was set for him." And to make a maniac sing good sense, and sensible people be guided by it, he thinks "a rash extension of the privileges of the maniacs of poetry." This criticism seems unjust. The cruelty of Roderick's raids in the Lowlands has already been hinted at, and the sight of the Lowland dress might well stir associations in the poor girl's mind which would lead her to look to the knight for help and protection, and also to warn him of his danger. It is plain, from Murdoch's surprise, that her being out of her captors' sight is looked on as dangerous, from which we may infer that she is not entirely crazed. Her song is not the only hint that Fitz-James follows. His suspicions had already twice been excited, so that the episode seems natural enough. As giving a distinct personal ground for the combat in canto v., it serves the poet's purpose still further. Without it, we should sympathize too much with the robber chief, who thinks that "plundering Lowland field and fold is naught but retribution true;" but the sight of this sad fruit of his raids wins us back to the cause of law and order.

*Stanza* 1.—*When it dawns from fears.* Cp. the Greek τυφλὸς ἐκ δεδορκότος. This use of 'from' is not common; it combines the idea of 'starting from' with that of 'change.' Compare, "You *from* a stranger to become my confidant."—COLERIDGE, *Wallenstein*, iv. 4. "The greatest part had been born peasants, and had risen *from* private soldiers by military merit."—GIBBON.

2.—*Spray*, a small shoot or branch of a tree. (O.H.G. 'spraioh,' 'twigs.') Akin to 'spread,' A.S. 'sprædan.' The form 'spraid' is used in the eastern counties for 'to sprinkle.' So the *spray* of water when it *spreads* out. For the dropping of *d*, compare Low German 'spreden,' 'spreën.'

*Sentinel.* French 'sentinelle,' Italian 'sentinella;' generally derived from Latin 'sentire,' 'to perceive,' as 'scout' from 'scolta' ('auscultare'), 'one who listens.' It is difficult to account for the *in*, though Littré adduces 'Sentinus,' the name of a god, derived from 'sentio.' Wedgwood derives from Old French 'sente,' Latin 'semita,' from the short track or *beat* of the sentinel. This derivation is corroborated by the fact that in some country districts of France 'sentier'='sergent de ville,' watch. [The suggestion of 'sentina,' 'the water in the hold;' *i.e.* 'one who watches the water in the hold,' may be dismissed.]

*Braes of Doune.* The name given to the undulating country north of the Teith, between Callander and Doune, a village half way to Stirling.

*Scout.* French 'écouter.' See last note but one.

*Glentarkin.* In Perthshire, on the north of Lochearn. The man takes his name from his residence.

3.—*Band of war.* Note the genitive for the adjective—'a warrior-band'

*Doune* (Gaelic 'dun,' 'a castle,' 'fort,' 'mound'), on a peninsula formed by the confluence of the Ardoch and the Teith. The castle is the property of the earls of Moray.

*Bout*, or 'bought.' A.S. 'bugan,' to bow or bend. "The *boughts* of a rope are the separate folds when coiled in a circle; and as the coils come round and round in similar circles, a *bout* is applied to the *turns* of things that succeed one another at certain intervals."—WEDGWOOD.

*The warrior's plaid may bear it out.* A good instance of poetic terseness. 'The warrior may bear it out: his plaid is sufficient shelter for him; but how provide shelter for thy bride?'

4.—*The Taghairm called; by which, afar,*
*Our sires foresaw the events of war.*

"The Highlanders, like all rude people, had various superstitious

modes of inquiring into futurity. One of the most noted was the *Taghairm* [from 'targair,' to foretell], mentioned in the text. A person was wrapped up in the skin of a newly-slain bullock, and deposited beside a waterfall, or at the bottom of a precipice, or in some other strange, wild, and unusual situation, where the scenery around him suggested nothing but objects of horror. In this situation he revolved in his mind the question proposed, and whatever was impressed upon him by his exalted imagination passed for the inspiration of the disembodied spirits who haunt the desolate recesses."—SCOTT.

*Gallangad.* Apparently part of the Lennox district, near Strath Endrick. The incident here related actually happened in one of Rob Roy's raids.

*Kernes* (Gaelic 'cearthamach,' light-armed fighting men). "They had spears, swords, and dirks, but bows and arrows were their usual arms." The term became in the Low Country one of reproach, being associated with ideas of foraging and plunder. The heavy-armed soldier was called 'Galloglach.' Hence Shakespeare's

"Of *Kerns* and *Gallowglasses* is supplied."—*Macbeth*, i. 2.

*Beal 'maha*, "the pass of the plain," on the east of Loch Lomond, opposite Inch-Calliach.

*Lennan's Row*, or Rowardennan, at the foot of Ben Lomond, by the side of the lake, about six miles above Beal 'maha.

5.—*Boss*, 'projection.' German 'butze,' a blunt point or lump; Dutch 'buise,' a boil; Breton 'bos,' a tumour.

*Hero's Targe.* "A rock in the forest of Glenfinlas, by which a tumultuary cataract takes its course."—SCOTT.

*Shelve*, a slanting part of the rock. Swiss 'schelb,' slanting; Old Norse 'skjálgr,' oblique. Hence our 'shallow,' 'shoal.' The noun is seldom used. 'Shelf' is a different word, from A. S. 'scylfe,' 'a board,' 'bench.'

*Broke*, 'quartered.' "Everything belonging to the chase was matter of solemnity among our ancestors; but nothing was more so than the mode of cutting up, or, as it was technically called, *breaking*, the slaughtered stag. The forester had his allotted portion, the hounds had a certain allowance, and, to make the division as general as possible, the very birds had their share also."—SCOTT.

"MARIAN. He that undoes him
Doth cleave the brisket bone, upon the spoon
Of which a little gristle grows: you call it——
"ROBIN HOOD. The *raven's bone.*
"MARIAN. Now o'er head sat a raven
On a sere bough, a grown, great bird, and hoarse,
Who, all the while the deer was *breaking* up,

So croak'd and cried for 't, as all the huntsmen,
Especially old Scathlock, thought it ominous."
—BEN JONSON, *Sad Shepherd*, i. 2.

Compare the description in the *Bride of Lammermoor*, ch. ix.: "Bucklaw was soon stript to his doublet, with tucked-up sleeves, . . . slashing, cutting, hacking, and hewing, . . . and wrangling and disputing with all around him concerning nombles, briskets, flankards, and *raven-bones*."

6.—*Feel feverish pang*, &c. See note on canto iii. 28.

*Avouch* (French 'avouer,' Latin 'advocare'). An 'advocatus' at Rome was a friend summoned to support an accused person by his presence, which might be an evidence of the respectability of the accused, or an indication that it was dangerous to touch him. So in feudal times a tenant whose rights were impugned called upon his lord to defend them. By so doing he acknowledged all the duties involved in feudal tenancy, and *avowed* the person whom he summoned to be his lord. Hence to 'avow' or 'avouch' is 'to admit or confess openly.'

*Which spills the foremost foeman's life,*
*That party conquers in the strife.*

"Though this be in the text described as a response of the Taghairm, or Oracle of the Hide, it was of itself an augury frequently attended to. The fate of the battle was often anticipated in the imagination of the combatants by observing which party first shed blood. It is said that the Highlanders under Montrose were so deeply imbued with this notion, that on the morning of the battle of Tippermoor they murdered a defenceless herdsman, whom they found in the fields, merely to secure an advantage of so much consequence to their party."—SCOTT.

8.—*Glaive*. French 'glaive,' Latin 'gladius,' 'a sword.'

*Silver star, sable pale*. Heraldic emblems.

*Boune;* 'ready,' 'prepared.' The same word is found in our 'outward *bound*.' It is the past participle 'búinn' of Icelandic 'búa,' to make ready, or (intransitively) to dwell; compare Greek 'bauen,' our 'big'=to build. 'Busk' is the reflexive form of the same word = to get ready. So in *Piers Plowman*, ii. 159—

"And bad hem alle be *boun*, beggeres and othere,
To wenden wyth hem to Westmynstre."

*Earn*, a river in Perthshire, which flows east from Loch*earn*, on the north of Glenartney, and falls into the Tay below Perth.

*Stance;* 'station,' 'base,' 'foundation.' Latin 'sto,' Italian 'stanza.' "Every man had a dry gravelish *stance* whereon to found his house."—JAMIESON.

9.—*Red streamers of the north; i.e* of the Aurora Borealis or

Northern Lights, which often consist of a series of bands of red light meeting in one quarter of the heavens. Compare *Lay*, ii. 8—

"And red and bright the *streamers* light
Were dancing in the glowing north."

10.—*Rife.* 'Abundant,' 'prevalent.' O.N. 'ríſr,' liberal; Dutch 'rijf,' copious.

*In fetters bound.* The minstrel had spoken of the fetters of love which Ellen had wound round him. Douglas takes it of actual fetters.

*Trowed.* 'Trusted,' 'believed.' A.S. 'treowian,' 'treow,' true.

*Cambus-kenneth.* A famous abbey on one of the links of Forth, about a mile east of Stirling. James III. was buried here after the battle of Sauchie-burn, in which he was defeated and slain A.D. 1488.

*Hie.* A.S. 'higan,' to hasten, to endeavour; Danish 'hige,' to pant.

11.—*Ill luck still* (*i.e.* always) *haunts a fairy grot.* This is the introduction to the ballad that follows.

12.—The metre of this ballad is very varied. Its basis is the common ballad-metre, a line of four accents followed by one of three, with alternate lines rhyming, so as to form a four-line verse. The second verse is an instance of this. But this is varied in several ways. (1.) By substituting three-syllabled feet for the iambus, thus giving greater rapidity and "go" to the line; *e.g.*

"When the déer sweeps by', and the hounds are in cry'."

Or in the second line—

"And 'twas áll for thine éyes so blúe."

(2.) In the first verse of each division, and the last verse of all, by the double rhymes 'singing,' 'ringing.' (3.) By the multiplication of rhymes in the four-accent lines, the verse being split into two halves; *e.g.*—

"And we must *hold* by wood and *wold*,
Like the ídle *gléam* that Decémber's *béam*."

The rhyme between the first and third lines of the ballad metre is not essential; but it will be found that Sir W. Scott has used it here wherever there is no rhyme between the two halves of either line. The story is taken from an old Danish ballad.

*Mavis.* 'Thrush,' French 'mauvis.' Supposed to be so called because it is destructive to the vines, 'malum vitis.' Diez derives it from 'miloid,' the Breton name for a gull or seamew.

*Merle.* 'Blackbird,' Latin 'merula.'

*Wold.* Grassy ground, Old Danish 'vold,' a field.

*Wont.* See i. 20, and note.

*Pall.* Gaelic 'peall' (Latin 'pellis'), a skin covering, a cloak

or mantle, especially a mantle of state worn by nobles or ecclesiastics (the 'pallium'), now applied to the cloak that covers the coffin at a funeral; hence the material of which it was made, *fine cloth*. Fairholt quotes from an old Christmas carol—

"Neither shall be clothed in purple or in *pall;*
But in fine linen, as are babies all."

So in *Thomas the Rhymer*, stanza 3, Scott has—

"And ladies, laced in *pall*."

*Darkling.* 'In the dark;' a poetical word used by Milton, *P. L.* iii. 39, and by Shakespeare, *M. A. D.* ii. 3. The termination -ling, like -long in 'headlong,' is an old adverbial ending, from the A.S. -linga or lunga. It is still preserved in the Scotch -lins, as in 'aiblins.' Cp. sidling for side-long.

*Vair.* (Latin 'varius.') The fur of a squirrel, white on the throat and belly, and grey on the back. The white part was generally arranged in lozenges or shields. Cp. with this passage the following from Froissart: "Ils (les seigneurs) sont fourrés de *vairs* et de gris, et nous (les paysans) sommes vestus de povres draps.—II. ii. 160. The *glass* slipper of Cinderella has arisen from the substitution of 'verre' for 'vair' by persons who did not know the latter word. The real Cinderella's slipper was edged or lined with 'vair.'

*Russet gray.* 'Russet' is reddish. The name is given to the coarse, home-spun cloth worn by country-people. The origin of it is indicated in a passage quoted by Richardson from *Fabyan's Chronicle:* "Aboute this tyme the *Grey* Friars were compelled to take their own habit *russet*, as the shepe doth dye it." Fairholt quotes (from Delony's *Pleasant Historie*): "We are country-folks, and must keepe ourselves in good compasse. *Gray russet* and good hempe spun cloth doth best become us." Hence Shakespeare uses the adjective in the sense of homely, countrified. *Love's Labour Lost*, v. 2—

"Henceforth my wooing mind shall be exprest
In *russet* yeas and honest kersey noes."

13.—*Elfin.* A.S. 'elf,' 'elfen,' a fairy, sprite.

*Woned.* 'Dwelt,' A.S. 'wunian,' German 'wohnen.' See i. 20. In an imitation of the old ballads the word is in its place. "The Daoine Shi', or Men of Peace of the Highlanders, though not absolutely malevolent, are believed to be a peevish, repining race of beings, who, possessing themselves but a scanty portion of happiness, envy mankind their more complete and substantial enjoyments. They are supposed to enjoy in their subterraneous recesses a sort of shadowy happiness, a tinsel grandeur, which, however, they would willingly exchange for the more solid joys of mortality. 'They are believed to inhabit

certain round grassy eminences, where they celebrate their nocturnal festivities by the light of the moon. About a mile beyond the source of the Forth above Lochcon, there is a place called Coirshi'an, or the Cove of the Men of Peace, which is still supposed to be a favourite place of their residence. In the neighbourhood are to be seen many round conical eminences, particularly one near the head of the lake, by the skirts of which many are still afraid to pass after sunset.'—*Grahame.*" SCOTT.

*Who may dare on wold to wear*
*The fairies' fatal green?*

"As the Daoine Shi', or Men of Peace, wore green habits, they were supposed to take offence when any mortals ventured to assume their favourite colour."—SCOTT.

*Low on him the curse of the withered heart,*
*The curse of the sleepless eye.*

Cp. *Macbeth*, i. 3—

"Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-house lid;
Weary sev'n-nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine."

14.—*Bold of mood.* See i. 26, note.

*Kindly.* Of thine own 'kin,' or 'kind.' So "The *kindly* fruits of the earth."

15.—*Idle gleam.* Why idle?

*Mold.* Shape.

*Dunfermline gray.* A town in the west of Fife, with an abbey founded by Malcolm III. about 1075. Here Robert Bruce was buried. 'Grey' fixes the allusion to the Abbey Church. Why?

16.—*Bourne.* From French 'borne,' which is from the Low Latin 'bodina.' It is found in Old French in the form 'bonne.' ['Borne' is for 'bosne'='bodne.' The same word is found in our 'bound.'] The root 'bod' means 'to swell' (cp. English 'bud'), so that a 'bourne' is originally 'a raised bank,' and so 'a boundary,' 'limit.'

*Scathe;* 'hurt,' 'harm.' German 'schade.' So Tennyson, in *Guinevere*—

"This life of mine
I guard as God's high gift from *scathe* and wrong.

17.—Not a few of James III.'s travels in disguise are mixed up with adventures of gallantry. Two such are commemorate in *The Gaberlunzie Man* and *We'll gae nae more a roving*, two

ballads which are popularly attributed to his pen. Burton says: "From the character of his life, he would, according to modern notions, be called a profligate."

*Feud.* A.S. 'faehth' (from 'fean,' to hate), a deadly quarrel; 'faehthbot' is the compensation for homicide. German 'fehd,' "the revenge pursued by the relatives of a murdered man, and the state of lawful warfare which results."

18.—*Train;* 'device,' 'that which lures or draws a person on.' French 'train,' Old French 'trahin,' from Latin 'traho.' So in *Macbeth*, iv. 3—

"Devilish Macbeth
By many of these *trains* hath sought to win me
Into his power."

*Steadfast.* A.S. 'stedfaest,' firm in place. The same *stead* as in 'home*stead*.'

*Mantled;* 'gathered and spread over it like a mantle.'

*As death*, &c. = as *if*. A frequent ellipsis in Scott, as in Shakespeare.

*Safer for both we go apart* illustrates well the origin of the conjunction 'that.' The sentence "we go apart" is the subject to the verb (*is* understood); 'that,' which is originally a demonstrative or article, compresses the sentence into one word, like the article τὸ with the infinitive in Greek.

19.—*His lordship the embattled field.* A 'lordship' implied possessions in land. He, he says, owns none but the battle-field.

*Embattled;* as 'embalm,' 'embillow,' covered, surrounded with battle.

*Usher.* French 'huissier,' the Latin 'ostiarius,' a door-keeper. So a cause is said to be heard 'à huis clos,' with closed doors; except in this sense 'huis' is obsolete.

20.—*Ah, gallant gray!* See canto i. stanza 9.

*Fared.* A.S. 'faran,' 'feran,' Gothic 'faran,' German 'fahren' (Greek πορεύομαι), 'to go.' To 'fare well' is 'to go on well.' A *fare* is the fee for the journey. 'Ferry' is from the same root.

21.—*Weeds.* A.S. 'waed,' a garment.' Now confined to 'widow's *weeds*,' but once used indiscriminately.

"To ransake in the tas [heap] of bodies dede
Hem for to streepe of herneys and of *wede*."
—CHAUCER, *Knight's Tale*, l. 148.

So "In lowly shepherd's *weeds*."—SPENSER, *Faerie Queen*, i. Introduction.

*Chime.* Here = harmonise, or sing. Cp. Chaucer, *Reve's Prologue*—

"The sely tonge may well ring and *chimbe*
Of wrecchednesse."

This spelling has led to the conjecture that the word may come from 'cymbal,' A.S. 'cimbal;' but the derivation is uncertain.

22.—*Warped;* 'awry,' 'distorted.' A.S. 'weorpan,' Gothic 'vairpa,' Greek ῥίπτω, stem 'vrip' (? Latin 'verber'). Originally 'to cast,' then 'to turn,' 'to bend.' (Wedgwood compares 'a *cast* in the eye.')

"In *warpèd* keels"='curvis carinis.'—SURREY'S *Virgil*, *Æn.* ii.

[Of the min.] "Let him straight betimes,
Lest he for ever *warp*."
—DRYDEN, *Love Triumphant*, v. 1.

To warp, as a nautical term, means to tow a vessel by means of a hawser attached to an anchor, and so not in a straight course. Hence Milton's

"A cloud of locusts *warping* on the eastern wind."—*P. L.* i. 341.

*Allan* ("the white stream") and *Devan* ("the two streams") are two tributaries of the Forth, which flow, one on the north, the other on the south, of the Ochill Hills. The latter is the "clear—winding Devon" of Burns's song.

23.—*Bridegroom.* A.S. 'bryd-guma,' the bride's man. The first part (Gothic 'bruths,' daughter-in-law; German 'braut') is possibly connected with Welsh 'priod,' appropriated. The second is the Gothic 'guma' (German 'bräuti-*gam*'), the same as the Latin 'hom-o,' from the root of 'hum-us,' Greek χαμ-αί.

*As ever peasant pitched a bar.* 'Putting the bar,' or 'putting the stone' ('clach-naert,' stone of strength), is a favourite and ancient amusement in Scotland.

*Champion.* The holding of the games in the *Campus* Martius at Rome has given rise to a number of words. 'Campi-doctor' in the Imperial times is the name for a drill-sergeant. A.S. 'camp,' Dutch 'kamp,' German 'kampf,' all come to denote the game of war. A *champion* is one who challenges the *field*, or who represents another in the *field*. (Others suppose that 'campus' is borrowed from the Teutonic dialects.)

*Pennon.* Italian 'pennone,' a large 'penna' or feather.

*Batten*, 'grow fat,' 'feed to satiety.' Gothic 'gabattan,' to thrive; the same root as in '*bet*-ter.' Cp. *Hamlet*, iii. 4, '*batten* on this moor.'

24.—*For O my sweet William*, &c. The sight of Lowland dress and Lincoln green reminds her of her husband, and so she is led to warn the stranger of the peril he is in.

25.—The meaning is obvious. The hunters are Clan-Alpine's men; the stag often is Fitz-James; the wounded doe is herself.

*Toils.* Nets to enclose the game. French 'toiles,' from Latin 'tela,' that which is woven ('texo').

*Stag of ten; i.e.* having ten branches on each antler. Cp. *Bride of Lammermoor*, ch. iii.; "There was a buck turned to bay made us all stand back; a stout old Trojan of the first head, *ten-tyned branches*," &c. BEN JONSON, *The Sad Shepherd*, i. 2—

"SCAR. A great, large deer!
ROB. What head?
JOHN. Forked: a *hart of ten.*"

The metre of this song consists of a trochaic verse of four accents, followed by one of three accents. The odd lines drop the final syllable, but in some cases have an extra unaccented syllable at the beginning. In each three-syllabled feet are freely admitted, and in the lines of three accents, the last foot is always trisyllabic. Hence, as rhymes must fall upon accented syllables, these lines have triple rhymes, all of them, however, of a very loose kind.

26.—*Strikes the pine.* The *pine* is chosen with reference to Alpine's crest. Poetry loves a definite picture, and so avoids general names, as 'tree' and 'flower' and 'stream.'

*Wended.* What other past has 'wend'?

27.—*Shaft;* 'arrow.' Dutch 'schaft,' a stalk, reed, rod. So Chaucer, *Knight's Tale*, l. 504—

"That lene he wex, and drye as any *schaft*" (*i.e.* 'reed').

*Daggled;* 'wet,' 'soaked.' Scotch 'dag,' fine rain, dew; Icelandic 'daugg,' rain.

*Stanch.* Cp. i. 7, note.

*Hand of blood.* The genitive for the adjective. Cp. Tennyson, *Enid*—

"Cavall, King Arthur's hound of deepest mouth."

*Wreak;* 'avenge.' A.S. 'wraec,' 'revenge,' 'wrecan;' German 'rache,' 'rachen.'

28.—*Imbrue.* Cotgrave gives 's'embruer,' 'to bedabble himself with.' Wedgwood supposes a verb to have existed in some dialect corresponding to French 'breuvage,' beverage, formed by inversion from 'beuvrage' (from an old form 'beuvre,' 'bevre,' or 'boivre.')

*Chase* = the hunters. See canto i. 2.

29.—*Solstice.* Latin 'solstitium.' The point at which the sun seems to *stand still.* At other times the sun is (apparently) moving to or from the equator; but at its highest and lowest points, moving for a time parallel to the equator, it appears to be stationary with reference to the earth's motion. This arises

from the fact that the axis round which the earth rotates is not at right angles to the plane (the ecliptic) in which the earth's centre moves around the sun. Even the midsummer heat in the Highlands does not lessen the mountain cold at night.

*Tangled.* 'Twisted,' 'confused,' or probably here covered with a 'tangle' of brushwood. The word is apparently a nasalised form of Gothic 'tagl,' hair.

30.—*Basked.* 'Bask' is a reflexive form of 'bake,' to lie in the heat. It is generally used of lying in the heat of the sun, here of the glowing ashes, or embers. (In Icelandic, the reflexive is formed by adding sk=sik [G. sich] to the verb, or mk=mik for the first person; so 'at baka,' to bake, 'at bakask' to bake one's self, to bask. Similary 'busk' is the reflexive of the verb búa, to make ready. See note on stanza 8.)

*Who ever recked, where, how, or when,*
*The prowling fox was trapped or slain?*

"St. John actually used this illustration when engaged in confuting the plea of law proposed for the unfortunate Earl of Strafford: 'It was true, we gave laws to hares and deer, because they are beasts of chase; but it was never accounted either cruelty or foul play to knock foxes or wolves on the head as they can be found, because they are beasts of prey. In a word, the law and humanity were alike, the one being more fallacious, and the other more barbarous, than in any age had been vented in such an authority.'—CLARENDON'S *History of the Rebellion*, Oxford, 1702, fol. vol. p. 183."—SCOTT.

31.— *His Highland cheer,*
*The hardened flesh of mountain deer.*

"The Scottish Highlanders in former times had a concise mode of cooking their venison, or rather of dispensing with cooking it, which appears greatly to have surprised the French whom chance made acquainted with it. The Vidame of Chartres, when a hostage in England, during the reign of Edward VI., was permitted to travel into Scotland, and penetrated as far as to the remote Highlands (*au fin fond des Sauvages*). After a great hunting party, at which a most wonderful quantity of game was destroyed, he saw those Scottish Savages devour a part of their venison raw, without any further preparation than compressing it between two batons of wood, so as to force out the blood and render it extremely hard. This they reckoned a great delicacy; and when the Vidame partook of it his compliance with their taste rendered him extremely popular."—SCOTT.

*Augury; i.e.* of the Taghairm.

*Coilantogles ford.* Just below the mouth of Loch Vennachar, on the lower confluent of the Teith. There the knight would

be in the district which more properly owed allegiance to the Scottish king, and could have no further claim on the hospitable protection of the Highland chief. The following line naturally implies that the assault from which he abstains now is to begin then, and the mighty augury laid upon his fate to be definitely settled.

*The bittern's cry*
*Sings us the lake's wild lullaby.*

A fine picture of loneliness and desolation. This is the only sound to lull the lake to sleep.

J. H. DONNELLEY AS FITZ-JAMES. A. W. MACALISTER AS RODERICK DHU.

"Now yield thee."

# *THE LADY OF THE LAKE.*

## CANTO FIFTH.

### The Combat.

I.

FAIR as the earliest beam of eastern light,
When first, by the bewildered pilgrim spied,
It smiles upon the dreary brow of night,
And silvers o'er the torrent's foaming tide,
And lights the fearful path on mountain side ;—
Fair as that beam, although the fairest far,
Giving to horror grace, to danger pride,
Shine martial Faith, and Courtesy's bright star,
Through all the wreckful storms that cloud the brow of War.

II.

That early beam, so fair and sheen,
Was twinkling through the hazel screen,
When, rousing at its glimmer red,
The warriors left their lowly bed,
Looked out upon the dappled sky,
Muttered their soldier matins by,
And then awaked their fire, to steal,
As short and rude, their soldier meal.
That o'er, the Gael around him threw
His graceful plaid of varied hue,
And, true to promise, led the way,
By thicket green and mountain gray.

A wildering path!—they winded now
Along the precipice's brow,
Commanding the rich scenes beneath,
The windings of the Forth and Teith,
And all the vales between that lie,
Till Stirling's turrets melt in sky;
Then, sunk in copse, their farthest glance
Gained not the length of horseman's lance.
'Twas oft so steep, the foot was fain
Assistance from the hand to gain;
So tangled oft, that, bursting through,
Each hawthorn shed her showers of dew—
That diamond dew, so pure and clear,
It rivals all but Beauty's tear!

III.

At length they came where, stern and steep,
The hill sinks down upon the deep.
Here Vennachar in silver flows,
There, ridge on ridge, Benledi rose;
Ever the hollow path twined on,
Beneath steep bank and threatening stone;
An hundred men might hold the post
With hardihood against a host.
The rugged mountain's scanty cloak
Was dwarfish shrubs of birch and oak,
With shingles bare, and cliffs between,
And patches bright of bracken green,
And heather black, that waved so high,
It held the copse in rivalry.
But where the lake slept deep and still,
Dank osiers fringed the swamp and hill;
And oft both path and hill were torn,
Where wintry torrents down had borne,
And heaped upon the cumbered land
Its wreck of gravel, rocks, and sand.
So toilsome was the road to trace,
The guide, abating of his pace,
Led slowly through the pass's jaws,
And asked Fitz-James, by what strange cause
He sought these wilds, traversed by few,
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.

IV.

'Brave Gael, my pass, in danger tried,
Hangs in my belt, and by my side;
Yet, sooth to tell,' the Saxon said,
'I dreamt not now to claim its aid.
When here, but three days since, I came,
Bewildered in pursuit of game,
All seemed as peaceful and as still
As the mist slumbering on yon hill;
Thy dangerous Chief was then afar,
Nor soon expected back from war.
Thus said, at least, my mountain-guide,
Though deep perchance the villain lied.'—
'Yet why a second venture try?'—
'A warrior thou, and ask me why!—
Moves our free course by such fixed cause,
As gives the poor mechanic laws?
Enough, I sought to drive away
The lazy hours of peaceful day;
Slight cause will then suffice to guide
A Knight's free footsteps far and wide—
A falcon flown, a greyhound strayed,
The merry glance of mountain maid:
Or, if a path be dangerous known,
The danger's self is lure alone.'—

V.

'Thy secret keep, I urge thee not;—
Yet, ere again ye sought this spot,
Say, heard ye nought of Lowland war,
Against Clan-Alpine, raised by Mar?'
—'No, by my word;—of bands prepared
To guard King James's sports I heard;
Nor doubt I aught, but, when they hear
This muster of the mountaineer,
Their pennons will abroad be flung,
Which else in Doune had peaceful hung.'—
'Free be they flung! for we were loth
Their silken folds should feast the moth.
Free be they flung!—as free shall wave
Clan-Alpine's pine in banner brave

But, Stranger, peaceful since you came,
Bewildered in the mountain game,
Whence the bold boast by which you shew
Vich-Alpine's vowed and mortal foe?'
'Warrior, but yester-morn, I knew
Nought of thy Chieftain, Roderick Dhu,
Save as an outlawed desperate man,
The chief of a rebellious clan,
Who, in the Regent's court and sight,
With ruffian dagger stabbed a knight:
Yet this alone might from his part
Sever each true and loyal heart.'

VI.

Wrothful at such arraignment foul,
Dark lowered the clansman's sable scowl.
A space he paused, then sternly said,
'And heard'st thou why he drew his blade?
Heard'st thou that shameful word and blow
Brought Roderick's vengeance on his foe?
What recked the Chieftain if he stood
On Highland heath or Holy-Rood?
He rights such wrong where it is given,
If it were in the court of heaven.'
'Still was it outrage;—yet, 'tis true,
Not then claimed sovereignty his due;
While Albany, with feeble hand,
Held borrowed truncheon of command,
The young King, mewed in Stirling tower,
Was stranger to respect and power.
But then, thy Chieftain's robber life!
Winning mean prey by causeless strife,
Wrenching from ruined Lowland swain
His herds and harvest reared in vain.
Methinks a soul like thine should scorn
The spoils from such foul foray borne.'

VII.

The Gael beheld him grim the while,
And answered with disdainful smile—
'Saxon, from yonder mountain high,
I marked thee send delighted eye,

Far to the south and east, where lay,
Extended in succession gay,
Deep waving fields and pastures green,
With gentle slopes and groves between:—
These fertile plains, that softened vale,
Were once the birthright of the Gael;
The stranger came with iron hand,
And from our fathers reft the land.
Where dwell we now? See, rudely swell
Crag over crag, and fell o'er fell.
Ask we this savage hill we tread,
For fattened steer or household bread;
Ask we for flocks these shingles dry,
And well the mountain might reply—
"To you, as to your sires of yore,
Belong the target and claymore!
I give you shelter in my breast,
Your own good blades must win the rest."
Pent in this fortress of the North,
Think'st thou we will not sally forth,
To spoil the spoiler as we may,
And from the robber rend the prey?
Ay, by my soul!—While on yon plain
The Saxon rears one shock of grain;
While, of ten thousand herds, there strays
But one along yon river's maze—
The Gael, of plain and river heir,
Shall, with strong hand, redeem his share.
Where live the mountain Chiefs who hold
That plundering Lowland field and fold
Is aught but retribution true?
Seek other cause 'gainst Roderick Dhu.'

## VIII.

Answered Fitz-James—'And, if I sought,
Think'st thou no other could be brought?
What deem ye of my path waylaid?
My life given o'er to ambuscade?'—
'As of a meed to rashness due:
Hadst thou sent warning fair and true—
I seek my hound, or falcon strayed,
I seek, good faith, a Highland maid—

Free hadst thou been to come and go;
But secret path marks secret foe.
Nor yet, for this, even as a spy,
Hadst thou, unheard, been doomed to die,
Save to fulfil an augury.'
'Well, let it pass; nor will I now
Fresh cause of enmity avow,
To chafe thy mood and cloud thy brow.
Enough, I am by promise tied
To match me with this man of pride:
Twice have I sought Clan-Alpine's glen
In peace; but when I come agen,
I come with banner, brand, and bow,
As leader seeks his mortal foe.
For love-lorn swain, in lady's bower,
Ne'er panted for the appointed hour,
As I, until before me stand
This rebel Chieftain and his band!'

## IX.

'Have, then, thy wish!'—he whistled shrill,
And he was answered from the hill;
Wild as the scream of the curlew,
From crag to crag the signal flew.
Instant, through copse and heath, arose
Bonnets, and spears, and bended bows;
On right, on left, above, below,
Sprung up at once the lurking foe;
From shingles gray their lances start,
The bracken bush sends forth the dart,
The rushes and the willow-wand
Are bristling into axe and brand,
And every tuft of broom gives life
To plaided warrior armed for strife.
That whistle garrisoned the glen
At once with full five hundred men,
As if the yawning hill to heaven
A subterranean host had given.
Watching their leader's beck and will,
All silent there they stood, and still.
Like the loose crags whose threatening mass
Lay tottering o'er the hollow pass,

As if an infant's touch could urge
Their headlong passage down the verge,
With step and weapon forward flung,
Upon the mountain-side they hung.
The Mountaineer cast glance of pride
Along Benledi's living side,
Then fixed his eye and sable brow
Full on Fitz-James—'How say'st thou now?
These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true;
And, Saxon—I am Roderick Dhu!'

## X.

Fitz-James was brave:—Though to his heart
The life-blood thrilled with sudden start,
He manned himself with dauntless air,
Returned the Chief his haughty stare,
His back against a rock he bore,
And firmly placed his foot before:—
'Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I.'
Sir Roderick marked—and in his eyes
Respect was mingled with surprise,
And the stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel.
Short space he stood—then waved his hand:
Down sunk the disappearing band;
Each warrior vanished where he stood,
In broom or bracken, heath or wood;
Sunk brand, and spear, and bended bow,
In osiers pale and copses low;
It seemed as if their mother Earth
Had swallowed up her warlike birth.
The wind's last breath had tossed in air,
Pennon, and plaid, and plumage fair—
The next but swept a lone hill-side,
Where heath and fern were waving wide:
The sun's last glance was glinted back,
From spear and glaive, from targe and jack—
The next, all unreflected, shone
On bracken green, and cold gray stone.

XI.

Fitz-James looked round—yet scarce believed
The witness that his sight received;
Such apparition well might seem
Delusion of a dreadful dream.
Sir Roderick in suspense he eyed,
And to his look the Chief replied,
'Fear nought—nay, that I need not say—
But—doubt not aught from mine array.
Thou art my guest;—I pledged my word
As far as Coilantogle ford:
Nor would I call a clansman's brand
For aid against one valiant hand,
Though on our strife lay every vale
Rent by the Saxon from the Gael.
So move we on;—I only meant
To shew the reed on which you leant,
Deeming this path you might pursue
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.'
They moved;—I said Fitz-James was brave,
As ever knight that belted glaive;
Yet dare not say, that now his blood
Kept on its wont and tempered flood,
As, following Roderick's stride, he drew
That seeming lonesome pathway through,
Which yet, by fearful proof, was rife
With lances, that, to take his life,
Waited but signal from a guide,
So late dishonoured and defied.
Ever, by stealth, his eye sought round
The vanished guardians of the ground,
And still, from copse and heather deep,
Fancy saw spear and broadsword peep,
And in the plover's shrilly strain,
The signal whistle heard again.
Nor breathed he free till far behind
The pass was left; for then they wind
Along a wide and level green,
Where neither tree nor tuft was seen,
Nor rush nor bush of broom was near,
To hide a bonnet or a spear.

XII.

The Chief in silence strode before,
And reached that torrent's sounding shore,
Which, daughter of three mighty lakes,
From Vennachar in silver breaks,
Sweeps through the plain, and ceaseless mines
On Bochastle the mouldering lines,
Where Rome, the Empress of the world,
Of yore her eagle wings unfurled:
And here his course the Chieftain staid,
Threw down his target and his plaid,
And to the Lowland warrior said:—
'Bold Saxon! to his promise just,
Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust.
This murderous Chief, this ruthless man,
This head of a rebellious clan,
Hath led thee safe, through watch and ward,
Far past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard.
Now, man to man, and steel to steel,
A Chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel.
See, here, all vantageless I stand,
Armed, like thyself, with single brand:
For this is Coilantogle ford,
And thou must keep thee with thy sword.'

XIII.

The Saxon paused:—'I ne'er delayed,
When foeman bade me draw my blade;
Nay more, brave Chief, I vowed thy death:
Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,
And my deep debt for life preserved,
A better meed have well deserved:
Can nought but blood our feud atone?
Are there no means?'—'No, Stranger, none!
And hear—to fire thy flagging zeal—
The Saxon cause rests on thy steel:
For thus spoke Fate, by prophet bred
Between the living and the dead;
"Who spills the foremost foeman's life,
His party conquers in the strife."'—
'Then, by my word,' the Saxon said,
'Thy riddle is already read.

Seek yonder brake beneath the cliff—
There lies Red Murdoch, stark and stiff.
Thus Fate has solved her prophecy,
Then yield to Fate, and not to me.
To James, at Stirling, let us go,
When, if thou wilt be still his foe,
Or if the King shall not agree
To grant thee grace and favour free.
I plight mine honour, oath, and word,
That, to thy native strengths restored,
With each advantage shalt thou stand,
That aids thee now to guard thy land.'

## XIV.

Dark lightning flashed from Roderick's eye—
'Soars thy presumption, then, so high,
Because a wretched kern ye slew,
Homage to name to Roderick Dhu?
He yields not, he, to man nor Fate!
Thou add'st but fuel to my hate:—
My clansman's blood demands revenge.—
Not yet prepared?—By heaven, I change
My thought, and hold thy valour light
As that of some vain carpet knight,
Who ill deserved my courteous care,
And whose best boast is but to wear
A braid of his fair lady's hair.'—
—'I thank thee, Roderick, for the word!
It nerves my heart, it steels my sword;
For I have sworn this braid to stain
In the best blood that warms thy vein.
Now, truce, farewell! and, ruth, begone!
Yet think not that by thee alone,
Proud Chief! can courtesy be shewn;
Though not from copse, or heath, or cairn,
Start at my whistle clansmen stern,
Of this small horn one feeble blast
Would fearful odds against thee cast.
But fear not—doubt not—which thou wilt—
We try this quarrel hilt to hilt.'
Then each at once his falchion drew,
Each on the ground his scabbard threw,

Each looked to sun, and stream, and plain,
As what they ne'er might see again;
Then foot, and point, and eye opposed,
In dubious strife they darkly closed.

XV.

Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu,
That on the field his targe he threw,
Whose brazen studs and tough bull-hide
Had death so often dashed aside;
For, trained abroad his arms to wield,
Fitz-James's blade was sword and shield.
He practised every pass and ward,
To thrust, to strike, to feint, to guard;
While less expert, though stronger far,
The Gael maintained unequal war.
Three times in closing strife they stood,
And thrice the Saxon blade drank blood;
No stinted draught, no scanty tide,
The gushing flood the tartans dyed.
Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain,
And showered his blows like wintry rain;
And, as firm rock, or castle-roof,
Against the winter shower is proof,
The foe, invulnerable still,
Foiled his wild rage by steady skill;
Till, at advantage ta'en, his brand
Forced Roderick's weapon from his hand,
And backward borne upon the lea,
Brought the proud Chieftain to his knee.

XVI.

'Now, yield thee, or by Him who made
The world, thy heart's blood dyes my blade!'—
'Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy!
Let recreant yield, who fears to die.'
—Like adder darting from his coil,
Like wolf that dashes through the toil,
Like mountain-cat who guards her young,
Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung;
Received, but recked not of a wound,
And locked his arms his foeman round.—

Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own!
No maiden's hand is round thee thrown!
That desperate grasp thy frame might feel,
Through bars of brass and triple steel!—
They tug, they strain! down, down they go,
The Gael above, Fitz-James below.
The Chieftain's gripe his throat compressed,
His knee was planted in his breast;
His clotted locks he backward threw,
Across his brow his hand he drew,
From blood and mist to clear his sight,
Then gleamed aloft his dagger bright!—
—But hate and fury ill supplied
The stream of life's exhausted tide,
And all too late the advantage came,
To turn the odds of deadly game;
For, while the dagger gleamed on high,
Reeled soul and sense, reeled brain and eye.
Down came the blow! but in the heath
The erring blade found bloodless sheath.
The struggling foe may now unclasp
The fainting Chief's relaxing grasp;
Unwounded from the dreadful close,
But breathless all, Fitz-James arose.

## XVII.

He faltered thanks to Heaven for life,
Redeemed, unhoped, from desperate strife;
Next on his foe his look he cast,
Whose every gasp appeared his last;
In Roderick's gore he dipped the braid—
'Poor Blanche! thy wrongs are dearly paid;
Yet with thy foe must die, or live,
The praise that Faith and Valour give.'
With that he blew a bugle note,
Undid the collar from his throat,
Unbonneted, and by the wave
Sat down his brow and hands to lave.
Then faint afar are heard the feet
Of rushing steeds in gallop fleet;
The sounds increase, and now are seen
Four mounted squires in Lincoln green;

Two who bear lance, and two who lead,
By loosened rein, a saddled steed;
Each onward held his headlong course,
And by Fitz-James reined up his horse—
With wonder viewed the bloody sp t—
'Exclaim not, gallants! question not.—
You, Herbert and Luffness, alight,
And bind the wounds of yonder knight;
Let the gray palfrey bear his weight,
We destined for a fairer freight,
And bring him on to Stirling straight;
I will before at better speed,
To seek fresh horse and fitting weed.
The sun rides high;—I must be boune,
To see the archer game at noon;
But lightly Bayard clears the lea.—
De Vaux and Herries, follow me.

## XVIII.

'Stand, Bayard, stand!'—the steed obeyed,
With arching neck and bended head,
And glancing eye and quivering ear,
As if he loved his lord to hear.
No foot Fitz-James in stirrup staid,
No grasp upon the saddle laid,
But wreathed his left hand in the mane,
And lightly bounded from the plain.
Turned on the horse his armed heel,
And stirred his courage with the steel.
Bounded the fiery steed in air,
The rider sate erect and fair,
Then like a bolt from steel crossbow
Forth launched, along the plain they go.
They dashed that rapid torrent through,
And up Carhonie's hill they flew;
Still at the gallop pricked the Knight,
His merry-men followed as they might.
Along thy banks, swift Teith! they ride,
And in the race they mock thy tide;
Torry and Lendrick now are past,
And Deanstown lies behind them cast;
They rise, the bannered towers of Doune,
They sink in distant woodland soon;

Blair-Drummond sees the hoofs strike fire,
They sweep like breeze through Ochtertyre;
They mark just glance and disappear
The lofty brow of ancient Kier;
They bathe their coursers' sweltering sides,
Dark Forth! amid thy sluggish tides,
And on the opposing shore take ground,
With plash, with scramble, and with bound.
Right-hand they leave thy cliffs, Craig-Forth!
And soon the bulwark of the North,
Gray Stirling, with her towers and town,
Upon their fleet career looked down.

## XIX.

As up the flinty path they strained,
Sudden his steed the leader reined;
A signal to his squire he flung,
Who instant to his stirrup sprung:—
'Seest thou, De Vaux, yon woodsman gray
Who town-ward holds the rocky way,
Of stature tall and poor array?
Mark'st thou the firm, yet active stride,
With which he scales the mountain-side?
Know'st thou from whence he comes, or whom?'—
'No, by my word;—a burly groom
He seems, who in the field or chase
A baron's train would nobly grace.'—
'Out, out, De Vaux! can fear supply,
And jealousy, no sharper eye?
Afar, ere to the hill he drew,
That stately form and step I knew;
Like form in Scotland is not seen,
Treads not such step on Scottish green.
'Tis James of Douglas, by Saint Serle!
The uncle of the banished Earl.
Away, away, to court, to shew
The near approach of dreaded foe:
The King must stand upon his guard;
Douglas and he must meet prepared.'
Then right-hand wheeled their steeds, and straight
They won the castle's postern gate.

XX.

The Douglas, who had bent his way
From Cambus-Kenneth's abbey gray,
Now, as he climbed the rocky shelf,
Held sad communion with himself:—
'Yes! all is true my fears could frame;
A prisoner lies the noble Græme,
And fiery Roderick soon will feel
The vengeance of the royal steel.
I, only I, can ward their fate—
God grant the ransom come not late!
The Abbess hath her promise given,
My child shall be the bride of Heaven;—
—Be pardoned one repining tear!
For He, who gave her, knows how dear,
How excellent! but that is by,
And now my business is—to die.
—Ye towers! within whose circuit dread
A Douglas by his sovereign bled;
And thou, O sad and fatal mound!
That oft hast heard the death-axe sound,
As on the noblest of the land
Fell the stern headsman's bloody hand—
The dungeon, block, and nameless tomb
Prepare—for Douglas seeks his doom!
—But hark! what blithe and jolly peal
Makes the Franciscan steeple reel?
And see! upon the crowded street,
In motley groups what masquers meet!
Banner and pageant, pipe and drum,
And merry morrice-dancers come.
I guess, by all this quaint array,
The burghers hold their sports to-day.
James will be there; he loves such show,
Where the good yeoman bends his bow,
And the tough wrestler foils his foe,
As well as where, in proud career,
The high-born tilter shivers spear.
I'll follow to the Castle-park,
And play my prize;—King James shall mark,
If age has tamed these sinews stark,
Whose force so oft, in happier days,
His boyish wonder loved to praise.'

XXI.

The Castle gates were open flung,
The quivering drawbridge rocked and rung,
And echoed loud the flinty street
Beneath the courser's clattering feet,
As slowly down the steep descent
Fair Scotland's King and nobles went,
While all along the crowded way
Was jubilee and loud huzza.
And ever James was bending low,
To his white jennet's saddlebow,
Doffing his cap to city dame,
Who smiled and blushed for pride and shame.
And well the simperer might be vain—
He chose the fairest of the train.
Gravely he greets each city sire,
Commends each pageant's quaint attire,
Gives to the dancers thanks aloud,
And smiles and nods upon the crowd,
Who rend the heavens with their acclaims,
'Long live the Commons' King, King James!'
Behind the King thronged peer and knight,
And noble dame and damsel bright,
Whose fiery steeds ill brooked the stay
Of the steep street and crowded way.
—But in the train you might discern
Dark lowering brow and visage stern;
There nobles mourned their pride restrained,
And the mean burgher's joys disdained;
And chiefs, who, hostage for their clan,
Were each from home a banished man,
There thought upon their own gray tower,
Their waving woods, their feudal power,
And deemed themselves a shameful part
Of pageant which they cursed in heart.

XXII.

Now, in the Castle-park, drew out
Their chequered bands the joyous rout.
There morricers, with bell at heel,
And blade in hand, their mazes wheel;

But chief, beside the butts, there stand
Bold Robin Hood and all his band—
Friar Tuck with quarterstaff and cowl,
Old Scathelocke with his surly scowl.
Maid Marion, fair as ivory bone,
Scarlet, and Mutch, and Little John;
Their bugles challenge all that will,
In archery to prove their skill.
The Douglas bent a bow of might,
His first shaft centred in the white,
And when in turn he shot again,
His second split the first in twain.
From the King's hand must Douglas take
A silver dart, the archer's stake;
Fondly he watched, with watery eye,
Some answering glance of sympathy—
No kind emotion made reply!
Indifferent as to archer wight,
The monarch gave the arrow bright.

## XXIII.

Now, clear the ring! for, hand to hand,
The manly wrestlers take their stand.
Two o'er the rest superior rose,
And proud demanded mightier foes,
Nor called in vain; for Douglas came.
—For life is Hugh of Larbert lame;
Scarce better John of Alloa's fare,
Whom senseless home his comrades bear.
Prize of the wrestling match, the King
To Douglas gave a golden ring,
While coldly glanced his eye of blue,
As frozen drop of wintry dew.
Douglas would speak, but in his breast
His struggling soul his words suppressed;
Indignant then he turned him where
Their arms the brawny yeomen bare,
To hurl the massive bar in air.
When each his utmost strength had shewn,
The Douglas rent an earth-fast stone
From its deep bed, then heaved it high,
And sent the fragment through the sky,

A rood beyond the farthest mark;
And still in Stirling's royal park,
The gray-haired sires, who know the past,
To strangers point the Douglas-cast,
And moralise on the decay
Of Scottish strength in modern day.

## XXIV.

The vale with loud applauses rang,
The Ladies' Rock sent back the clang.
The King, with look unmoved, bestowed
A purse well filled with pieces broad.
Indignant smiled the Douglas proud,
And threw the gold among the crowd,
Who now, with anxious wonder, scan,
And sharper glance, the dark gray man;
Till whispers rose among the throng,
That heart so free, and hand so strong,
Must to the Douglas blood belong;
The old men marked and shook the head,
To see his hair with silver spread,
And winked aside, and told each son
Of feats upon the English done,
Ere Douglas of the stalwart hand
Was exiled from his native land.
The women praised his stately form,
Though wrecked by many a winter's storm;
The youth with awe and wonder saw
His strength surpassing Nature's law.
Thus judged, as is their wont, the crowd,
Till murmurs rose to clamours loud.
But not a glance from that proud ring
Of peers who circled round the King,
With Douglas held communion kind,
Or called the banished man to mind;
No, not from those who, at the chase,
Once held his side the honoured place,
Begirt his board, and, in the field,
Found safety underneath his shield:
For he, whom royal eyes disown,
When was his form to courtiers known!

XXV.

The Monarch saw the gambols flag,
And bade let loose a gallant stag,
Whose pride, the holiday to crown,
Two favourite greyhounds should pull down,
That venison free, and Bordeaux wine,
Might serve the archery to dine.
But Lufra—whom from Douglas' side
Nor bribe nor threat could e'er divide,
The fleetest hound in all the North—
Brave Lufra saw, and darted forth.
She left the royal hounds mid-way,
And dashing on the antlered prey,
Sunk her sharp muzzle in his flank,
And deep the flowing life-blood drank.
The King's stout huntsman saw the sport
By strange intruder broken short,
Came up, and, with his leash unbound,
In anger struck the noble hound.
—The Douglas had endured, that morn,
The King's cold look, the nobles' scorn,
And last, and worst to spirit proud,
Had borne the pity of the crowd;
But Lufra had been fondly bred,
To share his board, to watch his bed,
And oft would Ellen, Lufra's neck,
In maiden glee, with garlands deck;
They were such playmates, that with name
Of Lufra, Ellen's image came.
His stifled wrath is brimming high,
In darkened brow and flashing eye;
As waves before the bark divide,
The crowd gave way before his stride;
Needs but a buffet and no more,
The groom lies senseless in his gore.
Such blow no other hand could deal,
Though gauntleted in glove of steel.

XXVI.

Then clamoured loud the royal train,
And brandished swords and staves amain.

But stern the Baron's warning—'Back!
Back, on your lives, ye menial pack!
Beware the Douglas. Yes! behold,
King James! The Douglas, doomed of old,
And vainly sought for near and far,
A victim to atone the war,
A willing victim now attends,
Nor craves thy grace but for his friends.'
'Thus is my clemency repaid?
Presumptuous Lord!' the Monarch said;
'Of thy mis-proud ambitious clan,
Thou, James of Bothwell, wert the man,
The only man, in whom a foe
My woman-mercy would not know:
But shall a Monarch's presence brook
Injurious blow, and haughty look?—
What ho! the Captain of our Guard!
Give the offender fitting ward,—
Break off the sports!'—for tumult rose,
And yeomen 'gan to bend their bows—
'Break off the sports!' he said, and frowned,
'And bid our horsemen clear the ground.'

## XXVII.

Then uproar wild and misarray
Marred the fair form of festal day.
The horsemen pricked among the crowd,
Repelled by threats and insult loud;
To earth are borne the old and weak,
The timorous fly, the women shrick;
With flint, with shaft, with staff, with bar,
The hardier urge tumultuous war.
At once round Douglas darkly sweep
The royal spears in circle deep,
And slowly scale the pathway steep,
While on the rear in thunder pour
The rabble with disordered roar.
With grief the noble Douglas saw
The Commons rise against the law,
And to the leading soldier said—
'Sir John of Hyndford! 'twas my blade
That knighthood on thy shoulder laid;

For that good deed, permit me then
A word with these misguided men.

XXVIII.

'Here, gentle friends! ere yet for me,
Ye break the bands of fealty.
My life, my honour, and my cause,
I tender free to Scotland's laws.
Are these so weak as must require
The aid of your misguided ire?
Or, if I suffer causeless wrong,
Is then my selfish rage so strong,
My sense of public weal so low,
That, for mean vengeance on a foe,
Those cords of love I should unbind,
Which knit my country and my kind?
Oh no! Believe, in yonder tower
It will not soothe my captive hour,
To know those spears our foes should dread,
For me in kindred gore are red;
To know, in fruitless brawl begun,
For me, that mother wails her son;
For me, that widow's mate expires;
For me, that orphans weep their sires;
That patriots mourn insulted laws,
And curse the Douglas for the cause.
O let your patience ward such ill,
And keep your right to love me still!'

XXIX.

The crowd's wild fury sunk again
In tears, as tempests melt in rain.
With lifted hands and eyes, they prayed
For blessings on his generous head,
Who for his country felt alone,
And prized her blood beyond his own.
Old men, upon the verge of life,
Blessed him who stayed the civil strife;
And mothers held their babes on high,
The self-devoted Chief to spy,
Triumphant over wrongs and ire,
To whom the prattlers owed a sire:

Even the rough soldier's heart was moved;
As if behind some bier beloved,
With trailing arms and drooping head,
The Douglas up the hill he led,
And at the Castle's battled verge,
With sighs resigned his honoured charge.

## XXX.

The offended Monarch rode apart,
With bitter thought and swelling heart,
And would not now vouchsafe again
Through Stirling streets to lead his train.
'O Lennox, who would wish to rule
This changeling crowd, this common fool?
Hear'st thou,' he said, 'the loud acclaim
With which they shout the Douglas name?
With like acclaim the vulgar throat
Strained for King James their morning note;
With like acclaim they hailed the day,
When first I broke the Douglas' sway;
And like acclaim would Douglas greet,
If he could hurl me from my seat.
Who o'er the herd would wish to reign,
Fantastic, fickle, fierce, and vain!
Vain as the leaf upon the stream,
And fickle as a changeful dream;
Fantastic as a woman's mood,
And fierce as Frenzy's fevered blood.
Thou many-headed monster-thing,
O who would wish to be thy King!—

## XXXI.

'But soft! what messenger of speed
Spurs hitherward his panting steed?
I guess his cognizance afar—
What from our cousin, John of Mar?'—
'He prays, my liege, your sports keep bound
Within the safe and guarded ground:
For some foul purpose yet unknown—
Most sure for evil to the throne—
The outlawed Chieftain, Roderick Dhu,
Has summoned his rebellious crew;

'Tis said, in James of Bothwell's aid
These loose banditti stand arrayed.
The Earl of Mar, this morn, from Doune,
To break their muster marched, and soon
Your grace will hear of battle fought;
But earnestly the Earl besought,
Till from such danger he provide,
With scanty train you will not ride.'

XXXII.

'Thou warn'st me I have done amiss—
I should have earlier looked to this:
I lost it in this bustling day.
—Retrace with speed thy former way,
Spare not for spoiling of thy steed,
The best of mine shall be thy meed.
Say to our faithful Lord of Mar,
We do forbid the intended war:
Roderick, this morn, in single fight,
Was made our prisoner by a knight;
And Douglas hath himself and cause
Submitted to our kingdom's laws.
The tidings of their leaders lost
Will soon dissolve the mountain host,
Nor would we that the vulgar feel,
For their Chief's crimes, avenging steel.
Bear Mar our message, Braco; fly!'—
He turned his steed—'My liege, I hie—
Yet, ere I cross this lily lawn,
I fear the broadswords will be drawn.'
The turf the flying courser spurned,
And to his towers the King returned.

XXXIII.

Ill with King James's mood that day,
Suited gay feast and minstrel lay;
Soon were dismissed the courtly throng,
And soon cut short the festal song.
Nor less upon the saddened town
The evening sunk in sorrow down.
The burghers spoke of civil jar,
Of rumoured feuds and mountain war,

Of Moray, Mar, and Roderick Dhu,
All up in arms :—the Douglas too,
They mourned him pent within the hold
'Where stout Earl William was of old.'
And there his word the speaker staid,
And finger on his lip he laid,
Or pointed to his dagger blade.
But jaded horsemen, from the west,
At evening to the Castle pressed ;
And busy talkers said they bore
Tidings of fight on Katrine's shore ;
At noon the deadly fray begun,
And lasted till the set of sun.
Thus giddy rumour shook the town,
Till closed the Night her pennons brown.

M. M'CUAIG AS DOUGLAS.

# NOTES

## CANTO V.

After a hasty morning meal the two start upon their journey, and the Gael's enquiries as to the knight's object in thus venturing in these wilds without a pass from the chief lead to an interesting conversation betwixt them. Fitz-James shows that Roderick's suspicions of a war-gathering are mistaken, but hints that his preparations may possibly lead to an encounter which had not been intended. He avows his enmity against Roderick, with whom he has vowed to match himself, and expresses the keenest desire to meet "the rebel chieftain and his band." "Have, then, thy wish," is the reply. His companion's shrill signal makes the whole hillside bristle with armed men, who have been lying *perdus* among the heather and the bracken, and the guide proclaims himself the very man whom he seeks. At a fresh sign the warriors disappear as suddenly as they sprang to light, and the two pursue their course. They pass the foot of Lake Vennachar, and at last reach the ford, which is the limit of Roderick's protection. There Fitz-James must defend himself with his own sword. The Gael, to make the fight more equal, throws away his targe, and thus the science which makes the good blade both sword and shield gives the knight the advantage over his adversary. The latter, thrice severely wounded, loses his sword, but makes a final effort, and springs at his opponent's throat. Clasped in his strong arms the knight falls under him, and the issue of the fight would have been changed had not Roderick turned giddy from loss of blood and missed his aim. Poor Blanche is thus revenged. The victor winds his bugle, and four attendants come galloping to the spot. Leaving two of them to look to the wounded man, he hastes with the others back to Stirling. As they come to the castle they catch sight of the Douglas, who comes to give himself up to the king

in the hope of liberating the Græme, and of saving Roderick from a calamitous war. On his arrival he finds the town in a bustle of preparation for the burghers' sports, and determines to take part in them, and so introduce himself to the king. He proves victor in all that he undertakes, so that the multitude begin to suspect who he is; but the king gives him the prize as to an utter stranger. All this he bears patiently; but when his hound, Ellen's playfellow, is maltreated by the king's huntsman, he can bear it no longer, and with a sound cuff stretches the offender on the ground, and proclaims himself, and his purpose in coming. He is carried off captive to the castle. The people attempt a rescue, but are appeased by Douglas himself, and retire, though with gloomy forebodings of his fate.

While the king is brooding over the fickleness of the crowd, a messenger comes from the Earl of Mar to warn him that Clan-Alpine is rising, and that he must confine his sport to guarded ground. The earl himself is gone to quell the rising, and hopes soon to encounter the foe. James sends in all speed to stay the army's march, as Roderick is already a captive, and the people must not suffer for his crimes. But the message, as will be seen, comes too late.

This canto is by far the most powerful in the whole poem. It begins with one of those exquisite bits of description in which Scott excelled. The scene is not perhaps so lovely as Loch Katrine, but it is more varied. The conversation between the knight and his guide is skilfully directed, so as to show us that Roderick, in his suspicions, has mistaken the king's purpose; that no raid was intended, but only a peaceful hunt. The ground of hostility between the Saxon and the Gael is carefully put forward, and the way well prepared for Roderick's declaring himself; and at the declaration we can hardly decide which most deserves our sympathy, the mountain chief, so often called barbarous and treacherous, who forbears to use his advantage, and respects the rights of hospitality; or the brave knight, who fronts this unexpected danger without flinching. The combat that shortly follows is related with much vigour, and we are kept in suspense as to the result to the last moment.

It is to be regretted that the rule of time, a canto to a day's action, should have given to the games that follow a place in the same canto. There is no real want of vigour in the description, but still it falls tamely after this. The only purpose that it serves is to make Douglas known, and to hint at the real cause of the unrest of the time; viz., the efforts of the Commons' King to curtail the power of the nobles.

*Stanza* 1.—This introductory stanza is well worked in with

the story. The morning beam "lights the fearful path on mountain side" which the two heroes of the poem are to traverse, and the comparison which it suggests enlists our sympathy for Roderick, who is to be the victim of defeat.

2.—*Dappled;* 'spotted,' 'variegated.' Akin to 'dab,' Icelandic 'depill,' a spot on a ground of different colour; 'deplottr,' dappled.—WEDGWOOD.

*Muttered their* soldier *matins by.* They were short and rude, as shown by the following couplet. 'By' seems to be inserted for the rhyme. It may mean 'near,' as "thou being *by*" (Milton); or, 'to mutter *by*' means 'to say quickly, so as to get them over.' Cp. stanza 20, "that is *by;*" *i.e.* 'over,' 'past.'

*Bursting through.* A piece of loose writing, for 'as they burst through.'

3.—*Flows, rose.* Another feeble sacrifice to rhyme.

*Shingles.* See note on iii. 7.

*Heather black, that waved so high.* Note how the details of this description are used in stanza 9—'shingles, 'bracken,' 'broom.'

*Dank.* Probably the same word as 'damp.' Cp. Italian 'cambiare' and 'cangiare,' to change; English 'dimble' and 'dingle.' The meaning of the word is clearly seen in Milton's *Sonnet to Lawrence*—

"Now that the fields are *dank*, and ways are mire."

5.—Shows the mistake under which Roderick has been labouring, too late now for remedy.

*Muster.* Italian 'mostra,' Old French 'moustre,' 'a show,' 'review of troops.' From Latin 'monstro,' which is from 'moneo,' through 'monstrum,' 'a *warning* prodigy.' (The German 'muster,' which also means 'pattern,' 'sample,' shows the derivation more clearly.) Hence 'to *muster*' is 'to gather for review,' and so 'to gather' simply.

*We were loth.* The old construction is seen in the following:

"That other, be *him* loth or leef,
He may go pypen in an ivy leaf."—CHAUCER.

*Regent.* Albany. See next stanza. For the fact see canto ii. 12.

*Ruffian.* Italian 'ruffiano,' French 'rufien.' Appears to be connected with O.H.G. 'hruf,' 'scurf,' 'dirt;' English 'rough.' It is then applied in a moral sense. Dante has—

"Ruffian, baratti, e simile lordura."
"Ruffians and cheats, and such like filth."

6.—*His* due. Probably because *sovereignty* implies a *sovereign*.

*While Albany, with feeble hand,*
*Held borrowed truncheon of command.*

Albany was the son of a younger brother of James III., who had been driven into exile by his brother's attempts on his life. He was well received at the court of France, and his son was made Lord High Admiral. To him the Scottish nobles turned on the death of James IV., and invited him over to assume the regency. He came in 1515, bringing with him a French retinue, and French habits of rule, which soon made him unpopular in Scotland. In the following year he returned to France on short leave, and remained away till 1521. After a short stay in Scotland, he again went over to France for help against England, and returned in September, 1523, with a considerable force; but, owing to the distrust of the Scotch, he was obliged to abandon his expedition. In 1524 he finally withdrew.

*Mewed.* French 'muer,' Latin 'mutare,' our 'moult.' Originally 'to cast the feathers,' 'to change them.' So the 'mew' or 'mews' was the place where hawks were confined while moulting. The Royal *Mews* was the building where the king's hawks were kept, which would be part of the stable offices, whence its present meaning. To 'mew' is to 'pen' or 'shut up.' There seems to be some inaccuracy in the history here. James V. was only twelve years of age when Albany left, and Stirling was the place he fled to for safety, when he threw off the yoke of Angus, four years later.

*Swain.* Icelandic 'sveinn,' a boy, Danish 'svend,' a young man, journeyman. A.S. 'swán,' a herdsman.

7.—*Steer.* A.S. 'styric,' German 'stier,' a young bull, ox, or heifer.

*Belong the target and claymore.* These were the weapons of the ancient Britons. Cp. Tacitus, *Agricola*, l. 36—

"Ingentibus gladiis et brevibus cetris."

*Pent.* A.S. 'pyndan,' to confine; whence our 'pound,' '*pin*-fold.' 'Pond' and 'pindar' are from the same root. The hilly fastnesses are their natural fortress, in which they have been cooped up by the aggressions of the Lowlanders.

*Shock.* A pile of sheaves, Dutch 'schokke,' German 'schock,' possibly from the idea of a 'tuft,' 'branch.' Cp. 'shock' of hair, Italian 'ciocco.' Akin to 'shake,' that which is shaken together.

8.—*Meed.* German 'miethe,' Greek μίσθος, reward.

*Match me.* Scott is rather fond of these reflexive forms. Cp. "Wilfred had *roused him* to reply."—*Rokeby*, ii. 13.

"*Stay thee*, fair, in Ravensheuch."—*Lay*, vi. 23.
"Enter and *rest thee* there a space."—*Lord of the Isles*, v. 21.
"*Mount thee* on the wightest steed."—*Lay*, i. 22.

9.—Compare with this the fears of Jarvis in *Rob Roy*, chap. xxvii.: "Ill I winna say of him, for, forby that he's my cousin, we're coming near his ain country, and there may be ane o' his gillies ahint every whin-bush for what I ken." This incident, like some other passages in the poem, illustrative of the character of the ancient Gael, is not imaginary, but borrowed from fact.

*Yawning hill.* An instance of condensed epithet, as if the hill had yawned and given, &c.

*Beck.* A nod or bow, A.S. 'beacen,' a sign, nod. Wedgwood quotes: "He (Hardicanute) made a law that every Inglis man sal *bek*, and discover his hed quhen he met ane Dane."—*Bellenden.*

10.—*Clint.* "To glance, gleam, or pass suddenly like a flash of lightning."—JAMIESON. Danish 'glimt,' a gleam, flash. Cp. the slang "douse the *glim*." for 'put out the light.' Connected with 'glance,' 'glimpse,' 'glisten,' German 'glanz.'

*Jack.* The peasant's substitute for a coat of mail, known in the time of the Commonwealth as a buff *jerkin*. It was a tunic of leather, set with rings or bosses of iron. Meyrick says it originated with the English, quoting a passage from the *Chronicle of Bertrand du Guesclin* (time of Richard II.)—

"Each had a *jack* above his hauberk."

It was buttoned down the front to the waist, and secured round it by a girdle. (Fairholt, *Costume in England*). In the preparations for war with England (1454) every man worth twenty marks is to have a *jack* with iron sleeves.—BURTON, ii. 431. It was sometimes more effectually protected. In the *Monastery*, chap. ix., Scott speaks of the *jack*, or doublet quilted with iron, and, in the *Eve of St. John*, of the *plate-jack*.

11.—*Wont.* See i. 20. The word is used here in its original sense as a participle.

12.—*Three mighty lakes.* Katrine, Achray, and Vennachar. "The torrent which discharges itself from Loch Vennachar, the lowest and eastmost of the three lakes which form the scenery adjoining to the Trosachs, sweeps through a flat and extensive moor called Bochastle. Upon a small eminence called the *Dun* of

Bochastle, and indeed on the plain itself, are some intrenchments, which have been thought Roman. There is, adjacent to Callender, a sweet villa, the residence of Captain Fairfoul, entitled the Roman Camp."—SCOTT. This district is by many antiquaries held to be the scene of Agricola's final contest with the Scots in the *Mons Graupius*. At Ardoch, near Dunblane, not far to the east of Menteith, is a very perfect Roman encampment, which is believed to have held his army. (The name *Grampians*, which has been given to the whole of this range of mountains, on the faith of Tacitus, appears from the MSS. to have arisen from a false reading.)

*And his plaid.* So at Killiecrankie the Highlanders threw off their plaids and their brogues before beginning the fight.—MACAULAY, *History of England*, iii. 360.

13.—*Bred between the living and the dead.* See canto iii. 5.

*Read.* 'Interpreted,' A.S. 'rædan,' to advise, command, interpret; so the Scotch 'red,' 'rede.' The connexion with 'ræd,' ready, plain, would suggest that it means *to make plain*, which will suit both meanings of the word. For 'rede' = 'counsel' cp. *Hamlet*, i. 3—

"And recks not his own *rede*."

14.—*Some vain carpet knight; i.e.* one who won his spurs, not on the battle-field by deeds of valour, but at court by dancing attendance on royalty. A lord mayor knighted at a royal visit to the city is a carpet-knight. Cp. *Twelfth Night*, iii. 4: "He is knight, dubbed with unhatched rapier, and on carpet consideration."

*Ruth.* Pity.

*Which thou wilt.* See stanza 11.

*Scabbard.* The sheath or covering of a sword. According to Wedgwood, a corruption of 'scaleboard,' thin board, of which it was made. The word is used to denote this material. "Some splints are made of *scabbard* and tin, sewed up in linen cloths."

15.— *Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu,*
*That on the field his targe he threw,*
*For, trained abroad his arms to wield,*
*Fitz-James's blade was sword and shield.*

"A round target of light wood, covered with strong leather, and studded with brass or iron, was a necessary part of a Highlander's equipment. In charging regular troops they received the thrust of the bayonet in this buckler, twisted it aside, and used the broad-sword against the encumbered soldier. In the civil war of 1745, most of the front rank of the clans were thus armed; and Captain Grose informs us that in 1747, the privates

of the 42nd regiment, then in Flanders, were for the most part permitted to carry targets. The use of defensive armour, and particularly of the buckler, or target, was general in Queen Elizabeth's time, although that of the single rapier seems to have been occasionally practised much earlier. Rowland Yorke, however, who betrayed the fort of Zutphen to the Spaniards, for which good service he was afterwards poisoned by them, is said to have been the first who brought the rapier fight into general use."—SCOTT.

Cp. *Hamlet* iv. 7, 96. "And for your *rapier* most especially." Here and in Act v. sc. 2, Shakespeare implies that in his time Paris was the best fencing school.

*Feint* (Latin 'fingere,' French 'feindre'), to pretend to make a thrust, so as to distract the opponent's eye, and make him leave some part unguarded.

16.—*Recreant.* The Latin 'recredo' and its derivatives in the Romance languages, were used in the sense of 'surrender,' 'give up,' 'abate.' The participles, Italian 'ricredente,' French 'recréant,' were especially used of one who yields in battle, or in a judicial combat. To do so in the latter implied that a man's cause was not good enough for him to give his life for; so that '*recreant*' came to mean coward, convicted traitor.—WEDGWOOD.

*Dagger.* This completes the ordinary Highland equipment. He threw away his targe, his sword or claymore is forced from his hand, his dirk is left. Cp. Flora's Song in *Waverley*, chap. xxii.—

"The dirk and the target lie sordid with dust,
The bloodless claymore is but reddened with rust."

*Triple steel.* Cp. Horace, *Od.* i. 3, 9: "Illi robur et *æs triplex* circa pectus erat."

*The odds.* The chances of an event happening, or not happening, are either equal or unequal. For instance, if a coin is tossed head or tail must come up, and the chance of the one is as great as that of the other. In this case the chances are said to be *even*. If the chances are unequal, as, for instance, in throwing a die with six faces, where there is only one way for a given face to turn up, and five for it not to turn up, we might similarly say the chances are *odd*. But this would not tell us which event was most probable; so we say instead, *the odds* are *in favour* of the more likely event, *e.g.* of six not turning up; and *against* the less likely, *e.g.* the six turning up; so *to turn the odds* is to transfer the chance of victory to him. As James's sword was sword and shield, and Roderick had thrown away his targe, he was fighting *against odds*.

*Close; i.e.* grapple; so we say to *close* with the enemy.

17.—*Gallants.* The A.S. 'gal,' German 'geil,' = 'light,' 'pleasant,' 'merry.' From it was formed the Italian and Spanish noun 'gala,' and from this a verb 'galare,' to keep *gala*, to pursue pleasure. Of this verb the Italian 'galante' is the participle (French 'galant,' our 'gallant'). Originally therefore it means one who knows how to make the most of pleasure-days; then one who knows how to please the fair sex (our 'gallánt'). Hence its meaning diverges. In English it means brave, in Italian honest, in French a man of pleasure.

*Palfrey.* An easy-going horse for riding, a lady's horse. French 'palefroi,' German 'pferd,' Mediæval Latin 'paraveredus, parafredus,' a hybrid word from Greek παρὰ, and 'veredus,' a post-horse; so an extra post-horse.

*Boune.* Ready. See iv. 8.

18.—*Steel* = 'spur.' Cf. i. 7, note.

*Cross-bow.* A bow placed athwart a stock. "It would send the 'quarell'—as the arrows were termed—a distance of forty rods." The cross-bowman had a *moulinet* and pulley for winding up his bow. "This operation is performed by fixing one foot in the sort of stirrup at the bottom [of the bow], and applying the wheels and lever to the string of the bow, and so winding it upward by the handle placed at its top."—FAIRHOLT.

*Carhonie.* About a mile from the mouth of Loch Vennachar.

*Pricked;* 'spurred,' 'rode quickly.' The word came to mean simply 'ride.' So Spenser, *Faerie Queen*, i. 1—

"A gentle knight was *pricking* on the plaine."

And in *Marmion*, v. 17—

"Northumbrian *prickers*, wild and rude."

*Torry, Lendrick, Deanstown, Doune, Blair-Drummond, Ochtertyre*, and *Kier*, all lie on the banks of the Teith, between Callender and Stirling. Most of them are associated with personal friends of Sir W. Scott. *Craig-Forth* is between the two branches of the Forth, before and after the Teith joins it. During his visit to Cambusmore in 1809 Scott ascertained, by personal trial, that a good horseman might gallop from Loch Vennachar to Stirling in the time he has allotted to Fitz-James.

19.—*Saint Serle.* Lord Jeffrey remarks: "The king himself is in such distress for a rhyme as to be obliged to apply to one of the obscurest saints in the calendar." We have already noticed instances of this haste in the present canto.

*The king must stand upon his guard.* This seems a needless device to keep the secret: the courtiers of course know who Fitz-James is.

*Postern.* French 'posterne,' 'poterne,' from Low Latin 'posterula,' 'a back way.' The word is sometimes used for the gate itself.

20.—*Ye towers! within whose circuit dread*
*A Douglas by his sovereign bled.*

In 1451 William, the then head of the house of Douglas, a man of great political activity at home and abroad, had, in order to secure his position, entered into a bond, or band, as it was called, with the Earls of Crawfurd and Ross. On the 15th of January, 1452, James II. invited him to visit him at Stirling Castle, and after supper withdrew with him into an inner chamber. After much talk upon public matters, the king bade him break these bands. Douglas refused. The king replied, 'Then this shall,' and stabbed him twice. Sir Patrick Grey then came up, and finished the work with a pole-axe.—BURTON, ii. 425. In October, 1797, a human skeleton was found during some excavations in the garden, about eight yards from the window of the room where this happened. As it was believed that the victim was buried on the spot, it is supposed that this was the skeleton of the Douglas.

*Thou, O sad and fatal mound.* The "heading hill," north of the castle, used by James V. and his courtiers for sliding down on small sledges, from which it got the name of Hurley-Hacket. "Murdack Duke of Albany, Duncan Earl of Lennox, his father-in-law, and his two sons, Walter and Alexander Stuart, were executed at Stirling in 1425. They were beheaded upon an eminence without the castle walls, but making part of the same hill, from whence they could behold their strong castle of Doune and their extensive possessions."—SCOTT.

*Franciscan steeple.* The Grey-friars' church was built by James IV. in 1494, on the slope of the Castle Rock. James VI. was crowned here in July, 1567.

*Pageant.* Possibly from Latin 'compaginata,' 'fitted together.' Originally the scaffolding or movable platform on which mystery plays were acted. It is called 'pagina' in old documents. Then it was transferred to that which was exhibited, whether it were a dumb show or a dramatic performance. In the *Chester Mysteries* each drama is introduced in the form, "Incipit *pagina* prima de celi, &c., creacione."

*Morrice-dancers.* Originally 'Moriscos,' or '*Moorish* dancers.' The dance was probably the Spanish 'fandango;' but it was in England soon combined with the national May-day pageant of Robin Hood and Maid Marian, the Queen of the May. It required five characters, though the number was sometimes extended. They were Robin Hood, Maid Marian, a friar (Robin Hood's chaplain, Friar Tuck), a minstrel, and a clown. The hobby-horse was generally added to them, and often the usher of the bower, or gentleman usher. Most of these characters are found in Ben Jonson's *Sad Shepherd*, already referred to, which is a thoroughly poetical version of this pageant. One

distinctive feature of the morris-dancer, and indicative of his origin, was the wearing bells upon the heel. (See stanza 22, and note.) The dance was kept up till the earlier part of the present century. Hone saw it in London in 1826. In Oxfordshire it is said to be still practised, though a few ribbons are the only remains of the old costume. (CHAMBERS, *Book of Days*, i. 630-633.) There is a description of the play in the *Abbot*, ch. xiv., and Scott's note. Its popularity was a great stumbling-block to the Reformers on each side of the Border. It was forbidden in Scotland by statute in 1555, but "it would seem, from the complaints of the General Assembly of the Kirk, that these profane festivities were continued down to 1592. Bold Robin was, to say the least, equally successful in maintaining his ground against the reformed clergy of England; for the simple and evangelical Latimer complains of coming to a country church, where the people refused to hear him because it was Robin Hood's day; and his mitre and rochet were fain to give way to the village pastime."—SCOTT.

*Play my prize.* Cp. *Odyssey*, xxiv. 89: ζώννυνταί τε νέοι καὶ ἐπεντύνονται ἄεθλα: "get ready for the prizes," meaning the contest.

21.—*The Castle gates were open flung.* Stirling Castle was already one of the principal fortresses of Scotland in the twelfth century, and about the beginning of the fifteenth became a royal residence. A palace was erected within its walls by James V., with whose history, as we have seen, it is intimately associated. It stands upon a lofty rock, which commands the Forth. The slope which connects it with the plain is occupied by the town of Stirling.

*Jennet.* A small Spanish horse; from Spanish 'ginete,' a light horse soldier; said to come from the Arabic 'diund,' a soldier. (Connected by others with the Greek γύμνητες.) From the soldier it was transferred, in French and English, to the horse which he rode.

*Long live the Commons' King, King James!* The lines that follow explain the policy which in great part led to this name. James had done what was done by Henry VII. in England, and by Louis XI. in France; that is, had striven to check the lawless power of the nobles, and had sought the alliance of the commons, or people of the towns. Shortly after the fall of Angus, the Earl of Argyle was deprived of the lieutenancy of the Isles, a step which led some of the Lowland lords to transfer their allegiance to England. Later (1540), when the king made a progress in the north, he took possession of some of the Highland chiefs, and brought them southward in captivity, as sureties for the good behaviour of their clans. (BURTON, iii. 175.)

22.—*The Castle-park* lies to the south of the Castle, from which it is separated by the king's garden and the esplanade, which parts the Castle from the town.

*Chequered.* In allusion to the gay dresses of the *pageants*, or of the morris-dancers, whose dress is described as of white fustian spangled.

*Morricers, with bell at heel.* The bell at heel was indispensable, but this was not necessarily all. In a description of a morris-dancer's dress, given in a note (*s*) to the *Fair Maid of Perth*, we find that it has 252 small bells in sets of twelve at regular musical intervals; so that, like the old woman of Banbury, music would go with him wherever he went.

*Butts.* French 'buttes,' literally the mound of earth which supports the target. (Same root as 'boss,' iv. 5.)

*Cowl.* Latin 'cucullus,' a hood attached to the long tunic, so as to be pulled over the head; hence the proverb, "Cucullus non facit monachum."

*Scathelocke* and *Scarlet* are two of the characters in Ben Jonson's play. Will Scarlet is mentioned in the ballad of *Robin Hood's Death*, in Percy's MS.; Friar Tuck, the clerk of Copmanhurst, in *Ivanhoe*. The games that follow remind us of the funeral games for Patroclus in the *Iliad*, and for Anchises in the *Æneid*, though they are treated with distinct originality. The stag-hunt is Scott's own.

*Stake; i.e.* prize.

*Wight.* Creature; *i.e.* commonest archer. A.S. 'wiht,' from which we have also 'whit.' Cp. German 'bösewicht,' a good-for-nothing fellow. It was once used of fairies, spirits; so Chaucer, *Miller's Tale*—

"I crouche thee from elves and from *wights*."

Part of this scene is taken from a story, reported by Hume of Godscroft, which has been worked up into a ballad by Mr. Finlay (*Scottish Historical and Romantic Ballads*. Glasgow, 1808). It is introduced as follows—

"Our nobles they hae sworn an aith?
An they gart our young king swear the same,
That as lang as the crown was on his head
He wad speak to nane o' the Douglas name.

"An wasna this a wearifou aith;
For the crown frae his head had been tint and gane,
Gin the Douglas hand hadna held it on,
Whan anither to help him there was nane.

"An the king frae that day grew dowie and wae;
For he liked in his heart the Douglas weel;
For his foster-brither was Jamie o' Parkhead,
An Archie o' Kilspindie was his *Grey Steill*.

"But Jamie was banisht, an' Archy baith,
An' they lived lang, lang ayont the sea,
Till a' had forgotten them but the king,
An' he whiles said wi' a watery e'e.
Gin they think on me as I think on them,
I wot their life is but drearie."

The king goes out hunting with his nobles, and is returning to "Snawdon Tower,"

"When Murray cried loud—Wha 's yon I see?
Like a Douglas he looks, baith dark and grim,
And for a' his sad and weary pace,
Like them he 's richt stark o' arm and limb.

The king's heart lap, and he shouted wi' glee:
Yon stalwarth makedom I ken richt weel,
And I'se wad in pawn the hawk on my han',
It 's Archie Kilspindie, my ain Gray Steill;
We maun gie him grace o' a' his race;
For Kilspindie was trusty, ay and leal."

But his nobles, some sadly, some sternly, remind him of his oath, and with heart "yearnin and like to brast," he spoke haughtily to his old friend, who would not be thrown off, but kept up with the cavalcade to the castle gate. The king looked back right wistfully, but left him there. The poor man begged for a draught of cold water; but no one durst give it him, so strict was the ban. The king, when he heard of it, was "redwood furious," and—

"A' fu' sad at the table he sat him down,
An he spak but ae word at the dine:
O I wish my warst fae were but a king
Wi' as cruel counsellours as mine!"

23.—*For life is Hugh of Larbert lame.* Lord Jeffrey objects to this expression as intolerable. It seems to me to have the great merit of setting the whole struggle before us in a line, without wasting any words of description upon it. *Larbert* is in Stirlingshire, about ten miles south of Stirling. In its church Bruce, the Abyssinian traveller, is buried.

*Allan.* On the other side of the Forth, in Clackmannan.

*A golden ring.* The ordinary prize for wrestling was a ram and a ring. Cp. Chaucer, *Coke's Tale of Camelyn*, 169—

"Litheth, and lestneth, and holdeth your tonge,
And ye schul heere talkyng of Gamelyn the yonge.
Ther was ther bysiden cryed a wrastling,
And therfor ther was sette up a ram and a ryng."

*And moralise on the decay*
*Of 'cottish strength in modern day.*
So in Homer and Virgil, the great victors are generally those of a former generation, who astonish the younger men by exploits to which they can never attain. (Hom. *Il.* v. 303, xii. 447; Virg. *Æn* xii. 899.) Cp. with this stanza the putting the bar in Homer, *Il.* xxiii.

24.—*Ladies' Rock.* A hillock in the "valley," from which the ladies of the court witnessed the tourney.
*Douglas of the stalwart hand.* See note on canto iv. 27.
For an illustration of the close of this stanza compare the scene of Wolsey's downfall, *Henry VIII.* act iii. scene 2.

25.—*Gambols.* O.E. 'gambauld,' French 'gambade,' literally skipping, dancing, from 'gambe,' an old form of 'jambe,' a leg; and that from Celtic root 'cam,' crooked ("This is clean *cam.*"—SHAKESPEARE, *Coriolanus*). Cp. 'camera,' an arch; Greek καμπή, a bending.
*Buffet.* A blow, slap, from 'buff,' an imitation of the sound. Cp. French 'soufflet,' a slap in the face, from 'souffler,' to blow.

26.—*Pack.* Rabble. See i. 4, and note.

27.—*Hyndford.* A village on the Clyde, three or four miles south-east of Lanark.

28.—*Fealty.* French 'féelté,' Latin 'fidelitas,' 'faith,' 'loyalty.'
*Widow's mate expires.* A bold instance of prolepsis. She is not a widow till he expires.

29.—*As tempests melt in rain.* This comparison is a common one. Cp. Tennyson, song in the *Princess*—
"Like summer tempest came her tears."
Shakespeare, *Venus and Adonis*, l. 965—
"But, like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,
Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again."
*Verge.* French 'verge,' Latin 'virga,' 'the wand borne by the officer of a court.' Within the *verge* of the court = within the limits of his authority; and hence 'verge' = 'limit,' 'edge.'

30.—*Thou many-headed monster-thing.* Cp. *Coriolanus*, i. 1—
"He that depends
Upon your favour swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes.
With every minute do you change your mind,

And call him noble that was now your hate,
Him vile that was your garland."

2 *King Henry IV.* i 3—

"An habitation giddy and unsure
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart."

31.—*Cognizance.* French 'connaissance,' 'knowledge.' A knight in full armour, with his vizor down, so that his face was hid, was recognized by his crest or heraldic coat; here the sable pale.

ADDA KAVANAGH AS ELLEN.

# *THE LADY OF THE LAKE.*

## CANTO SIXTH.

### The Guard-Room.

I.

THE sun, awakening, through the smoky air
Of the dark city casts a sullen glance,
Rousing each caitiff to his task of care,
Of sinful man the sad inheritance ;
Summoning revellers from the lagging dance,
Scaring the prowling robber to his den ;
Gilding on battled tower the warder's lance,
And warning student pale to leave his pen,
And yield his drowsy eyes to the kind nurse of men.

What various scenes, and, O ! what scenes of woe,
Are witnessed by that red and struggling beam !
The fevered patient, from his pallet low,
Through crowded hospital beholds its stream ;
The ruined maiden trembles at its gleam,
The debtor wakes to thought of gyve and jail,
The love-lorn wretch starts from tormenting dream,
The wakeful mother, by the glimmering pale,
Trims her sick infant's couch, and soothes his feeble wail.

II.

At dawn the towers of Stirling rang
With soldier-step and weapon-clang,
While drums, with rolling note, foretell
Relief to weary sentinel.
Through narrow loop and casement barred
The sunbeams sought the Court of Guard,
And, struggling with the smoky air,
Deadened the torches' yellow glare.
In comfortless alliance shone
The lights through arch of blackened stone,
And shewed wild shapes in garb of war,
Faces deformed with beard and scar,
All haggard from the midnight watch,
And fevered with the stern debauch ;
For the oak table's massive board,
Flooded with wine, with fragments stored,
And beakers drained, and cups o'erthrown,
Shewed in what sport the night had flown.
Some, weary, snored on floor and bench ;
Some laboured still their thirst to quench ;
Some, chilled with watching, spread their hands
O'er the huge chimney's dying brands,
While round them, or beside them flung,
At every step their harness rung.

III.

These drew not for their fields the sword,
Like tenants of a feudal lord,
Nor owned the patriarchal claim
Of Chieftain in their leader's name ;
Adventurers they, from far who roved,
To live by battle, which they loved.
There the Italian's clouded face,
The swarthy Spaniard's there you trace ;
The mountain-loving Switzer there
More freely breathed in mountain-air ;
The Fleming there despised the soil,
That paid so ill the labourer's toil ;
Their rolls shewed French and German name ;
And merry England's exiles came,

To share, with ill-concealed disdain,
Of Scotland's pay the scanty gain.
All brave in arms, well trained to wield
The heavy halberd, brand, and shield;
In camps licentious, wild, and bold;
In pillage fierce and uncontrolled;
And now, by holytide and feast,
From rules of discipline released.

IV.

They held debate of bloody fray,
Fought 'twixt Loch Katrine and Achray.
Fierce was their speech, and, 'mid their words,
Their hands oft grappled to their swords;
Nor sunk their tone to spare the ear
Of wounded comrades groaning near,
Whose mangled limbs, and bodies gored,
Bore token of the mountain sword,
Though, neighbouring to the Court of Guard,
Their prayers and feverish wails were heard;
Sad burden to the ruffian joke,
And savage oath by fury spoke!—
At length up-started John of Brent,
A yeoman from the banks of Trent;
A stranger to respect or fear,
In peace a chaser of the deer,
In host a hardy mutineer,
But still the boldest of the crew,
When deed of danger was to do.
He grieved, that day, their games cut short,
And marred the dicer's brawling sport,
And shouted loud, 'Renew the bowl!
And, while a merry catch I troll,
Let each the buxom chorus bear,
Like brethren of the brand and spear.'

V.

SOLDIER'S SONG.

Our vicar still preaches that Peter and Poule
Laid a swinging long curse on the bonny brown bowl,

That there's wrath and despair in the jolly black-jack,
And the seven deadly sins in a flagon of sack;
Yet whoop, Barnaby! off with thy liquor,
Drink upsees out, and a fig for the vicar!

Our vicar he calls it damnation to sip
The ripe ruddy dew of a woman's dear lip,
Says, that Beelzebub lurks in her kerchief so sly,
And Apollyon shoots darts from her merry black eye;
Yet whoop, Jack! kiss Gillian the quicker,
Till she bloom like a rose, and a fig for the vicar!

Our vicar thus preaches—and why should he not?
For the dues of his cure are the placket and pot;
And 'tis right of his office poor laymen to lurch,
Who infringe the domains of our good Mother Church.
Yet whoop, bully-boys! off with your liquor,
Sweet Marjorie's the word, and a fig for the vicar!

## VI.

The warder's challenge, heard without,
Staid in mid-roar the merry shout.
A soldier to the portal went—
'Here is old Bertram, sirs, of Ghent;
And—beat for jubilee the drum!
A maid and minstrel with him come.'
Bertram, a Fleming, gray and scarred,
Was entering now the Court of Guard.
A harper with him, and in plaid
All muffled close, a mountain maid,
Who backward shrunk to 'scape the view
Of the loose scene and boisterous crew.
'What news?' they roared:—'I only know,
From noon till eve we fought with foe,
As wild and as untameable
As the rude mountains where they dwell;
On both sides store of blood is lost,
Nor much success can either boast.'—
'But whence thy captives, friend? Such spoil
As theirs must needs reward thy toil.
Old dost thou wax, and wars grow sharp:
Thou now hast glee-maiden and harp!

Get thee an ape, and trudge the land,
The leader of a juggler band.'

VII.

'No, comrade; no such fortune mine.
After the fight these sought our line,
That aged harper and the girl,
And, having audience of the Earl,
Mar bade I should purvey them steed,
And bring them hitherward with speed.
Forbear your mirth and rude alarm,
For none shall do them shame or harm.'
'Hear ye his boast?' cried John of Brent,
Ever to strife and jangling bent;
'Shall he strike doe beside our lodge,
And yet the jealous niggard grudge
To pay the forester his fee?
I'll have my share, howe'er it be,
Despite of Moray, Mar, or thee.'
Bertram his forward step withstood;
And, burning in his vengeful mood,
Old Allan, though unfit for strife,
Laid hand upon his dagger-knife;
But Ellen boldly stepped between,
And dropped at once the tartan screen:
So, from his morning cloud, appears
The sun of May, through summer tears.
The savage soldiery, amazed,
As on descended angel gazed;
Even hardy Brent, abashed and tamed,
Stood half admiring, half ashamed.

VIII.

Boldly she spoke—'Soldiers, attend:
My father was the soldier's friend;
Cheered him in camps, in marches led,
And with him in the battle bled.
Not from the valiant, or the strong,
Should exile's daughter suffer wrong.'
Answered De Brent, most forward still
In every feat or good or ill—

'I shame me of the part I played:
And thou an outlaw's child, poor maid!
An outlaw I by forest laws,
And merry Needwood knows the cause.
Poor Rose - if Rose be living now,'
He wiped his iron eye and brow,
'Must bear such age, I think, as thou.
Hear ye, my mates;—I go to call
The Captain of our watch to hall:
There lies my halbert on the floor;
And he that steps my halbert o'er,
To do the maid injurious part,
My shaft shall quiver in his heart!—
Beware loose speech, or jesting rough:
Ye all know John de Brent. Enough.'

## IX.

Their Captain came, a gallant young—
(Of Tullibardine's house he sprung),
Nor wore he yet the spurs of knight;
Gay was his mien, his humour light,
And, though by courtesy controlled,
Forward his speech, his bearing bold.
The high-born maiden ill could brook
The scanning of his curious look
And dauntless eye;—and yet, in sooth,
Young Lewis was a generous youth;
But Ellen's lovely face and mien,
Ill suited to the garb and scene,
Might lightly bear construction strange,
And give loose fancy scope to range.
'Welcome to Stirling towers, fair maid!
Come ye to seek a champion's aid,
On palfrey white, with harper hoar,
Like errant damosel of yore?
Does thy high quest a knight require,
Or may the venture suit a squire?'—
Her dark eye flashed;—she paused and sighed—
'O what have I to do with pride!—
—Through scenes of sorrow, shame, and strife,
A suppliant for a father's life,

I crave an audience of the King.
Behold, to back my suit, a ring,
The royal pledge of grateful claims,
Given by the Monarch to Fitz-James.'

X.

The signet-ring young Lewis took,
With deep respect and altered look;
And said—'This ring our duties own;
And pardon, if to worth unknown,
In semblance mean obscurely veiled,
Lady, in aught my folly failed.
Soon as the day flings wide his gates,
The King shall know what suitor waits.
Please you, meanwhile, in fitting bower
Repose you till his waking hour;
Female attendance shall obey
Your hest, for service or array.
Permit I marshal you the way.'
But, ere she followed, with the grace
And open bounty of her race,
She bade her slender purse be shared
Among the soldiers of the guard.
The rest with thanks their guerdon took;
But Brent, with shy and awkward look,
On the reluctant maiden's hold
Forced bluntly back the proffered gold;
'Forgive a haughty English heart,
And O forget its ruder part!
The vacant purse shall be my share,
Which in my barret-cap I 'll bear
Perchance in jeopardy of war,
Where gayer crests may keep afar.'
With thanks—'twas all she could—the maid
His rugged courtesy repaid.

XI.

When Ellen forth with Lewis went,
Allan made suit to John of Brent:—
'My lady safe, O let your grace
Give me to see my master's face!

His minstrel I—to share his doom
Bound from the cradle to the tomb.
Tenth in descent, since first my sires
Waked for his noble house their lyres,
Nor one of all the race was known
But prized its weal above their own.
With the Chief's birth begins our care;
Our harp must soothe the infant heir,
Teach the youth tales of fight, and grace
His earliest feat of field or chase;
In peace, in war, our rank we keep,
We cheer his board, we soothe his sleep,
Nor leave him till we pour our verse—
A doleful tribute!—o'er his hearse.
Then let me share his captive lot;
It is my right—deny it not!'—
'Little we reck,' said John of Brent,
'We southern men, of long descent;
Nor wot we how a name—a word—
Makes clansmen vassals to a lord:
Yet kind my noble landlord's part.—
God bless the house of Beaudesert!
And, but I loved to drive the deer,
More than to guide the labouring steer,
I had not dwelt an outcast here.
Come, good old Minstrel, follow me;
Thy Lord and Chieftain shalt thou see.'

## XII.

Then, from a rusted iron hook,
A bunch of ponderous keys he took,
Lighted a torch, and Allan led
Through grated arch and passage dread.
Portals they passed, where, deep within,
Spoke prisoner's moan, and fetters' din;
Through rugged vaults, where, loosely stored,
Lay wheel, and axe, and headsman's sword,
And many an hideous engine grim,
For wrenching joint, and crushing limb,
By artist formed, who deemed it shame
And sin to give their work a name.

They halted at a low-browed porch,
And Brent to Allan gave the torch,
While bolt and chain he backward rolled,
And made the bar unhasp its hold.
They entered :—'twas a prison-room
Of stern security and gloom,
Yet not a dungeon ; for the day
Through lofty gratings found its way,
And rude and antique garniture
Decked the sad walls and oaken floor ;
Such as the rugged days of old
Deemed fit for captive noble's hold.
'Here,' said De Brent, 'thou mayst remain
Till the Leech visit him again.
Strict is his charge, the warders tell,
To tend the noble prisoner well.'
Retiring then the bolt he drew,
And the lock's murmurs growled anew.
Roused at the sound, from lowly bed
A captive feebly raised his head ;
The wondering Minstrel looked, and knew—
Not his dear Lord, but Roderick Dhu !
Fo', come from where Clan-Alpine fought,
They, erring, deemed the Chief he sought.

## XIII.

As the tall ship, whose lofty prore
Shall never stem the billows more,
Deserted by her gallant band,
Amid the breakers lies astrand—
So, on his couch, lay Roderick Dhu !
And oft his fevered limbs he threw
In toss abrupt, as when her sides
Lie rocking in the advancing tides,
That shake her frame with ceaseless beat,
Yet cannot heave her from her seat ;—
O ! how unlike her course at sea !
Or his free step on hill and lea !—
Soon as the Minstrel he could scan,
—'What of thy lady ?—of my clan ?
My mother ?—Douglas ?—tell me all !
Have they been ruined in my fall ?

Ah, yes! or wherefore art thou here!
Yet speak—speak boldly—do not fear.'—
(For Allan, who his mood well knew,
Was choked with grief and terror too.)—
'Who fought—who fled?—Old man, be brief,—
Some might—for they had lost their Chief.
Who basely live?—who bravely died?'—
'O, calm thee, Chief!' the Minstrel cried,
'Ellen is safe;'—'For that thank Heaven!'
'And hopes are for the Douglas given;—
The Lady Margaret too is well,
And, for thy clan—on field or fell,
Has never harp of minstrel told,
Of combat fought so true and bold.
Thy stately Pine is yet unbent,
Though many a goodly bough is rent.'

XIV.

The Chieftain reared his form on high,
And fever's fire was in his eye;
But ghastly, pale, and livid streaks
Chequered his swarthy brow and cheeks.
—'Hark, Minstrel! I have heard thee play,
With measure bold, on festal day,
In yon lone isle, . . . again where ne'er
Shall harper play, or warrior hear! . . .
That stirring air that peals on high,
O'er Dermid's race our victory.—
Strike it!—and then (for well thou canst),
Free from thy minstrel-spirit glanced,
Fling me the picture of the fight,
When met my clan the Saxon might.
I'll listen, till my fancy hears
The clang of swords, the crash of spears!
These grates, these walls, shall vanish then,
For the fair field of fighting men,
And my free spirit burst away,
As if it soared from battle-fray.'
The trembling bard with awe obeyed—
Slow on the harp his hand he laid;
But soon remembrance of the sight
He witnessed from the mountain's height,
With what old Bertram told at night,

Awakened the full power of song,
And bore him in career along ;—
As shallop launched on river's tide,
That slow and fearful leaves the side,
But, when it feels the middle stream,
Drives downward swift as lightning's beam.

## XV.

### BATTLE OF BEAL' AN DUINE.

'The minstrel came once more to view
The eastern ridge of Benvenue,
For, ere he parted, he would say
Farewell to lovely Loch Achray—
Where shall he find, in foreign land,
So lone a lake, so sweet a strand !
There is no breeze upon the fern,
No ripple on the lake,
Upon her eyry nods the erne,
The deer has sought the brake;
The small birds will not sing aloud,
The springing trout lies still,
So darkly glooms yon thunder-cloud,
That swathes, as with a purple shroud,
Ben-Ledi's distant hill.
Is it the thunder's solemn sound
That mutters deep and dread,
Or echoes from the groaning ground
The warrior's measured tread ?
Is it the lightning's quivering glance
That on the thicket streams,
Or do they flash on spear and lance
The sun's retiring beams ?
—I see the dagger-crest of Mar,
I see the Moray's silver star,
Wave o'er the cloud of Saxon war,
That up the lake comes winding far !
To hero bound for battle-strife,
Or bard of martial lay,
'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life,
One glance at their array !

XVI.

'Their light-armed archers far and near
Surveyed the tangled ground,
Their centre ranks, with pike and spear,
A twilight forest frowned,
Their barbed horsemen, in the rear,
The stern battalia crowned.
No cymbal clashed, no clarion rang,
Still were the pipe and drum;
Save heavy tread, and armour's clang,
The sullen march was dumb.
There breathed no wind their crests to shake,
Or wave their flags abroad;
Scarce the frail aspen seemed to quake,
That shadowed o'er their road.
Their vanward scouts no tidings bring,
Can rouse no lurking foe,
Nor spy a trace of living thing,
Save when they stirred the roe;
The host moves, like a deep-sea wave,
Where rise no rocks its pride to brave,
High-swelling, dark, and slow.
The lake is passed, and now they gain
A narrow and a broken plain,
Before the Trosachs' rugged jaws;
And here the horse and spearmen pause,
While, to explore the dangerous glen,
Dive through the pass the archer-men.

XVII.

'At once there rose so wild a yell
Within that dark and narrow dell,
As all the fiends, from heaven that fell,
Had pealed the banner-cry of hell!
Forth from the pass in tumult driven,
Like chaff before the wind of heaven,
The archery appear:
For life! for life! their plight they ply—
And shriek, and shout, and battle-cry,
And plaids and bonnets waving high,
And broadswords flashing to the sky,
Are maddening in the rear.

Onward they drive, in dreadful race,
Pursuers and pursued;
Before that tide of flight and chase,
How shall it keep its rooted place,
The spearmen's twilight wood?—
"Down, down," cried Mar, "your lances down!
Bear back both friend and foe!"
Like reeds before the tempest's frown,
That serried grove of lances brown
At once lay levelled low;
And closely shouldering side to side,
The bristling ranks the onset bide.
"We'll quell the savage mountaineer
As their Tinchel cows the game!
They come as fleet as forest deer.
We'll drive them back as tame."

## XVIII.

'Bearing before them, in their course,
The relics of the archer force,
Like wave with crest of sparkling foam,
Right onward did Clan-Alpine come.
Above the tide, each broadsword bright
Was brandishing like beam of light,
Each targe was dark below;
And with the ocean's mighty swing,
When heaving to the tempest's wing,
They hurled them on the foe.
I heard the lance's shivering crash,
As when the whirlwind rends the ash;
I heard the broadsword's deadly clang,
As if an hundred anvils rang!
But Moray wheeled his rearward rank
Of horsemen on Clan-Alpine's flank,
—"My banner-man, advance!
I see," he cried, "their column shake.—
Now, gallants! for your ladies' sake,
Upon them with the lance!"—
The horsemen dashed among the rout,
As deer break through the broom;
Their steeds are stout, their swords are out,
They soon make lightsome room.

Clan-Alpine's best are backward borne—
Where, where was Roderick then!
One blast upon his bugle-horn
Were worth a thousand men.
And refluent through the pass of fear
The battle's tide was poured;
Vanished the Saxon's struggling spear,
Vanished the mountain sword.
As Bracklinn's chasm, so black and steep,
Receives her roaring linn,
As the dark caverns of the deep
Suck the wild whirlpool in,
So did the deep and darksome pass
Devour the battle's mingled mass:
None linger now upon the plain,
Save those who ne'er shall fight again.

## XIX.

Now westward rolls the battle's din,
That deep and doubling pass within.
—Minstrel, away! the work of fate
Is bearing on: its issue wait,
Where the rude Trosachs' dread defile
Opens on Katrine's lake and isle.—
Gray Benvenue I soon repassed,
Loch Katrine lay beneath me cast.
The sun is set;—the clouds are met,
The lowering scowl of heaven
An inky hue of livid blue
To the deep lake has given;
Strange gusts of wind from mountain glen
Swept o'er the lake, then sunk agen.
I heeded not the eddying surge,
Mine eye but saw the Trosachs' gorge,
Mine ear but heard the sullen sound,
Which like an earthquake shook the ground,
And spoke the stern and desperate strife
That parts not but with parting life,
Seeming, to minstrel-ear, to toll
The dirge of many a passing soul.
Nearer it comes—the dim-wood glen
The martial flood disgorged agen,

But not in mingled tide ;
The plaided warriors of the North
High on the mountain thunder forth
And overhang its side ;
While by the lake below appears
The dark'ning cloud of Saxon spears.
At weary bay each shattered band,
Eyeing their foemen, sternly stand !
Their banners stream like tattered sail,
That flings its fragments to the gale,
And broken arms and disarray
Marked the fell havock of the day.

## XX.

'Viewing the mountain's ridge askance,
The Saxon stood in sullen trance,
Till Moray pointed with his lance,
And cried—"Behold yon isle!—
See ! none are left to guard its strand,
But women weak, that wring the hand :
'Tis there of yore the robber band
Their booty wont to pile ;—
My purse, with bonnet-pieces store,
To him will swim a bow-shot o'er,
And loose a shallop from the shore.
Lightly we'll tame the war-wolf then,
Lords of his mate, and brood, and den."
Forth from the ranks a spearman sprung,
On earth his casque and corslet rung,
He plunged him in the wave ;—
All saw the deed—the purpose knew,
And to their clamours Benvenue
A mingled echo gave ;
The Saxons shout, their mate to cheer,
The helpless females scream for fear,
And yells for rage the mountaineer.
'Twas then, as by the outcry riven,
Poured down at once the lowering heaven ;
A whirlwind swept Loch Katrine's breast,
Her billows reared their snowy crest.
Well for the swimmer swelled they high,
To mar the Highland marksman's eye ;

For round him showered, 'mid rain and hail,
The vengeful arrows of the Gael.—
In vain.—He nears the isle—and lo!
His hand is on a shallop's bow.
—Just then a flash of lightning came,
It tinged the waves and strand with flame;—
I marked Duncraggan's widowed dame,
Behind an oak I saw her stand,
A naked dirk gleamed in her hand:—
It darkened—but amid the moan
Of waves I heard a dying groan;—
Another flash!—the spearman floats
A weltering corse beside the boats,
And the stern Matron o'er him stood,
Her hand and dagger streaming blood.

## XXI.

'"Revenge! revenge!" the Saxons cried,
The Gaels' exulting shout replied.
Despite the elemental rage,
Again they hurried to engage;
But, ere they closed in desperate fight,
Bloody with spurring came a knight,
Sprung from his horse, and, from a crag,
Waved 'twixt the hosts a milk-white flag,
Clarion and trumpet by his side
Rung forth a truce-note high and wide,
While, in the Monarch's name, afar
A herald's voice forbade the war,
For Bothwell's lord, and Roderick bold,
Were both, he said, in captive hold.'
—But here the lay made sudden stand,
The harp escaped the Minstrel's hand!—
Oft had he stolen a glance, to spy
How Roderick brooked his minstrelsy:
At first, the Chieftain, to the chime,
With lifted hand, kept feeble time;
That motion ceased—yet feeling strong
Varied his look as changed the song;
At length, no more his deafened ear
The minstrel melody can hear;

His face grows sharp—his hands are clenched,
As if some pang his heart-strings wrenched;
Set are his teeth, his fading eye
Is sternly fixed on vacancy;
Thus, motionless, and moanless, drew
His parting breath, stout Roderick Dhu!—
Old Allan-bane looked on aghast,
While grim and still his spirit passed;
But when he saw that life was fled,
He poured his wailing o'er the dead.

## XXII.

### LAMENT.

'And art thou cold and lowly laid,
Thy foemen's dread, thy people's aid,
Breadalbane's boast, Clan-Alpine's shade!
For thee shall none a requiem say?
—For thee—who loved the minstrel's lay,
For thee, of Bothwell's house the stay,
The shelter of her exiled line,
E'en in this prison-house of thine,
I'll wail for Alpine's honoured Pine!

'What groans shall yonder valleys fill!
What shrieks of grief shall rend yon hill!
What tears of burning rage shall thrill,
When mourns thy tribe thy battles done,
Thy fall before the race was won,
Thy sword ungirt ere set of sun!
There breathes not clansman of thy line,
But would have given his life for thine.—
O woe for Alpine's honoured Pine!

'Sad was thy lot on mortal stage!—
The captive thrush may brook the cage,
The prisoned eagle dies for rage.
Brave spirit, do not scorn my strain!
And, when its notes awake again,
Even she, so long beloved in vain,
Shall with my harp her voice combine,
And mix her woe and tears with mine,
To wail Clan-Alpine's honoured Pine.'

## XXIII.

Ellen, the while, with bursting heart,
Remained in lordly bower apart,
Where played, with many-coloured gleams,
Through storied pane the rising beams.
In vain on gilded roof they fall,
And lightened up a tapestried wall,
And for her use a menial train
A rich collation spread in vain.
The banquet proud, the chamber gay,
Scarce drew the curious glance astray;
Or, if she looked, 'twas but to say,
With better omen dawned the day
In that lone isle, where waved on high
The dun-deer's hide for canopy;
Where oft her noble father shared
The simple meal her care prepared,
While Lufra, crouching by her side,
Her station claimed with jealous pride,
And Douglas, bent on woodland game,
Spoke of the chase to Malcolm Græme,
Whose answer, oft at random made,
The wandering of his thoughts betrayed.—
Those who such simple joys have known,
Are taught to prize them when they 're gone.
But sudden, see, she lifts her head!
The window seeks with cautious tread.
What distant music has the power
To win her in this woeful hour!
'Twas from a turret that o'erhung
Her latticed bower, the strain was sung.

## XXIV.

### LAY OF THE IMPRISONED HUNTSMAN.

'My hawk is tired of perch and hood,
My idle greyhound loathes his food,
My horse is weary of his stall,
And I am sick of captive thrall.
I wish I were as I have been,
Hunting the hart in forest green,

With bended bow and bloodhound free,
For that 's the life is meet for me.
I hate to learn the ebb of time,
From yon dull steeple's drowsy chime,
Or mark it as the sunbeams crawl,
Inch after inch, along the wall.
The lark was wont my matins ring,
The sable rook my vespers sing;
These towers, although a king's they be,
Have not a hall of joy for me.
No more at dawning morn I rise,
And sun myself in Ellen's eyes,
Drive the fleet deer the forest through,
And homeward wend with evening dew;
A blithesome welcome blithely meet,
And lay my trophies at her feet,
While fled the eve on wing of glee—
That life is lost to love and me!'

## XXV.

The heart-sick lay was hardly said,
The list'ner had not turned her head,
It trickled still, the starting tear,
When light a footstep struck her ear,
And Snowdoun's graceful Knight was near.
She turned the hastier, lest again
The prisoner should renew his strain.
'O welcome, brave Fitz-James,' she said;
'How may an almost orphan maid
Pay the deep debt'——'O say not so!
To me no gratitude you owe.
Not mine, alas! the boon to give,
And bid thy noble father live;
I can be but thy guide, sweet maid,
With Scotland's King thy suit to aid.
No tyrant he, though ire and pride
May lay his better mood aside.
Come, Ellen, come!—'tis more than time,
He holds his court at morning prime.'
With beating heart, and bosom wrung,
As to a brother's arm she clung,

Gently he dried the falling tear,
And gently whispered hope and cheer;
Her faltering steps half led, half staid,
Through gallery fair and high arcade,
Till, at his touch, its wings of pride
A portal arch unfolded wide.

## XXVI.

Within 'twas brilliant all and light,
A thronging scene of figures bright;
It glowed on Ellen's dazzled sight,
As when the setting sun has given
Ten thousand hues to summer even,
And from their tissue, fancy frames
Aërial knights and fairy dames.
Still by Fitz-James her footing staid;
A few faint steps she forward made,
Then slow her drooping head she raised,
And fearful round the presence gazed.
For him she sought, who owned this state,
The dreaded prince whose will was fate!—
She gazed on many a princely port,
Might well have ruled a royal court;
On many a splendid garb she gazed—
Then turned bewildered and amazed,
For all stood bare; and, in the room,
Fitz-James alone wore cap and plume.
To him each lady's look was lent;
On him each courtier's eye was bent;
Midst furs and silks and jewels sheen,
He stood, in simple Lincoln green,
The centre of the glittering ring—
And Snowdoun's Knight is Scotland's King

## XXVII.

As wreath of snow, on mountain-breast,
Slides from the rock that gave it rest,
Poor Ellen glided from her stay,
And at the Monarch's feet she lay;

No word her choking voice commands—
She shewed the ring—she clasped her hands.
O! not a moment could he brook,
The generous prince, that suppliant look!
Gently he raised her—and, the while,
Checked with a glance the circle's smile:
Graceful, but grave, her brow he kissed,
And bade her terrors be dismissed:—
'Yes, Fair; the wandering poor Fitz-James
The fealty of Scotland claims.
To him thy woes, thy wishes, bring;
He will redeem his signet ring.
Ask nought for Douglas;—yester even,
His prince and he have much forgiven:
Wrong hath he had from slanderous tongue,
I, from his rebel kinsmen, wrong.
We would not to the vulgar crowd
Yield what they craved with clamour loud;
Calmly we heard and judged his cause,
Our council aided, and our laws.
I stanched thy father's death-feud stern,
With stout De Vaux and gray Glencairn,
And Bothwell's Lord henceforth we own
The friend and bulwark of our Throne.—
But, lovely infidel, how now?
What clouds thy misbelieving brow?
Lord James of Douglas, lend thine aid;
Thou must confirm this doubting maid.'

## XXVIII.

Then forth the noble Douglas sprung,
And on his neck his daughter hung.
The Monarch drank, that happy hour,
The sweetest, holiest draught of Power—
When it can say, with godlike voice,
Arise, sad Virtue, and rejoice!
Yet would not James the general eye
On Nature's raptures long should pry;
He stepped between—'Nay, Douglas, nay,
Steal not my proselyte away!
The riddle 'tis my right to read,
That brought this happy chance to speed.—

Yes, Ellen, when disguised I stray
In life's more low but happier way,
'Tis under name which veils my power,
Nor falsely veils—for Stirling's tower
Of yore the name of Snowdoun claims,
And Normans call me James Fitz-James.
Thus watch I o'er insulted laws,
Thus learn to right the injured cause.'—
Then, in a tone apart and low,
—'Ah, little trait'ress! none must know
What idle dream, what lighter thought,
What vanity full dearly bought,
Joined to thine eye's dark witchcraft, drew
My spell-bound steps to Benvenue,
In dangerous hour, and all but gave
Thy Monarch's life to mountain glaive!'
Aloud he spoke—'Thou still dost hold
That little talisman of gold,
Pledge of my faith, Fitz-James's ring—
What seeks fair Ellen of the King?'

## XXIX.

Full well the conscious maiden guessed,
He probed the weakness of her breast;
But, with that consciousness, there came
A lightening of her fears for Græme,
And more she deemed the Monarch's ire
Kindled 'gainst him, who, for her sire,
Rebellious broadsword boldly drew;
And, to her generous feeling true,
She craved the grace of Roderick Dhu.—
'Forbear thy suit:—The King of kings
Alone can stay life's parting wings,
I know his heart, I know his hand,
Have shared his cheer, and proved his brand:—
My fairest earldom would I give
To bid Clan-Alpine's Chieftain live!—
Hast thou no other boon to crave?
No other captive friend to save?'
Blushing, she turned her from the King,
And to the Douglas gave the ring,

As if she wished her sire to speak
The suit that stained her glowing cheek.
'Nay, then, my pledge has lost its force,
And stubborn justice holds her course.
Malcolm, come forth!' And, at the word,
Down kneeled the Græme to Scotland's Lord.
'For thee, rash youth, no suppliant sues,
From thee may Vengeance claim her dues,
Who, nurtured underneath our smile,
Hast paid our care by treacherous wile,
And sought, amid thy faithful clan,
A refuge for an outlawed man,
Dishonouring thus thy loyal name.—
Fetters and warder for the Græme!'——
His chain of gold the King unstrung,
The links o'er Malcolm's neck he flung,
Then gently drew the glittering band,
And laid the clasp on Ellen's hand.

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HARP of the North, farewell! The hills grow dark,
On purple peaks a deeper shade descending;
In twilight copse the glow-worm lights her spark,
The deer, half-seen, are to the covert wending.
Resume thy wizard elm! the fountain lending,
And the wild breeze, thy wilder minstrelsy;
Thy numbers sweet with nature's vespers blending,
With distant echo from the fold and lea,
And herd-boy's evening pipe, and hum of housing bee.

Yet, once again, farewell, thou Minstrel Harp!
Yet, once again, forgive my feeble sway,
And little reck I of the censure sharp
May idly cavil at an idle lay.
Much have I owed thy strains on life's long way,
Through secret woes the world has never known.
When on the weary night dawned wearier day,
And bitterer was the grief devoured alone.
That I o'erlive such woes, Enchantress! is thine own.

Hark! as my lingering footsteps slow retire,
Some Spirit of the Air has waked thy string!
'Tis now a seraph bold, with touch of fire,
'Tis now the brush of Fairy's frolic wing.
Receding now, the dying numbers ring
Fainter and fainter down the rugged dell,
And now the mountain breezes scarcely bring
A wandering witch-note of the distant spell—
And now, 'tis silent all!—Enchantress, fare thee well!

A. E. LIDSTONE AS MALCOLM GRAEME.

# NOTES

## CANTO VI.

INTRODUCES us to the guard-room in Stirling Castle, amid the remains of the debauch which has followed the games of the previous day. While the few soldiers who remain awake are finishing their carouse, and talking over the rumours of yesterday's battle, they are joined by one of their mates, who has been in the field, and brings with him a maiden and a minstrel (Ellen and Allan Bane). They are at first disposed to treat the maiden roughly; but the sight of her innocent beauty, and her story of misfortune, touch the heart of one of the roughest in the company, who becomes her champion. Presently they are joined by the officer of the guard, who, at sight of Fitz-James's ring, commits the lady to proper care, while John of Brent, the guardsman who had interfered, grants Allan's request to see his master. But, fancying that the minstrel is one of Roderick's clansmen, he shows him into the wrong cell, where he finds the wounded chief. After anxious enquiries as to the safety of his kindred, Roderick asks news of the fight, and the minstrel, in spirited verse, sings the battle of Beal' an Duine, whose issue was left doubtful by the arrival of a messenger from the king with orders to stay the fight. But before he had finished his song the stern spirit had fled, and the minstrel's harp changes its tune from battle-song to death-dirge.

Meanwhile Ellen waits anxiously and impatiently for her audience with the king. At last Fitz-James appears to escort her to the audience chamber. Faltering, she looks round to find the king, and sees to her surprise that her companion alone remains covered, and "Snowdoun's knight is Scotland's king." He tells her how the feud with Douglas is at an end, and that her father is now to be "the friend and bulwark of his throne." But she has still the ring, still some boon to ask. She begs for Roderick's life, but that is past giving; and when she shrinks

from further request, the king calls forth Malcolm, and throws over him a golden chain, which he gives to Ellen to keep.

Lord Jeffrey has objected to the guard-room scene and its accompanying song as the greatest blemish in the whole poem. The scene contrasts forcibly with the grace which characterises the rest; but in a poem which rests its interest upon incident such a criticism seems overstrained. It gives us a vigorous picture of a class of men who played a very important part in the history of the time, especially across the border; men who, many of them outlaws, and fighting, not for country or for king, but for him who paid them best, were humoured with every license when they were not on strict military duty. The requirements of the narrative might have been satisfied without these details, it is true; but the use which Sir Walter has made of them—to show the power of beauty and innocence, and the chords of tenderness and goodness which lie ready to vibrate in the wildest natures—may surely reconcile us to such a piece of realism.

The scene of Roderick's death harmonizes well with his character. The minstrel's account of the battle the poet himself felt to be somewhat long, and yet it is difficult to see how it could be curtailed without spoiling it. It is full of life and vigour, and our only cause of surprise is that the lay should only come to a *sudden* stand when it is really completed.

*Stanza* 1.—*Caitiff;* 'miserable wretch.' Latin 'captivus,' 'a captive;' whence Italian 'cattivo,' 'bad;' French 'chétif.' Wiclif has, "He ledde caitifté *caitif;*" Chaucer, "The riche Crœsus, *caytif* in servage." Popular language has seized upon the degraded, despicable condition of the captive, and the meannesses which a servile position engenders, as in 'villain,' on the blunted morals of the serf; and in 'knave,' on the tricks and deceits of the serving-boy.

*Kind nurse of men.* Shakespeare, 2 *Henry IV.* iii. 1—

"O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee?"

*Pallet.* According to Wedgwood, from the Gaelic 'peallaid,' 'a sheep-skin.' More probably the same as French 'paillasse,' 'a bed of straw.' French 'paille,' Latin 'palea.'

*Gyve.* A fetter; originally a log of wood attached to the ankle. Welsh 'gefyn,' Breton 'kef,' 'trunk of a tree;' French 'cep,' Latin 'cippus.'

*Love-lorn.* 'Lorn' is an old participle of 'leosen,' 'lesen,' our 'lose.' Cp. 'for-*lorn*,' German 'ver-*loren*.'

2.—*Beaker.* A drinking-vessel. Italian 'bicchiere.' German

'becher,' possibly from having a mouth or beak (Italian 'becco'). The same word as 'pitcher.' (DIEZ.)

*Brands.* Logs not wholly consumed; partly *burnt*, but not reduced to embers.

3.—*These drew not for their fields the sword,*
*Like tenants of a feudal lord,*
*Nor owned the patriarchal claim*
*Of Chieftain in their leader's name;*
*Adventurers they,* * *

"The Scotch armies consisted chiefly of the nobility and barons, with their vassals, who held lands under them, for military service by themselves and tenants. The patriarchal influence exercised by the heads of clans in the Highlands and Borders was of a different nature, and sometimes at variance with feudal principles. It flowed from the *Patria Potestas*, exercised by the chieftain as representing the original father of the whole name, and was often obeyed in contradiction to the feudal superior. James V. seems first to have introduced, in addition to the militia furnished from these sources, the service of a small number of mercenaries, who formed a body-guard, called the Foot-Band."—SCOTT.

*Clouded. Swarthy.* The difference between the Italian and Spanish complexion is very well indicated by these epithets.

*Fleming.* Some parts of the Netherlands, especially Flanders and Brabant, were among the most fertile soil in Europe. Motley (speaking of a time very shortly after this) says: "Thus fifteen ages have passed away, and in the place of a horde of savages, living among swamps and thickets, swarm three millions of people, the most industrious, the most prosperous, under the sun. Their cattle, grazing on the bottom of the sea, are the finest in Europe, their agricultural products of more exchangeable value than if nature had made their land to overflow with wine and oil."—*Dutch Republic, Introduction.*

*Halberd.* French 'hallebarde,' from the German 'helm,' a handle, and 'barte,' an axe; so, an axe with a long handle. The head generally consisted of a pointed spear-head with a crescent-shaped blade attached to it axe-wise. It was introduced into England in the reign of Edward IV., was the peculiar weapon of the royal guard in Henry VII.'s time and after, and continued in use till the time of George III. It was intended to combine in one bill, glaive, and pike.

*In camps licentious, wild, and bold.* Like the French Scots-guards, "They never mind what you do when you're off duty; but miss you the roll-call, and see how they'll arrange you."—*Old Mortality*, ix. Cp. the picture of the soldiery in Schiller's *Wallenstein.*

4.—*Debate.* Apparently little more than 'talk,' though from what follows it was somewhat quarrelsome.

*Gored.* Stained with blood; hence pierced so as to draw blood. The word is used now only of the wound made by the horn of an ox or some animal; but its use has not always been thus restricted; so "Pyrrhus—that *gored* the son before the father's face."—SURREY. (A.S. 'gor,' mud, mire; hence clotted blood.)

*Burd'n.* See ii. 18, note.

*Yeoman.* A countryman, from Gothic 'gavi,' German 'gau,' district, canton; so in Friesland 'gaeman' = 'villager.' The legal definition is 'he that hath free land of forty shillings by the year,' the ancient qualification for a voter in the election of knights of the shire.—BLACKSTONE.

*Host; i.e.* in war. The feudal vassal, when called upon to follow his lord to battle, was 'bannitus in hostem,' summoned by 'ban' against the enemy. The word 'hostis' came in this way to mean the *hostile expedition*, and so by an easy step the *army* on duty, and later any great gathering of men. In legal documents we find such expressions as "ne episcopi vexentur hostibus;" *i.e.* by demands of military service. "Hostem facere," to perform military service.

*Buxom.* Merry, blithe. A.S. 'buhsam,' from 'bugan,' to bow; German 'beugsam,' that bends easily; so Gower—

"Unto him, which the head is,
The membres *buxom* shall *bow*."

Hence 'obedient,' 'pliable,' "*buxum* to the lawe."—*Piers Ploweman.* The word became a special term of commendation to a young woman, as denoting flexibility and grace of figure, as well as gentle pliableness of disposition, and in the idea of liveliness and health gradually lost its original meaning. "A *buxom* landlady" now conveys far other ideas than that of a flexible figure. Cp. Gray, *Eton College*—

"Theirs *buxom* health of rosy hue."

Milton uses it in both senses—

"He with broad sails
Winnowed the *buxom* air."

—*Par. Lost*, bk. ii. 842, following Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, i. 9, 37.

"A daughter fair,
So *buxom*, blithe, and debonnair."—*L'Allegro*, 24.

Scott uses it in *Marmion*, iii. 4 in its original sense—

"Such *buxom* chief shall lead his host
From India's fires to Zembla's frost;"

*i.e.* versatile, able to adapt himself to circumstances.

5.—*Poule.* The old way of spelling Paul; so Chaucer, *Nonne Prests Tale*, 616— "For seint *Poul* saith."

*Black-jack.* A leathern jug for beer. "The large black-jack filled with very small beer of Milnwood's own brewing."—*Old Mortality*, chap. viii.

*Seven deadly sins.* Pride, Sloth, Gluttony, Lust, Avarice, Envy, and Anger. See the description in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, bk. i. canto 4.

*Sack.* A corruption of 'sec,' dry. Falstaff says, "A good sherris-*sack* hath a two-fold operation in it;" and in the same speech speaks of "a second property of your excellent *sherris*." (We have also Canary 'sack,' Malaga 'sack,' inappropriately; for these are sweet, not dry wines; but the word seems to have been considered applicable to all white wines.) So the word came to be used by itself as an equivalent for sherry.

"*Sack*, says my bush;
Be merry, and drink *sherry*, that 's my posie."
—BEN JONSON, *New Inn*, i. 2.

*Upsees.* Generally found in the form 'Upsee Dutch,' or 'Upsee Frise, the Dutch 'op-zyn-fries,' in the Dutch fashion. So Beaumont and Fletcher have 'upsey-English,' in English fashion. "The bowl, which must be 'upsey-English,' strong, lusty London beer." (*Beggar's Bush*, iv. 4.) Scott seems to have mistaken it for a noun.

*A fig for the vicar.* This expression of contempt is said to be a reminiscence of an ignominious punishment inflicted upon the Milanese by Frederic Barbarossa, in 1162. If a man wished to insult a native of Milan he would remind him of this punishment by putting his thumb between his first and second finger and thrusting it out at him. French 'faire la figue.' (It appears, howevert, to have been also an ancient Italian custom.—DOUCE, *Illustrations of Shakspere*, p. 302.) This action became a common form of insult, or sign of contempt, and the expression is found all over Europe. The same insult was conveyed in another way, by putting the thumb into the mouth. Cp. *Romeo and Juliet*, i. 1: "I will *bite my thumb* at them; which is a disgrace to them if they bear it." Lodge calls it "giving one the *fico*, with his thumb in his mouth." Cp. *Henry V.* iii. 6: "*Fico* for thy friendship."

*Placket.* (Derivation uncertain.) A petticoat, and so the wearer of a petticoat, in the same way that we speak of petticoat government. Love is called "Dread prince of *plackets*."—*Love's Labour Lost*, iii. 1. So Beaumont and Fletcher, *Hum. Lieut.* iv. 3—

"Was that brave heart made to pant for a *placket?*"

*Pot* is used in the same way for the liquor which it contains. This figure is called metonymy, the thing being named by some accompaniment (Greek *μετά, ὄνομα*); so the *ermine* is put for the judge, or judgeship, the *kettle* for the water in it.

*Lurch.* The same word as 'lurk,' to lie in wait, to be on the look-out for, sometimes to lie in wait, so as to get a thing first, so to rob. *Coriolanus*, ii. 2—

"He lurcht all swords o' the garland."

A ship *lurches* when it dips, so as to be lost in the trough of the waves.

6. —*Minstrel.* The same word as 'minister.' Provençal 'menestral' = 'artisan.' "Confined in process of time to those who ministered to the amusement of the rich by music and jesting."

*Glee-maiden.* A necessary attendant of the *jongleur*, or juggler, though she sometimes went about unaccompanied. The readers of the *Fair Maid of Perth* will remember Louise.

*Get thee an ape.* "The facetious qualities of the ape soon rendered him an acceptable addition to the strolling band of the jongleur. Ben Jonson, in his splenetic introduction to the comedy of *Bartholomew Fair*, is at pains to inform the audience 'that he has ne'er a sword-and-buckler man in his fair, nor a juggler with a well-educated ape, to come over the chain for the King of England, and back again for the Prince, and sit still on his haunches for the Pope and the King of Spain."—SCOTT.

7.—*Purvey.* French 'pourvoir,' to provide. In a royal progress the *purveyors* were those who went before to collect provisions, the sale of which they could enforce, as the *harbinger* secured lodging.

*Tartan screen.* The tartan served a Scotch maiden as a veil; so of Jeanie Deans: "The want of the screen, which was drawn over the head like a veil, she supplied by a *bon-grace.*"

8.—*Needwood.* Formerly a royal forest in the Trent Valley in Staffordshire.

9.—*Tullibardine* ("the bard's knoll"), near Auchterarder, in Perthshire, an old seat of the Murrays, which was their residence and designation till they acquired the Atholl estates and title by marriage.

*Spurs* were the natural mark of the 'eques' or knight.

*Come ye to seek a champion's aid,*
*On palfrey white, with harper hoar,*
*Like errant damosel of yore?*

Compare the picture which Spenser gives of Una in the letter to Sir W. Ralegh prefixed to the *Faerie Queene:* "Soone after entred a faire Ladye in mourning weedes, riding on a white Asse, with a dwarfe behind her leading a warlike steed, that bore the armes of a knight, and his speare in the dwarfe's hand. Shee, falling before the Queene of Faeries, complayned that her father and mother had been by a huge dragon many years shut up in a

brazen Castle, and therefore besought the Faery Queene to assygne her some one of her knights to take on him this exployt." Compare also Tennyson's *Gareth and Lynette.*

10.—*Permit I marshal.* An unusual construction; understand 'that.'

*Barret-cap.* A cloth cap. Italian 'berretta,' French 'barrette,' from Low Latin 'birretum,' and that from 'birrus' or 'byrrhus,' a coarse cloth. The 'berretta' still forms a part of ecclesiastical costume.

11.—*With the Chief's birth,* &c. Note how this speech is framed so as to mislead the hearer. He would naturally suppose the chief to be Roderick.

12.—*Wheel.* An instrument of torture on which malefactors were stretched after their limbs had been broken. Hence the French word 'roué,' 'broken upon the wheel.' Cp.—

> "The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
> Luke's iron crown, and Damiens' bed of steel."
> —GOLDSMITH, *Traveller.*

*Unhasp.* A.S. 'hæps,' 'a latch or bolt of a door;' German 'haspe.' For the change of letters, compare 'task' and 'tax.'

*Dungeon.* An underground prison. The same word as 'donjon,' 'the large tower in a fortress,' 'the keep,' 'that which *commands* the rest.' Latin 'dominio,' 'domnio.' Cp. 'songe,' from 'somnium.'

*Garniture;* 'furniture,' 'tapestry.' French 'garnir,' Italian 'guarnire,' related to 'garer,' 'to look out.' as our 'warn' (its equivalent), to 'ware.' So it is 'to make another look out,' 'to provide against a thing;' then 'to provide,' 'furnish.'

*Leech.* A.S. 'læce,' Gothic 'leikeis,' 'a healer,' 'a physician;' Icelandic 'lækna,' 'to cure.'

13.—*Prore.* Latin 'prora,' 'prow.'

*Stem.* To stay, resist. From the root '*sta*' of Greek ἵστημι, Latin 'sto;' Icelandic 'stemmi.' A ship *stems* the billows by making head against them. Any one who has seen a stranded vessel break up will feel the force of the simile. Nothing gives a better notion of strength made helpless.

14.—*Again where ne'er.* One of Scott's strange inversions for 'where ne'er again.'

*O'er Dermid's race.* A pibroch of the Macgregor clan celebrated this victory. "There are several instances, at least in tradition, of persons so much attached to particular tunes as to require to hear them on their death-bed."—SCOTT. Brantome gives

a curious instance of a lady at the court of France, who asked to have played to her in this way a tune composed on the defeat of the Swiss at Marignano. The burden of this song was "Tout est verlore:" "all is lost;" and when the minstrel came to this she cried out twice, "Tout est perdu!" and died.

15.—*Battle of Beal' an Duine.* In 1650 and 1651, after the battle of Dunbar, Cromwell's troops were occupied in "reducing detached castles, coercing moss-troopers, and, in detail, bringing the country to obedience."—CARLYLE'S *Cromwell*, ii. 244. It was during this time that "a skirmish actually took place at a pass thus called in the Trosachs, and closed with the remarkable incident mentioned in the text."—SCOTT. One of the soldiers engaged is buried on a little eminence to the south of the pass. His death led his comrades to make the attack on the island. The pass of Bealach an Duine lies considerably above the present road, at the foot of Ben-an.

The liveliness of this description of the battle is due to the greater variety of the metre, which resembles that of *Marmion*. The three-accent lines introduced at intervals give it lightness, and the repetition of the same rhyme enables the poet to throw together without break all that forms part of one picture.

*So lone a lake, so sweet a strand!* A perfect description of Achray. Even now, though it is haunted by tourists, if once you leave their beat, you may get into complete quiet and solitude; but it is 'sweet,' not dreary.

*Eyry.* A.S. 'æg,' plural 'ægru;' Old English 'eyren' (Morris, 96), 'eggs;' literally 'a collection of eggs,' so 'a nest;' generally used only of an eagle's nest. (Greek ὠόν, Latin 'ovum,' German 'ei.')

*Erne:* eagle. A.S. 'ern' or 'earn,' Gothic 'arn,' German 'aar,' Greek ὄρν-ις, which is supposed to be connected with Stem ὀρ- of ὄρνυμι, 'to spring.'

Note in this stanza the alliteration which the poet uses in describing the distant rumbling of the soldiers' march.

16.—*Barbed.* Used of the trappings of a horse; probably a corruption of 'bard,' French 'barde,' 'horse-armour.' Cp. A.S. 'barda,' 'an armed war-ship.' Icelandic 'barth,' a beaked ship, ram.

*Battalia.* A plural formed, after a false analogy, like that of Greek nouns, such as 'phænomenon,' 'idolon.'

*Vaward*='vanward,' 'in the front.' 'Van' is from Italian 'avanti,' French 'avant,' Latin 'ab ante.' Cp. 'vantage' and French 'avantage.'

17.—*Their plight they ply.* The meaning of this is not very

clear. Possibly 'they keep up a constant fire,' but they seem in too complete a rout for that. Note the effect of the repeated rhymes.

*Twilight wood.* Cp. stanza 16: "A twilight forest frowned." The appearance of the spears and pike was such that in the twilight they might have been mistaken at a distance for a wood.

*Serried.* French 'serré,' 'closely pressed.' From 'serrer,' Latin 'serare' ('sera'), 'to lock in,' 'bolt,' 'confine.' The doubling of the *r* is a mistake which has arisen from a confusion with 'serra,' 'a saw.'

*Tinchel.* A snare or gin. "After this there followed nothing but slaughter in this realm, every party ilk one lying in wait for another, as they had been setting *tinchills* for the slaughter of wild beasts."—JAMIESON. It is a sort of *battue*, the game being surrounded and driven together.

18.—*Hurled them.* See v. 8, and note.

*Linn.* i. 3, and note. "Receives her linn" is receives the waters that form the linn or pool.

19.—*Defile.* A narrow gorge, which must be passed in a *file* or a string ('de' and 'filum,' to string off).

*The sun is set*, &c. Note the effect of the touch of colour here, and also that of the rhymes within the line.

*That parts not but with parting life.*

"The loveliness in death
That parts not quite with parting breath."—BYRON.

*Dirge.* Properly 'dirige,' the beginning of a solemn hymn, "Dirige Domine, gressus meos." So Chaucer—

"Resort, I pray, unto my sepulture,
To sing my *dirige* with great devocioun."

20.—*Bonnet-pieces.* A gold coin in which the king's head was represented with a bonnet instead of a crown, coined by the "Commons' King."

*Duncraggan's widowed dame.* See iii. 18.

21.—*Elemental.* Of the elements.

22.—Note the three-fold rhymes.

*Requiem* (like *dirige*), the first word of the funeral mass in the Romish Church. "Requiem æternam da iis, Domine."

23.—*Storied; i.e.* of painted glass, representing some scene from history.

*Fall. Lightened.* See v. 3, and note.

24.—*Perch and hood; i.e.* of idleness. The hawk was hooded when it was not to be flown at any game.

*Thrall.* Confinement. A 'thrall' is a slave (connected by some with A.S. 'thirel,' our 'drill,' the ears of slaves being pierced); hence 'thraldom,' here 'thrall' = 'servitude,' 'captivity.'

*Steeple; i.e.* of Grey-friars' Church. See v. 20.

*Trophies.* Prizes of victory. Greek τροπα-ιον, from τροπη, a rout.

*Prime.* Properly the first canonical hour of prayer, 6 A.M. Then applied loosely to the first quarter of the day.

26.—*Presence.* Used in the old poets for the reception-room; so *Henry VIII.* iii. 1, 17—

"The cardinals wait in the *presence.*"

*Romeo and Juliet*, v. 3, 86—

"This vault a feasting *presence* full of light."

Cp. *Marmion*, i. 28—

"If she had been in *presence* there."

27.—Mr. Ruskin (*Modern Painters*, iii. 248) bids us note the northern love of rocks in the opening of this stanza. "Dante could not have thought of his 'cut rocks' as giving rest even to snow. He must put it on the pine-branches if it is to be at peace." Cp. *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table:* "She melted away from her seat like an image of snow."

*Glencairn* is the *dowre* enemy of the Douglas in the ballad of *Archie Kilspindie*, quoted on canto v.

28.—*The general eye; i.e.* common, public. Cp. Hamlet's

"'Twas caviare to the *general.*"

"*Stirling's tower*

*Of yore the name of Snowdoun claims.*"

"William of Worcester, who wrote about the middle of the fifteenth century, calls Stirling Castle Snowdoun. Sir David Lindsay bestows the same epithet upon it."—SCOTT. The name generally assumed by James V., in his disguise, was the "Laird of Ballingeich," a narrow lane "that leads from the town of Stirling, and descends the precipice behind the castle." He was James (V.), the son of James (IV.).

*Talisman.* A charm or spell that has magical power to produce some extraordinary effect. From the Arabic 'telsam,' plural 'telsaman,' horoscope; and this from the Greek τετελεσμένα (consecrated), the name given in the Lower Empire to the images of pagan divinities who were deemed mischief-workers.

*Conclusion.—Wizard-elm.* See introduction to canto i., witch-elm.

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W. J. Gage & Co's English Classics.

# RIP VAN WINKLE,

WITH NOTES, &c., &c.,

BY

GEO. CHASE, M.A.,

PRINCIPAL RIDGETOWN HIGH SCHOOL.

REPRINTED FROM

*Gage's Sixth Reader for use of Intermediate Students.*

W. J. GAGE & COMPANY,

TORONTO.

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the Office of the Minister of Agriculture, by W. J. Gage & Company, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-four.

# RIP VAN WINKLE.

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## WITH SKETCH OF AUTHOR'S LIFE, WORKS, &c.

---

**Washington Irving** was born at New York, April 3, 1783. After passing through the ordinary school of the day he entered upon the study of law; but although he was ultimately admitted to the bar, he never practised,—anything like set, systematic work being altogether distasteful to him. His constant companions were Goldsmith and Johnson, the novelists of the eighteenth century, Swift, Addison, Shakespeare, Spenser, and Chaucer, traces of whose influence are everywhere visible throughout his works. While he was thus laying the foundation of that charm of style so characteristic of his writings, his love of nature was cherished by frequent rambles among the noble scenery in the neighborhood of New York, and his keen powers of observation found an ample field in the oddities of the descendants of the early Dutch settlers, and in the absurdities of the political and social life around him. In 1802 Irving began his literary career with the Old Style Papers, a series of humorous contributions to a paper started by his brother. Ill-health, however, forced him in 1804 to go abroad for two years. Failing after his return to receive a government appointment, he joined a friend in editing *Salmagundi*. In 1810 he became a partner in business with two of his brothers, receiving a share of the profits, but doing little or nothing of the work, one of the brothers being unwilling that he should engage in anything that interfered with his tastes or pursuits. For the greater part of the two following years Irving was editor of a magazine in Philadelphia; the regular labor that this demanded, however, he found quite uncongenial to his disposition.

In 1815 Irving again went to Europe, this time, as it proved, for seventeen years. Not till the bankruptcy of his business firm in 1818, and his failure to obtain diplomatic employment, did he finally decide to

adopt literature as a profession. His Sketch Book, the first number of which appeared in May 1819, was the first product of this new resolve. He now visited various countries on the continent, meeting, as in England, with most of the famous literary men of the time. In 1829, while living in the old Moorish palace of the Alhambra in Spain he received from the United States government the appointment of Secretary of Legation at London. This position he held for three years, returning to America in May 1832. The next ten years he passed in his native land. During this period he produced several works; projected, and in part sketched, a History of the Conquest of Mexico, giving it up when he learned that Prescott was engaged on the same theme; made tours in various directions, one to the west of the Mississippi; and in general led a happy life, interrupted at times by unaccountable fits of melancholy. His residence at Sunnyside, on the east bank of his loved Hudson near Tarrytown,—the very scene of the adventures in *Sleepy Hollow*,—was the resort of friends and admirers, and the home of a family of orphan nieces and of an aged brother. In 1838 he was nominated for mayor of New York, and soon afterward he was offered a seat in the Cabinet at Washington. Both of these proffered honors he declined: his sensitive nature shrank from mingling in the bitter personal politics of the time. From 1842 to 1846 he was United States ambassador to the Court of Spain. In the latter year he returned to spend his remaining days at home, engaging in varied literary work, in travelling, and in rest at Sunnyside surrounded by those he loved. He died at Sunnyside, November 27, 1859, having completed his Life of Washington, his "crowning work," the previous April.

Irving's most important works are:—*Salmagundi* (1806), a serial intended "to instruct the young, reform the old, correct the town, and castigate the age." It was very popular, but lasted only a year. *History of New York*, a burlesque history of the State purporting to have been found in manuscript in the chamber of Diedrich Knickerbocker, an old gentleman who had lately disappeared. This is Irving's most original work, abounding in rich humor and good-natured wit at the expense of the descendants of the old Dutch settlers, mingled often with keen satire on the customs of society and of governments. *The Sketch-Book* (1819), completed in 1820, a collection of short papers containing some of his best writing, humorous, pathetic, descriptive, and otherwise. *Bracebridge Hall* (1822), similar to the Sketch Book. *Life and Voyages of Columbus* (1828). *Chronicles of the Conquest of Grenada* (1829), written mainly at Seville, not historical, but presenting "a lively picture of the war, and one somewhat characteristic of the times, so much of the material having been drawn from contemporary historians." *Voyages of the Companions of Columbus* (1830), *Alhambra* (1832), "a beautiful Spanish 'Sketch-Book'—the subjects being in the most elegant and finished style." *Crayon Miscellany*, a series of tales and sketches, including *Tour on the Prairies*, *Abbotsford*, *Legends of the Conquest of Spain*, &c., that appeared in the course of 1836. *Astoria* (1836), principally an account of the founding of a colony at the mouth of the Columbia River by John Jacob Astor, a fur trader. *Adventures of Captain Bonneville* (1837), founded upon the journal of a U. S. officer while exploring the Rocky Mountains and the Far West. *Wolfert's Roost* (1855), a collection of his contributions to the "Knickerbocker

Magazine" in 1839. *Life of Goldsmith* (1849), a charming biography, being an enlargement of a former sketch, and containing the results of the researches of other biographers of Goldsmith. *Mahomet and his Successors* (1850), a popular historical work containing nothing original—the least valuable of the author's historical works. *Life of Washington* (1855—1859), the work of many anxious years, a "noble capital for his literary column." It is Irving's most elaborate production—a labor of love, in preparing which the author lived in constant fear that death or failing powers would prevent him from completing it.

Irving is not distinctively an American writer: his own good sense, his readiness to see and appreciate what is good in others, his long residence abroad, his familiar intercourse with the great men of other countries, his delight in the scenes of ancient grandeur and in the gorgeous legends of chivalry as well as his love for the natural scenery of his native land—all combined to make him cosmopolitan rather than American, and to render him incapable of narrowing his mind to one country, or party, or sect. Apart from his historical works, his aim was to entertain, not to instruct or reform, mankind; hence he is said to have no moral purpose in his writings. But he is everywhere pure and healthy in tone—the man himself was pure; he does not attempt to analyze human character and human motive, or to examine the workings of the human heart; but he excels in delineation of character as well as in the description of natural scenery and of incident; he is objective, not subjective. His kindly nature did not allow his humor to hurt anybody; though childless and wifeless he could enter heartily into the sports of children, and dwell with tenderness on scenes of domestic happiness.

No writer, not even Goldsmith, more clearly shows the man in his writings. Irving was deeply sensible to the beauties of nature, and his descriptions, minute in their detail, bring the scenes vividly before *us* because they are vividly before *him*. He had a keen sense of the ridiculous and the odd in the society around him; he enjoyed it and makes us enjoy it in consequence. His humor is hearty; it is never, as is sometimes the case with Goldsmith, the sparkle on the surface of a tear; the smile in his reader's eye is but the reflection from his own. His satire is always good-natured; he never indulges in invective, never purposely wounds or holds up to ridicule; he is amused at the follies of people rather than disgusted at them. His pathos is as natural and true as it is tender; for he draws upon the memory of his own sorrow—the death of the lady to whom he was engaged to be married, and whose name he never afterwards uttered, even in presence of his closest friend. No truer pathos exists than is found in The Broken Heart, The Widow and her Son, The Pride of the Village, and The Wife.

As a historian Irving does not rank high; he had not the patience necessary for the careful laborious research that history demands; but he is always interesting, and in the main animated and graceful. He chose only those themes that were congenial to him, either through personal sympathy or through the charm they had for him on account of something heroic or chivalrous in them.

Irving, though not original in style, never consciously imitated any other writer; but the student of Goldsmith and Addison will readily perceive whence the inspiration came. The leading characteristics of his style are ease, grace, simplicity, purity, clearness, and finish. His nice taste led him to reject faulty constructions, inaccurate expres-

sions, and unmelodious combinations. His "sense of form" was very delicate; consequently his sentences are carefully balanced; due importance is given to whatever is introduced,—nothing is out of proportion; the transitions from one idea to another are never abrupt, all are carefully prepared and seem perfectly natural. Indeed, he may sometimes be justly charged with over-elaboration; he awakens the suspicion that the feeling expressed is not genuine, and that his sole care is the art in the production, and that he is sacrificing truth to form. Of this defect "Westminster Abbey" is perhaps the most marked example.

[The following[1] Tale was found among the papers of the late Diedrich Knickerbocker,[2] an old gentleman of New York, who was very curious in the Dutch[3] history of the province, and the manners of the descendants from its primitive[4] settlers. His historical researches, however, did not lie so much among books as among men; for the former are lamentably scanty on his favorite topics, whereas he found the old burghers, and still more their wives, rich in that legendary lore so invaluable to true history.[5] Whenever, therefore, he happened upon a genuine Dutch family, snugly shut up in its low-roofed farmhouse, under a spreading sycamore, he looked upon it as a little clasped volume of black letter,[6] and studied it with the zeal of a bookworm.

---

1 In this introduction Irving quietly laughs at those historians who relate as true history some of the most grotesque of popular legends; but the chief part is a characteristic protest against the manner in which very many leading men of the descendants of the early Dutch colonists regarded his "Knickerbocker's History of New York."—a book that gave great offence to these people, who seem to have been unable to appreciate its rich humor. Irving indicates, in his own way, the origin, character, and purpose of the book, with an amusing reference to its popularity, and at the same time intimates that it is absurd in anyone to be angry from such a trifling cause.

2 Diedrich (deed-rik) Knickerbocker was a name frequently assumed by Irving in his lighter writings. The introduction to the Sketch Book shows that the author is here describing his own character and tastes.

3 Hendrik (or Henry) Hudson, an Englishman in the service of the Dutch, was the first to explore (1609) the coast in the neighborhood of New York and to sail up the river. The Dutch claimed the country by right of discovery, and colonized it. It came into the possession of the English in 1664.

4 Remark that one element of the humor in this story consists in the gravity with which the exaggerations and other absurd statements are made. Note the frequent humorous assertions of the truth of his narrative, and of his anxiety to be precise in his statements.

5 Women seem to have always had the reputation of preserving the legends and stories of former days. Saint Paul speaks of "old wives' fables"; the Arabian Nights' Entertainments are stories related by women; and the ballads collected by Bishop Percy, Scott, and others were taken down from the recitation of old peasant women. Such women deserve our gratitude for saving these legends from destruction.

6 Black-letter is the name now given to the coarse, rude type in "Old English" or German characters employed in the earliest printing. The earliest printed books con-

The result of all these researches was a history of the province during the reign of the Dutch governors,[7] which he published some years since. There have been various opinions as to the literary character of his work, and, to tell the truth, it is not a whit[8] better than it should be. Its chief merit is its scrupulous accuracy, which indeed was a little questioned on its first appearance, but has since been completely established; and it is now admitted into all historical collections as a book of unquestionable authority.

The old gentleman died shortly after the publication of his work, and now that he is dead and gone, it cannot do much harm to his memory to say, that his time might have been much better employed in weightier labors. He, however, was apt to ride his hobby his own way[9]; and though it did now and then kick up the dust a little in the eyes of his neighbors, and grieve the spirit of some friends, for whom he felt the truest deference and affection; yet his errors and follies are remembered "more in sorrow than in anger," and it begins to be suspected that he never intended to injure or offend. But however his memory may be appreciated by critics, it is still held dear by many folk whose good opinion is well worth having, particularly by certain biscuit-bakers, who have gone so far as to imprint his likeness on their new-year cakes, and have thus given him a chance for immortality, almost equal to the being stamped[10] on a Waterloo medal, or a Queen Anne's farthing.[11]]

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sisted chiefly of legends, tales, &c., thoroughly believed by the readers. Develop the comparison in the text.

7 These were Wouter Van Twiller, Peter Kieft, and Peter Stuyvesant(*uy*=*i*), whose rule is so graphically described in the "History of New York."

8 "Not a whit" contains a tautology: *not* itself is a compound of *na* (negative), and *whit*, a thing.

9 Remark here that the author intimates he will write as he pleases. Explain the metaphors in this connection.

10 For this construction see Mason's Grammar, sec. 200–1, and note; 470 and note.

11 The "Sketch Book" was written in England, but first published in New York.

# RIP VAN WINKLE.

## A POSTHUMOUS WRITING OF DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER.

By Woden, God of Saxons,
From whence comes Wensday, that is Wodensday,
Truth is a thing that ever I will keep
Unto thylke[12] day in which I can creep into
My sepulchre——— —*Cartwright.*

Legendary lore had always a charm for Irving; he was delighted with Scott's "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border"—ballads, legendary, and otherwise, taken down by Scott from chiefly the recitation of old peasant women; he had read translations of German legends by different persons, and is said to have received from Scott the hint that some of these might be made the foundation of an excellent story.

In the characteristic note at the end of Rip Van Winkle Irving indicates the origin of his story—the legend of the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa. According to this legend the old emperor had not died, but, attended by faithful knights, was in a charmed sleep in an underground castle of the Kyphauser Mountain in the Hartz range, to return again when the glory and greatness of the German Empire had departed, in order to restore them once more. The attendant knights have been seen. One Peter Klaus, a villager, while wandering in the mountains, met with a number of men in antique garb; after being courteously entertained by them he returned home only to find that he had been absent twenty years. Other stories more or less resembling this are current among the German peasantry.

Legends concerning the supernatural disappearance of people from the earth, and their subsequent return, are common in all parts of the world; among others are that of the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus—seven young Christian men who, to escape persecution in the reign of the Emperor Decius, retired to a cave where they slept two hundred years, and awoke to find Christianity the established belief; the legend of Thomas the Rhymer or Thomas of Ercildoune,—so prominent in the Northern ballads of England and Scotland,—who was taken away from earth by the Queen of Fairy Land, and who returns from time to time on various errands; the nursery fairy story of the Sleeping Beauty; Hogg's "Kilmeny"; the famous legend of King Arthur, so long and so persistently believed in by the Welsh (see Greene's "History of the English People," reign of Edw. I.) In the "Passing of Arthur" in Tennyson's Idyls of the King, Arthur says:—

> "I perish by this people which I made,—
> Tho' Merlin sware that I should come again
> To rule once more."

Sir Bedivere cries, as Arthur moves away in the black boat:—

> "He passes to be King among the dead,
> And after healing of his grievous wound,
> He comes again."

But it is not the legend proper that constitutes the charm of Rip Van Winkle; the humor lies elsewhere; it lies in the delineation of Rip's character and domestic surroundings; in the picture of the little Dutch inn with its landlord and frequenters, and in the astounding change within the short space of (apparently) a night, that dazes the reader almost as much as it did the hero himself—a change from the snug, cosy Dutch inn with its old style sign to the ricketty, barn-like, slipshod "hotel" with the everlasting "Union" attached to it; from the fat, stupid, speechless Dutchman, Nicholas Vedder, to the lean, bustling, voluble Yankee "Jonathan"; and from the sleepy village with its grave discussions of worn-out subjects and stale news, to the clamor of public speech-making in the warfare of modern party politics—the whole, with its dash of sportive satire and its mock solemnity, told in the author's happiest vein.

The adapted legend forms only about a fourth part of the present piece. But although the story is of foreign origin, yet the little village with its inhabitants and characteristics of both its early and later days, the hero himself a denizen of the village, and the magnificent scenery of the Kaatskills and the "lordly Hudson" at their feet, are so inseparably united that we cannot conceive of the legend as belonging to any other spot than that to which the author has transferred it.

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[12] Thylke, "that," still used in Lowland Scotch; a compound of the Ang. Sax. *the*, and *ile* (*lik*), like; *such* is composed of *swa*, so, and *lic*; *which*, of *hwa*, who or what, and *lic*.

Whoever has made a voyage up the Hudson, must remember the Kaatskill mountains.[13] They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it[14] over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed every hour of the day produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains; and they are regarded by all the good wives,[15] far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapors about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of these fairy mountains, the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists, in the early times of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant (may he rest in peace!) and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gable fronts, surmounted with weathercocks.

In that same village, and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-

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13 Remark how the author shows his sense of form and symmetry. The Kaatskills are, in various ways, to act a prominent part in the story; they are, therefore, brought prominently forward and their image stamped, as it were, on the mind from the beginning. The requirements of the story would naturally bring us to the village at the foot of the mountain; hence the village is next introduced; and thus each step in the progress follows naturally the preceding one. In passing from one paragraph or idea to another, it will be observed that abruptness in the transitions is often avoided by making the closing expression or idea of the one paragraph suggest the opening of the next. Trace throughout the piece these evidences of artistic skill.

14 Give the force of "lording." On this use of *it* see Mason's Gram., sec. 372, note.

15 Show if the tenor of the expression, "and they—barometers" is in accord with that of the immediate context. Compare also "great antiquity" and "just—peace"! below. What object had the author in view in inserting these?

beaten), there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow,[16] of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of fort Christina.[17] He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a simple good-natured man; he was moreover a kind neighbor,[18] and an obedient henpecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity; for those men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad, who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation,[19] and a curtain lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long-suffering. A termagant[20] wife may, therefore, in some respects, be considered a tolerable blessing; and if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

Certain it is, that he was a great favorite among all the good wives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex,[21] took his part in all family squabbles, and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings,[22] to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the vil-

16 Why not *man* instead of *fellow?* Note carefully the following description of a good-natured "ne'er do well."

17 In Delaware; it was held by the Swedes who claimed, and had in part colonized, that region. See in "Knickerbocker's History of New York" the absurdly ludicrous, mock heroic description of the siege and capture of this fort by Stuyvesant and his wonderful army.

18 Why is this statement repeated? Remark the mock earnestness in what immediately follows,—one of the elements of the humor of the piece.

19 Criticise the metaphor in "their tempers–tribulation," bearing in mind that "tribulation" is from the Latin *tribulatio*, a rubbing out of grain by means of a sledge set with sharp stones or iron teeth.

20 Termagant (old French, Tervagant; Italian, Trevagante), the name of the god that mediæval Christians supposed the Saracens to worship. He was frequently represented in old plays as a violent, storming character. It is now applied to a violent, scolding woman. What is the force of *thrice* in the following line?

21 Why does not the author use the word "woman" here?

22 "Gossip" is a compound of the Ang. Sax. *god*, God, and *sib*, a relative—a "relative in God," that is, a sponsor in baptism; the modern usage shows a degradation in meaning.

lage, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to[23] all kinds of profitable labor.[24] It could not be from the want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's[25] lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbor even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn, or building stone fences. The women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them;—in a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

In fact,[26] he declared it was of no use to work on his farm; it

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23 It is usually stated that "aversion" should be followed by "from," not "to," since it is derived from the Latin *verto (versus)*, to turn; but "aversion" contains also the Latin preposition *a (ab)*, from; hence "aversion from" is tautological, while "aversion to" is contradictory. But in using the word its derivation is not present to the mind; we think merely of the object towards which our dislike is directed, not of the physical act implied by the derivation; hence "aversion to" seems to be the more natural expression.

24 Express more briefly the idea in the preceding sentence. What effect does the author wish to produce by this wording? Is it consistent with the tenor of the piece? Remark that this first sentence contains the general statement. What is the character of the rest of the paragraph?

25 The Tartars, or more properly Tatars, inhabit Asia, outside of China proper, and north of the Nan-Shan, Kuen-lun, Hindu Kush, and Elburz mountains. They also conquered and settled southern Russia in Europe: the Turks and Hungarians are also of Tartar origin. The famous Cossacks, the lancers in the Russian army, are also Tartars.

26 How much of the following paragraph is in "indirect narration"? Change it to "direct narration."

was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country; everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray, or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow thicker in his fields than any where else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some out-door work to do; so that though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst conditioned farm in the neighborhood.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galligaskins,[27] which he had much ado[28] to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions,[29] who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown,[30] whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family.

Morning, noon, and night, her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into

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27 Galligaskins were a kind of wide, full trousers, worn in the latter part of the 16th and beginning of the 17th century. The word is said to be a "derivative of the Italian *Grechesco*—Greek; a name given to a particular kind of hose worn at Venice."

28 *Ado* is a contraction used as a noun for *at do*, to do: the preposition *at* was often used before the infinitive in the old Northern English dialect.

29 Develop the metaphor in "well-oiled di-sposition"; also in "torrent of eloquence," "volley," and "draw off his forces," below; note, in passing, any change of metaphor.

30 Express 'eat—brown" in other words.

a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife, so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house—the only side which, in truth, belongs to a henpecked husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much henpecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honorable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods; —but what courage can withstand the ever-during and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house, his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground, or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle, he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.[31]

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on: a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edge tool that grows keener with constant use.[32] For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual[33] club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village, which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn designated by a rubicund portrait of his Majesty George the Third.[34] Here they used to sit in the shade through a long lazy

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31 Remark upon "yelping precipitation." Show whether the author has hitherto been "minute in details."

32 How many and what figures are contained in "Times—use"? Develop them fully.

33 What is the author's object in using "perpetual," and "sages and philosophers" and "profound discussions" further on?

34 Compare this description of the inn and Van Bummel with that of the village ale-house and the school-master in Goldsmith's "Deserted Village." (See the critical remarks on Irving's style.) The additional personage, Nicholas Vedder, is a reproduction in miniature of Governor Wouter Van Twiller, in the "History of New York," a humorous satirization of the phlegmatic Dutch character, so attractive a subject to Irving in his earlier writings. The landlord serves materially to localize the story.

summer's day, talking listlessly[35] over village gossip, or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions that sometimes took place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands from some passing traveller. How solemnly they would listen to the contents, as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, a dapper learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place.

The opinions of this junto[36] were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village, and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun and keep in the shade of a large tree; so that the neighbors could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sun-dial. It is true he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents,[37] however (for every great man has his adherents), perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions. When anything that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently, and to send forth short, frequent, and angry puffs, but when pleased he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds; and sometimes taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragrant vapor curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage and call the members all to naught; nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago,

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35 What is peculiar in "long—listlessly"? Show fully by what devices the effect is produced. Comment on "worth—money."

36 Junto is a Spanish word from Latin *jungere (junctus)*, to join. On the use of this word in English politics, see Green's History of England, reign of William III.

37 Note this quiet little piece of satire.

who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair; and his only alternative, to escape from the labor of the farm and clamor of his wife, was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad, whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment[38] with all his heart.

In[39] a long ramble of the kind on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill mountains. He was after his favourite sport of squirrel-shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and re-echoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll, covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark, here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shaggy, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on the scene; evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that

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38 Give the full explanation of this phrase.

39 Account for the changed tone of this and the following paragraph. Compare with the opening paragraph. Compare this view from the mountain with that described in Scott's Lady of the Lake, canto I. (See critical remarks on Irving's style.) Account for the character of the conclusion of the paragraph "On the—Winkle."

it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

As[40] he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked round, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air: "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!"—at the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and, giving a loud growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him; he looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place; but supposing it to be some one of the neighbourhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.[41]

On nearer approach he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick bushy hair and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion—a cloth jerkin,[42] strapped round the waist, several pairs of breeches,[43] the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and buttons at the knees. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg, that seemed to contain liquor, and made signs for

40 From this point to Rip's appearance before the "Union Hotel," the story has but little of a local nature; it is, in its main features, the German legend. Irving follows the legends here; these do not represent the heroes as falling asleep, but as meeting with supernatural beings in whose company they are unaware of the lapse of time,—five, or seven years, or even two hundred years having passed away as if they were but a few hours.

41 Is this act characteristic of Rip?

42 *Jerkin* is a diminutive of the Dutch *jurk*, a frock.

43 Irving delighted in thus presenting his typical Dutchman. In the "History of New York" he represents one of the colonists, Ten Broeck, as deriving his name from wearing ten pairs of breeches; these were of such a size that, when the Indians had agreed to give the colonists as much land as a man's breeches would cover, the simple savages were amazed and confounded to see Ten Broeck's cover the whole future site of the City of New York.

Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity; and, mutually relieving each other,[44] they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long rolling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft, between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for an instant, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder-showers which often take place in mountain-heights, he proceeded. Passing[45] through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheatre, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time Rip and his companion had labored on in silence, for though the former marvelled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown that inspired awe and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheatre,[46] new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the centre was a company of odd-looking personages playing at nine-pins.[47] They were dressed in a quaint, outlandish fashion; some wore short doublets,[48] others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and

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44 Examine the correctness of this phrase; also "so that—cloud" further down.

45 Compare the description of the hollow here with that of the Trosachs in Scott's Lady of the Lake, canto I.

46 Amphitheatre—Gr. *amphi* around, and *theatron*, seeing,—a theatre with seats on all sides; the usual theatre was in the form of a semicircle. The term is here applied to a little vale surrounded by hills.

47 So in the legend of Peter Klaus; but Irving here takes liberties with the Knights of Barbarossa; he makes them Dutchmen, but in his own way.

48 Quaint—a very disguised form of the Latin *cognitus*. "In French the word took the sense of *trim*, *neat*, *fine*, &c.; in English it meant *famous*, *remarkable*, *curious*, *strange*, &c."—*Skeat*.

Doublet—"Fr. *double*, double; Lat. *duo*, two; and *plus*, related to *plenus*, full." Originally a thickly wadded jacket for defence; afterwards a close-fitting coat extending down to the middle.

most of them had enormous breeches, of similar style with[49] that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar: one had a large head, broad face, and small piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards, of various shapes and colors. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman,[50] with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes, with roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting in the parlor of Dominie Van Shaick,[51] the village parson, and which[52] had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was, that though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces,[53] the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such fixed, statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lack-lustre countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the com-

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49 What preposition should follow "similar"? What is commonly the relative order of an adjective and its modifying phrase?

50 This is Hendrick Hudson. Following the legends Irving gives to the river, as its presiding genius, the man who had discovered it—a very happy idea in connection with the localizing process.

51 What reason had the writer for introducing this Dutch name? See Introduction, last clause.

52 In "and which" the "and" implies a preceding "which"; none is expressed here, but one is implied in the adjective phrase "in—Shaick,"—a construction th ' it would be better to avoid.

53 Why is the party so grave? Cf. the character of Nicholas Vedder. What figure of speech is there in "melancholy party of pleasure"?

pany. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavor of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another; and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often, that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.[54]

On waking, he found himself on the green knoll whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with the keg of liquor—the mountain ravine—the wild retreat among the rocks—the woe-begone party at nine-pins—the flagon—"Oh! that flagon! that wicked flagon!" thought Rip; "what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel encrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roysters of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and, having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him, and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and, if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog

[54] Why does the author remove Rip from his supernatural company in this particular manner? What is the peculiarity in words such as "twittering," four lines below?

and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip, "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen: he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but, to his astonishment, a mountain stream was now foaming down it—leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and wild-hazel, and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grape-vines that twisted their coils or tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of net-work in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheatre; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high impenetrable wall, over which the torrent[55] came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows,[56] sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice; and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done?—the morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and, with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

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55 See the Indian legend in the author's appended note.

56 In the legend, Barbarossa partially wakes up every hundred years and asks the attendant dwarf if the "old crows still continue to fly around the mountain." Irving has metamorphosed these crows as well as other features.

As he approached the village he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and, whenever they cast their eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same —when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long![57]

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his grey beard. The dogs, too, not one of whom he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed; the very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors—strange faces at the windows—everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely[58] this was his native village which he had left but the day before. There stood the Kaatskill mountains—there ran the silver Hudson at a distance—there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been. Rip was sorely perplexed. "That flagon last night," thought he "has addled[59] my poor head sadly!"

It was with some difficulty that he found his way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay—the roof fallen in, the windows

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57 Barbarossa's beard has grown through the marble table "whereon he rests his head."

58 Why begin the sentence with this word? Change the rest of the paragraph to the direct narrative form.

59 Addled—from the Ang. Sax. *adl*, a disease; "the original meaning is inflammation."

shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog that looked liked Wolf, was skulking about it. Rip called him by his name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed—"My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!"

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. The desolateness overcame all his connubial fears; he called loudly for his wife and children; the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He[60] now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn—but it too was gone. A large ricketty wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some broken, and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there was now reared a tall naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red nightcap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes; all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe; but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a sceptre, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folks about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about

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60 Remark the highly humorous character of the scene that greets the amazed Rip. What was the artistic purpose of the author in choosing election day for his hero's return? It will be seen that Irving is here laughing at the fondness of the people of the United States for the name "Union," for flags and liberty poles; as also at their barn-like village hotels, and their keenness in politics.

it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering[61] clouds of tobacco smoke instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, bilious-looking fellow,[62] with his pockets full of hand-bills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens—elections—members of congress—liberty—Bunker's Hill—heroes of seventy-six—and other words, which were a perfect Babylonish jargon[63] to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long grizzled beard, his rusty fowling piece, his uncouth dress, and an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eyeing him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and, drawing him partly aside, inquired "on which side he voted?" Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and, rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, "Whether he was a Federal or a Democrat?"[64] Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing self-important[65] old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo,[66] the other

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61 Comment on this use of "utter." Is its sense the same in construction with *smoke* as with *speeches?* What is the figure? Cf. "to utter counterfeit money," and other variations in the use of the word.

62 Irving as heartily despised this typical Yankee Jonathan as he was amused at the phlegmatic Dutchman. He lamented the displacement of the old inn by the modern comfortless village "hotel"; and ward and tavern politics with their hypocritical and pseudo-patriotic cant and disgraceful personalities he utterly loathed.

63 The reference is to Genesis xi., 1-9. The derivation of *jargon* is uncertain; it early came into the English language from the French.

64 These are the names of the two political parties in the United States in the early part of the century; the former claimed more authority for the central government over the separate States than the latter was willing to grant.

65 The self-importance of those in office has always been a favorite subject of satire with writers.

66 Akimbo, or akimbow: 'a compound of the English *on*, corrupted into *a*, as in *aboard*, and the Celtic *cam*, crooked,—the *bo* or *bow* being the repetition in English of *cam*.' *Skeat.*

resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul,[67] demanded in an austere tone, "What brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?"—"Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the by-standers—"A tory![68] a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and, having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit what he came there for, and whom he was seeking. The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well; who are they?—name them!"

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied in a thin, piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder! why he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point[69]—others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Antony's Nose.[70] I don't know—he never came back again."

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67 Show wherein consists the humor of "his keen—soul," and of "What—village?" Is this sentence in direct or indirect narration?

68 Those who took sides with the English Government during the war of the Revolution were called "Tories" by their opponents; at the close of the war their property was nearly all confiscated and they themselves were compelled to leave the country; they were then termed "refugees."

69 A fort on the Hudson stormed by the Americans during the war.

70 A bold headland on the eastern side of the Tappan Zee,—a broad expansion of the Hudson, near Tarrytown. For the origin of the name see "Knickerbocker's History of New York," Book VI, chap. 4.

"Where's Van Bummell, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars too, was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: war—congress—Stony Point;—he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three, "Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself as he went up the mountain; apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged.[11] The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name.

"God knows," exclaimed he, at his wit's end; "I'm not myself—I'm somebody else—that's me yonder—no—that's somebody else got into my shoes—I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I am changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the grey-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush you

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11 Show if young Rip gave early promise of this.

little fool, the old man won't[72] hurt you." The name of the child, the tone of her voice,[73] all awakened a train of recollections in his mind.

"What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since; his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more; but he put it with a faltering voice:[74]

"Where's your mother?"

"Oh, she too had died but a short time since; she broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New-England pedler."[75]

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he—"young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now!—Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it into his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle—it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbor — Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put

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72. Won't. The *wo* in this word is a remnant of the Old English *wol*, a form of the present tense of the verb *wil*; *won't* is, therefore, composed of *wol* and *not*—the *l* having dropped out.

73 How could the "tone of voice" do this?

74 Why "faltering"?

75 Is this statement in character? Why does the author insert it? Irving liked to satirize the energetic, but often unscrupulous character of the New England traders.

their tongues in their cheeks : and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth, and shook his head—upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.[76]

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province.[77] Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighborhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor the historian, that the Kaatskill mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years with his crew of the Half-moon ; being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river, and the great city called by his name. That his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at nine-pins in a hollow of the mountain ; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls, like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her ; she had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout cheery farmer for her husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm ; but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business.

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76 Refer in the preceding part of the story to a statement in a similar strain.

77 A sportive reference to the "History of New York."

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time; and preferred making friends among the rising generation,[78] with whom he soon grew into great favor.

Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can be idle with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench at the inn door, and was reverenced as one of the patriarchs of the village, and a chronicle of the old times "before the war." It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his torpor. How that there had been a revolutionary war—that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England—and that, instead of being a subject of his Majesty George the Third, he was now a free citizen of the United States. Rip, in fact, was no politician; the changes of states and empires made but little impression on him; but there was one species of despotism under which he had long groaned, and that was—petticoat government. Happily that was at an end; he had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony, and could go in and out whenever he pleased without dreading the tyranny of Dame Van Winkle. Whenever her name was mentioned, however, he shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes; which might pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate, or joy at his deliverance.[79]

He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was at first observed to vary on some points every time he told it, which was, doubtless, owing to his having so recently awaked. It at last settled down to precisely the tale I have related, and not a man, woman, or child in the neighborhood but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of

---

78 Why should this be?

79 Might another explanation of this be offered? See the early part of the story.

his head, and that this was one point on which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day they never hear a thunder-storm of a summer afternoon about the Kaatskill but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of ninepins; and it is a common wish of all henpecked husbands in the neighborhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.

NOTE.—The foregoing tale, one would suspect, had been suggested to Mr. Knickerbocker by a little German superstition about the Emperor Frederick *der Rothbart*, and the Kypphauser mountain; the subjoined note, however, which he had appended to the tale, shows that it is an absolute fact, narrated with his usual fidelity:—

"The story of Rip Van Winkle may seem incredible to many, but nevertheless I give it my full belief, for I know the vicinity of our old Dutch settlements to have been very subject to marvellous events and appearances. Indeed, I have heard many stranger stories than this in the villages along the Hudson, all of which were too well authenticated to admit of a doubt. I have even talked with Rip Van Winkle myself, who, when I last saw him, was a very venerable old man, and so perfectly rational and consistent on every other point, that I think no conscientious person could refuse to take this into the bargain; nay, I have seen a certificate on the subject taken before a country justice, and signed with a cross, in the justice's own handwriting.[80] The story, therefore, is beyond the possibility of doubt. D. K."

POSTSCRIPT.—The following are travelling notes from a memorandum-book of Mr. Knickerbocker:—

"The Kaatsberg, or Catskill Mountains, have always been a region full of fable. The Indians considered them the abode of spirits, who influenced the weather, spreading sunshine or clouds over the landscape, and sending good or bad hunting seasons. They were ruled by an old squaw spirit, said to be their mother. She dwelt on the highest peak of the Catskills, and had charge of the doors of day and night, to open and shut them at the proper hour. She hung up the new moons in the skies, and cut up the old ones into stars. In times of drought, if properly propitiated, she would spin light summer clouds out of cobwebs and morning dew, and send them off from the crest of the mountain, flake after flake, like flakes of carded cotton, to float in the air, until, dissolved by the heat of the sun, they would fall in gentle showers, causing the grass to spring, the fruits to ripen, and the corn to grow an inch an hour. If displeased, however, she would brew up clouds black as ink, sitting in the midst of them like a bottle-bellied spider in the midst of its web; and when these clouds broke, woe betide the valleys!

"In old times, say the Indian traditions, there was a kind of Manitou or Spirit, who kept about the wildest recesses of the Catskill Mountains, and took a mischievous pleasure in wrecking all kinds of evils and vexations upon the red men. Sometimes he would assume the form of a bear, a pan-

[80] This ignorance in officials is satarized in more than one of Irving's works.

ther, or a deer, lead the bewildered hunter a weary chase through tangled forests and among ragged rocks, and then spring off with a loud ho! ho! leaving him aghast on the brink of a beetling precipice or raging torrent.

"The favorite abode of this Manitou is still shown. It is a great rock or cliff on the loneliest part of the mountains, and, from the flowering vines which clamber about it, and the wild flowers which abound in its neighbourhood, is known by the name of the Garden Rock. Near the foot of it is a small lake, the haunt of the solitary bittern, with water-snakes basking in the sun on the leaves of the pond-lilies which lie on the surface. This place was held in great awe by the Indians, insomuch that the boldest hunter would not pursue his game within its precincts. Once upon a time however, a hunter who had lost his way penetrated to the Garden Rock, where he beheld a number of gourds placed in the crotches of trees. One of these he seized and made off with, but in the hurry of his retreat he let it fall among the rocks, when a great stream gushed forth, which washed him away and swept him down precipices, where he was dashed to pieces, and the stream made its way to the Hudson, and continues to flow to the present day, being the identical stream known by the name of the Kaaterskill."

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Show what characteristics of Irving's style are illustrated in Rip Van Winkle.

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[The following is a poetical version of the Barbarossa legend by the German poet, Rückert.]

## BARBAROSSA.

Der alte Barbarossa, der Kaiser Friedrich,
Im unterird'schen Schlosse hält er verzaubert sich.

Er ist niemals gestorben, er lebt darin noch jetzt;
Er hat im Schlosz verborgen zum Schlaf sich hingesetzt.

Er hat hinabgenommen des Reiches Herrlichkeit,
Und wird einst wiederkommen mit ihr zu seiner Zeit.

Der Stuhl ist elfenbeinern, worauf der Kaiser sitzt,
Der Tisch ist marmelsteinern, worauf sein Haupt er stützt.

Sein Bart ist nicht von Flachse, er ist von Feuersgluth,
Ist durch den Tisch gewachsen, worauf sein Kinn ausruht.

Er nickt als wie im Traume, sein Aug' halb offen zwinkt;
Und je nach langem Raume er einem Knaben winkt.

Er spricht im Schlaf zum Knaben, Geh' hin vors Schlosz, o Zwerg,
Und sieh ob noch die Raben herfliegen um den Berg.

Un wenn die alten Raben noch fliegen immerdar,
So musz ich auch noch schlafen verzaubert hundert Jahr.

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